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no

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# PLAYS

Written by

*Sir John Vanbrugh.*

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72  
1/3  
In Two VOLUMES.

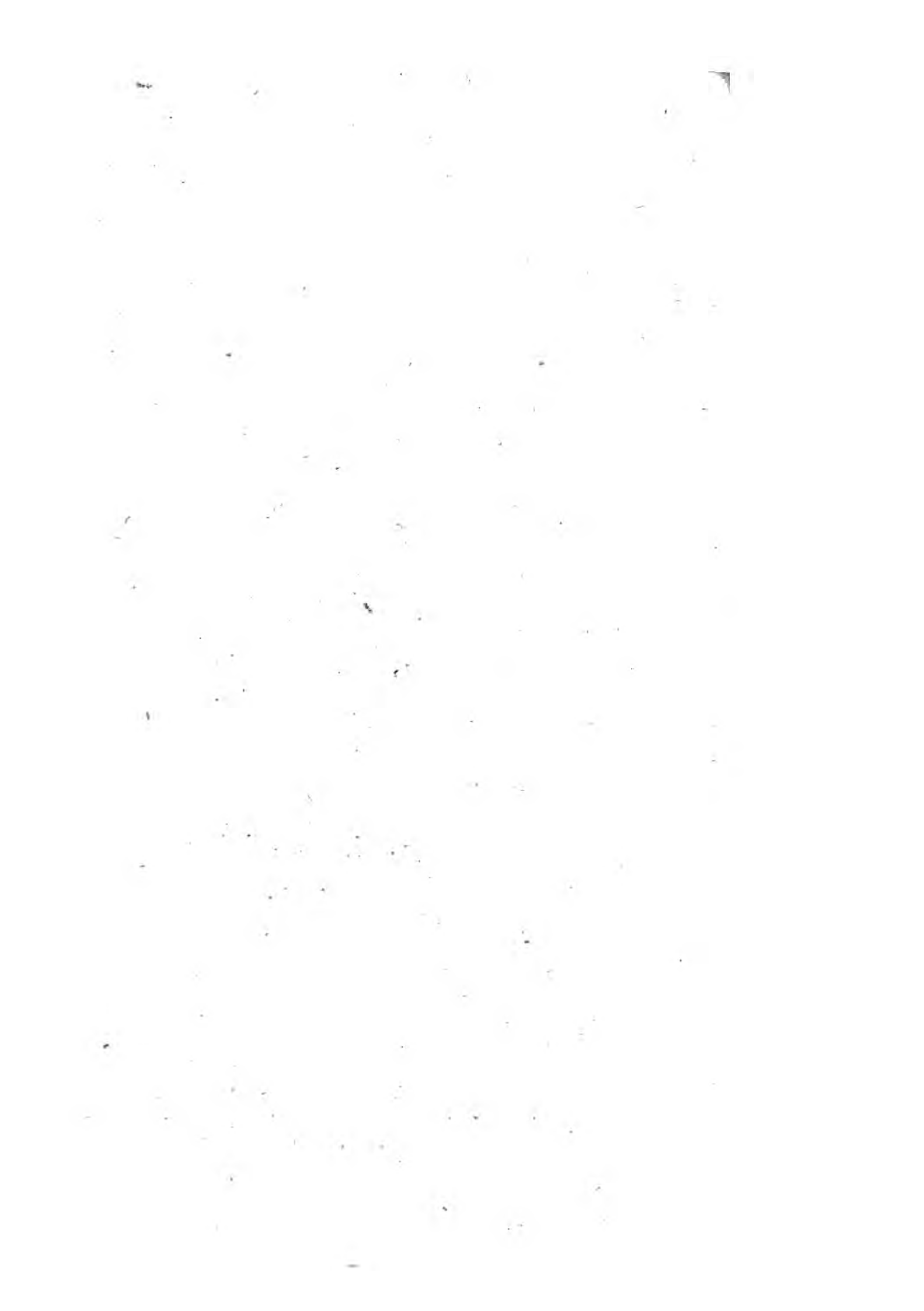
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VOL. I. Containing  
The RELAPSE, or Virtue in Danger.  
The PROVOKED WIFE.  
ESOP, in Two Parts.

VOL. II. Containing  
The CONFEDERACY.  
The FALSE FRIEND.  
The MISTAKE.

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LONDON;  
Printed for J. TONSON and M. WELLINGTON  
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*Pater-noster-Row.* M. DCC. XIX.





T H E  
R E L A P S E ;

O R,

Virtue in Danger :

Being the Sequel of

*The Fool in Fashion.*

A COMEDY Acted at the  
Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane.*



B



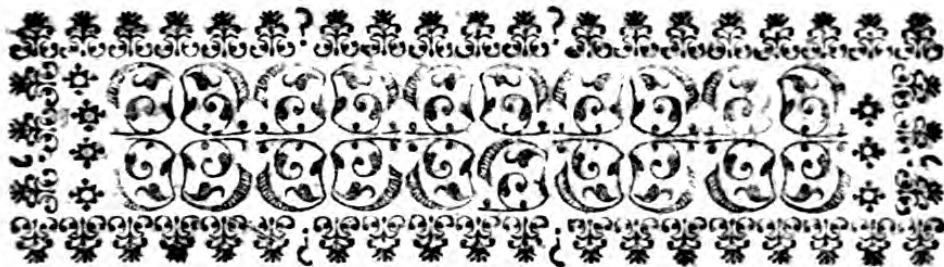
## Dramatis Personæ.

### M E N.

Mr. <i>Ctiber.</i>	{ Sir <i>Novelty Fashion</i> , newly created Lord <i>Foppington</i> .
Mr. <i>Kent.</i>	Young <i>Fashion</i> his Brother.
Mr. <i>Verbruggen.</i>	<i>Loveless</i> , Husband to <i>Amanda</i> .
Mr. <i>Powel.</i>	<i>Worthy</i> , a Gentleman of the Town.
Mr. <i>Bullock.</i>	{ Sir <i>Tunbelly Clumsey</i> , a Country Gentleman.
Mr. <i>Mills.</i>	Sir <i>John Friendly</i> his Neighbour.
Mr. <i>Johnson.</i>	<i>Coupler</i> , a Match-maker.
Mr. <i>Simson.</i>	<i>Bull</i> , Chaplain to Sir <i>Tunbelly</i> .
Mr. <i>Haynes.</i>	<i>Serringe</i> , a Surgeon.
Mr. <i>Dogget.</i>	<i>Lory</i> , Servant to young <i>Fashion</i> . Shoemaker, Taylor, Perriwig-maker, &c.

### W O M E N.

Mrs. <i>Rogers.</i>	<i>Amanda</i> , Wife to <i>Loveless</i> .
Mrs. <i>Verbruggen.</i>	{ <i>Berinthia</i> , her Cousin, a young Widow.
Mrs. <i>Cross.</i>	{ Miss <i>Hoyden</i> , a great Fortune, Daugh- ter to Sir <i>Tunbelly</i> .
Mrs. <i>Powel.</i>	Nurse, her Governant.



T H E  
P R E F A C E.

**T**O go about to excuse half the Defects this Abortive Brat is come into the World with, wou'd be to provoke the Town with a long uselefs Preface, when 'tis, I doubt, sufficiently sour'd already, by a tedious Play.

I do therefore (with all the Humility of a repenting Sinner) confess, it wants every thing—but Length; and in that, I hope, the severest Critick will be pleas'd to acknowledge I have not been wanting. But my Modesty will sure atone for every thing, when the World shall know it is so great, I am even to this day insensible of those two shining Graces in the Play (which some part of the Town is pleas'd to compliment me with) Blasphemy and Bawdy.

For my part, I cannot find them out: If there were any obscene Expressions upon the Stage, here they are in the Print; for I have dealt fairly, I have not sunk a Syllable, that cou'd (tho by racking of Mysteries) be rang'd under that Head; and yet I believe with a steady

Faith, there is not one Woman of a real Reputation in Town, but when she has read it impartially over in her Closet, will find it so innocent, she'll think it no Affront to her Prayer-Book, to lay it upon the same Shelf. So to them (with all manner of Deference) I entirely refer my Cause ; and I'm confident they'll justify me against those Pretenders to Good-Manners, who, at the same time, have so little Respect for the Ladies, they wou'd extract a bawdy Jest from an Ejaculation, to put them out of countenance. But I expect to have these well-bred Persons always my Enemies, since I'm sure I shall never write any thing lewd enough to make them my Friends.

As for the Saints (your thorough-pac'd ones, I mean, with skrew'd Faces and wry Mouths) I despair of them, for they are Friends to no body : They love nothing but their Altars and themselves : They have too much Zeal to have any Charity ; they make Debauches in Piety, as Sinners do in Wine ; and are as quarrelsome in their Religion, as other People are in their Drink : so I hope no body will mind what they say. But if any Man (with flat plod Shoes, a little Band, greasy Hair, and a dirty Face, who is wiser than I, at the Expence of being forty Years older) happens to be offended at a Story of a Cock and a Bull, and a Priest and a Bull-Dog, I beg his pardon with all my heart ; which, I hope, I shall obtain, by eating my Words, and making this publick Recantation. I do therefore, for his Satisfaction, acknowledge I lyed, when I said, they never quit their Hold ; for in that little time I have liv'd in the World, I thank God I have seen them forc'd to it more than once : but next time I'll speak with more Caution and Truth, and only say, they have very good Teeth.

If I have offended any honest Gentlemen of the Town, whose Friendship or good Word is worth the having, I am very sorry for it ; I hope they'll correct me as gently as they can, when they consider I have had no other Design, in running a very great Risk,  
han

## The P R E F A C E.

5

than to divert (if possible) some part of their Spleen, in spite of their Wives and their Taxes.

One word more about the Bawdy, and I have done. I own the first Night this thing was acted, some Indelicencies had like to have happen'd, but 'twas not my Fault.

The fine Gentleman of the Play, drinking his Mistress's Health in *Nants* Brandy, from six in the Morning to the time he waddled on upon the Stage in the Evening, had toasted himself up to such a pitch of Vigour, I confess I once gave *Amanda* for gone, and am since (with all due respect to Mrs. *Rogers*) very sorry she scap't; for I am confident a certain Lady (let no one take it to her self that's handsome) who highly blames the Play, for the Barrenness of the Conclusion, would then have allow'd it a very natural Close.





# First PROLOGUE;

Spoken by Miss Cross.



*L*ADIES, this Play in too much haste was  
writ,  
To be o'ercharg'd with either Plot or Wit ;  
'Twas got, conceiv'd, and born in six  
Weeks Space,  
And Wit, you know, 's as slow in Growth — as Grace.  
Sure it can ne'er be ripen'd to your Taste ;  
I doubt 'twill prove, our Author bred too fast :  
For mark 'em well, who with the Muses marry,  
They rarely do conceive, but they miscarry.  
'Tis the hard Fate of those wh' are big with Rhyme,  
Still to be brought to bed before their Time.  
Of our late Poets Nature few has made ;  
The greatest part — are only so by Trade.  
Still want of something brings the scribbling Fit ;  
For want of Money some of 'em have writ,  
And others do't, you see — for want of Wit.  
Honour, they fancy, summons 'em to write,  
So out they lug in wresty Nature's spight,  
As some of you spruce Beaux do — when you fight.  
Yet let the Ebb of Wit be ne'er so low,  
Some Glimpse of it a Man may hope to shew,  
Upon a Theme so ample — as a Beau.  
So, howsoe'er true Courage may decay,  
Perhaps there's not one Smock-Face here to-day,  
But's bold as Cæsar, to attack a Play.

Nay,

## The PROLOGUE.

7

Nay, what's yet more, with an undaunted Face,  
 To do the Thing with more Heroick Grace,  
 'Tis six to four y' attack the strongest Place.  
 You are such Hotspurs in this kind of Venture,  
 Where there's no Breach, just there you needs must enter.  
 But be advis'd——

E'en give the Hero and the Critique o'er,  
 For Nature sent you on another Score ;  
 She form'd her Beau, for nothing but her Whore.



## PROLOGUE on the Third Day; Spoken by Mrs. Verbruggen.



PROLOGUES for Plays, Experience shews,  
 Are things almost as useles——as the  
 Beaux,  
 Whate'er we say (like them) we neither  
 move  
 Your Friendship, Pity, Anger, nor your  
 Love ;

'Tis Interest turns the Globe ; let us but find  
 The way to please you, and you'll soon be kind :  
 But to expect, you'd for our sakes approve,  
 Is just as tho you for their sakes shou'd love ;  
 And that, we do confess, we think a Task,  
 Which (tho they may impose) we never ought to ask.

This is an Age, where all things we improve,  
 But, most of all, the Art of making Love.  
 In former Days, Women were only won  
 By Merit, Truth, and constant Service done,  
 But Lovers now are much more expert grown ;  
 They seldom wait, to approach by tedious Form ;  
 They're for Dispatch, for taking you by Storm :

Quick are their Sieges, furious are their Fires,  
 Fierce their Attacks, and boundless their Desires.  
 Before the Play's half ended, I'll engage  
 To shew you Beaux come crowding on the Stage,  
 Who with so little pains have always sped,  
 They'll undertake to look a Lady dead.  
 How have I shook, and trembling stood with Awe,  
 When here, behind the Scenes, I've seen them draw  
 — A Comb ; that dead-doing Weapon to the Heart,  
 And turn each powder'd Hair into a Dart.  
 When I have seen 'em sally on the Stage,  
 Dress'd to the War, and ready to engage,  
 I've mourn'd your Destiny — yet more their Fate,  
 To think, that after Victories so great,  
 It shou'd so often prove their hard Mishap  
 To sneak into a Lane — and get a Clap.  
 But, hush ! they're here already, I'll retire,  
 And leave them to the Ladies to admire.  
 They'll shew you Twenty Thousand Arts and Graces,  
 They'll entertain you with their soft Grimaces,  
 Their Snuff-Box, aukward Bows — and ugly Faces. }  
 In short, they're after all so much your Friends, }  
 That lest the Play should fail, the Author ends, }  
 They have resolv'd to make you some Amends.  
 Between each Act (perform'd by nicest Rules)  
 They'll treat you — with an Interlude of Foo ls  
 Of which that you may have the deeper Sense,  
 The Entertainmeni's — at their own Expence.





THE  
RELAPSE:

OR,

Virtue in Danger.

Being the Sequel of

*The Fool in Fashion.*



ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter Loveless reading.*



O W true is that Philofophy, which fays  
Our Heaven is feated in our Minds !  
Thro all the roving Pleasures of my  
Youth,  
(Where Nights and Days feem all con-  
fum'd in Joy,

Where the falfe Face of Luxury

B 5

Display'd



Display'd such Charms,  
 As might have shaken the most Holy Hermit,  
 And made him totter at his Altar ;) )  
 I never knew one moment's Peace like this.  
 Here——in this little soft Retreat,  
 My Thoughts unbent from all the Cares of Life,  
 Content with Fortune,  
 Eas'd from the grating Duties of Dependance,  
 From Envy free, Ambition under foot,  
 The raging Flame of wild destructive Lust  
 Reduc'd to a warm pleasing Fire of lawful Love,  
 My Life glides on, and all is well within.

*Enter Amanda.*

*Lov. meeting* } How does the happy Cause of my Con-  
*her kindly.* } tent, my dear *Amanda* ?  
 You find me musing on my happy State,  
 And full of grateful Thoughts to Heaven, and you.

*Am.* Those grateful Offerings Heaven can't receive  
 With more Delight than I do :

Wou'd I cou'd share with it as well  
 The Dispensations of its Bliss,  
 That I might search its choicest Favours out,  
 And shower 'em on your Head for ever.

*Lov.* The largest Boons that Heaven thinks fit to grant,  
 To Things it has decreed shall crawl on Earth,  
 Are in the Gift of Woman form'd like you.  
 Perhaps when Time shall be no more,  
 When the aspiring Soul shall take its Flight,  
 And drop this pond'rous Lump of Clay behind it,  
 It may have Appetites we know not of,  
 And Pleasures as refin'd as its Desires——  
 But till that Day of Knowledge shall instruct me,  
 The utmost Blessing that my Thought can reach,  
 [*Taking her in his Arms.*] Is folded in my Arms, and  
 rooted in my Heart.

*Am.* There let it grow for ever.

*Lov.* Well said, *Amanda* —— let it be for ever——  
 Wou'd Heaven grant that——

*Am.* 'Twere all the Heaven I'd ask.  
 But we are clad in black Mortality, and the dark Curtain  
 Of

Of eternal Night, at last must drop between us.

*Lov.* It must: that mournful Separation we must see,  
A bitter Pill it is to all; but doubles its ungrateful Taste,  
When Lovers are to swallow it.

*Am.* Perhaps that Pain may only be my Lot,  
You possibly may be exempted from it; Men find out softer  
Ways to quench their Fires.

*Lov.* Can you then doubt my Constancy, *Amanda*?  
You'll find 'tis built upon a steady Basis——  
The Rock of Reason now supports my Love,  
On which it stands so fix'd,  
The rudest Hurricane of wild Desire  
Would, like the Breath of a soft slumbering Babe,  
Pass by, and never shake it.

*Am.* Yet still 'tis safer to avoid the Storm;  
The strongest Vessels, if they put to Sea,  
May possibly be lost.  
Wou'd I cou'd keep you here in this calm Port for ever!  
Forgive the Weakness of a Woman,  
I am uneasy at your going to stay so long in Town;  
I know its false insinuating Pleasures;  
I know the Force of its Delusions;  
I know the Strength of its Attacks;  
I know the weak Defence of Nature;  
I know you are a Man——and I—a Wife.

*Lov.* You know then all that needs to give you Rest,  
For Wife's the strongest Claim that you can urge.  
When you would plead your Title to my Heart,  
On this you may depend; therefore be calm,  
Banish your Fears, for they are Traytors to your Peace;  
Beware of them, they are insinuating busy Things  
That gossip to and fro, and do a world of Mischief  
Where they come: But you shall soon be Mistrefs of 'em all,  
I'll aid you with such Arms for their Destruction,  
They never shall erect their Heads again.

You know the Business is indispensable, that obliges  
Me to go for *London*; and you have no Reason, that I  
Know of, to believe that I'm glad of the Occasion:  
For my honest Conscience is my Witness,  
I have found a due Succession of such Charms

In my Retirement here with you,  
 I have never thrown one roving Thought that way,  
 But since, against my Will, I'm dragg'd once more  
 To that uneasy Theatre of Noise,  
 I am resolv'd to make such use on't,  
 As shall convince you 'tis an old cast Mistress,  
 Who has been so lavish of her Favours,  
 She's now grown Bankrupt of her Charms,  
 And has not one Allurement left to move me.

*Am.* Her Bow, I do believe, is grown so weak  
 Her Arrows (at this distance) cannot hurt you,  
 But in approaching 'em, you give 'em Strength ;  
 The Dart that has not far to fly,  
 Will put the best of Armour to a dangerous Trial.

*Lov.* That Trial past, and y'are at ease for ever ;  
 When you have seen the Helmet prov'd,  
 You'll apprehend no more for him that wears it :  
 Therefore to put a lasting Period to your Fears,  
 I am resolv'd, this once, to launch into Temptation,  
 I'll give you an Essay of all my Virtues,  
 My former boon Companions of the Bottle  
 Shall fairly try what Charms are left in Wine :  
 I'll take my Place amongst them,  
 They shall hem me in,  
 Sing Praises to their God, and drink his Glory ;  
 Turn wild Enthusiasts for his sake,  
 And Beasts to do him Honour :  
 Whilst I, a stubborn Atheist,  
 Sullenly look on,  
 Without one Reverend Glass to his Divinity.  
 That for my Temperance,  
 Then for my Constancy——

*Am.* Ay, there take heed.

*Lov.* Indeed the Danger's small.

*Am.* And yet my Fears are great.

*Lov.* Why are you so timorous ?

*Am.* Because you are so bold.

*Lov.* My Courage should disperse your Apprehensions.

*Am.* My Apprehensions should alarm your Courage.

*Lov.* Fy, fy, *Amanda*, it is not kind thus to distrust me

*Am.*

*Am.* And yet my Fears are founded on my Love.

*Lov.* Your Love then is not founded as it ought ;  
For if you can believe 'tis possible  
I shou'd again relapse to my past Follies,  
I must appear to you a thing  
Of such an undigested Composition,  
That but to think of me with Inclination,  
Wou'd be a Weakness in your Taste,  
Your Virtue scarce cou'd answer.

*Am.* 'Twou'd be a Weakness in my Tongue ;  
My Prudence cou'd not answer,  
If I shou'd press you farther with my Fears ;  
I'll therefore trouble you no longer with 'em.

*Lov.* Nor shall they trouble you much longer,  
A little time shall shew you they were groundless :  
This Winter shall be the fiery Tryal of my Virtue ;  
Which, when it once has past,  
You'll be convinc'd 'twas of no false Allay,  
There all your Cares will end.——

*Am.* ——Pray Heaven they may.

[*Exeunt Hand in Hand.*]

SCENE, *Whitehall.*

*Enter Young Fashion, Lory, and Waterman.*

*Y. F.* **C**ome, pay the Waterman, and take the Port-  
mantle.

*Lo.* Faith, Sir, I think the Waterman had as good  
take the Portmantle, and pay himself.

*Y. F.* Why shure there's something left in't !

*Lo.* But a solitary old Waistcoat, upon my Honour, Sir.

*Y. F.* Why, what's become of the blue Coat, Sirrah ?

*Lo.* Sir, 'twas eaten at *Gravesend* ; the Reckoning  
came to thirty Shillings, and your Privy Purse was worth  
but two Half-Crowns.

*Y. F.* 'Tis very well.

*Wat.* Pray, Master, will you please to dispatch me ?

*Y. F.* Ay, here, a——Canst thou change me a Guinea ?

*Lo. aside.]* Good.

*Wat.*

14      *The RELAPSE; or,*

*Wat.* Change a Guinea, Master! Ha, ha, your Honour's pleas'd to compliment.

*Y. F.* I'gad I don't know how I shall pay thee then, for I have nothing but Gold about me.

*Lo. aside.*]—Hum, hum.

*Y. F.* What dost thou expect, Friend?

*Wat.* Why, Master, so far against Wind and Tide, is richly worth half a Piece.

*Y. F.* Why, Faith, I think thou art a good conscionable Fellow. I'gad, I begin to have so good an Opinion of thy Honesty, I care not if I leave my Portmantle with thee, till I send thee thy Money.

*Wat.* Ha! God bless your Honour; I should be as willing to trust you, Master, but that you are, as a Man may say, a Stranger to me, and these are nimble Times; there are a great many Sharpers stirring. [*Taking up the Portmantle.*] Well, Master, when your Worship sends the Money, your Portmantle shall be forth-coming; my Name's *Tugg*, my Wife keeps a Brandy-Shop in *Drab-Ally* at *Wapping*.

*Y. F.* Very well; I'll send for't to morrow. [*Ex. Wat.*]

*Lo.* So—Now, Sir, I hope you'll own your self a happy Man, you have outliv'd all your Cares.

*Y. F.* How so, Sir?

*Lo.* Why you have nothing left to take care of.

*Y. F.* Yes, Sirrah, I have my self and you to take care of still.

*Lo.* Sir, if you cou'd but prevail with some body else to do that for you, I fancy we might both fare the better for't.

*Y. F.* Why, if thou canst tell me where to apply my self, I have at present so little Money, and so much Humility about me, I don't know but I may follow a Fool's Advice.

*Lo.* Why then, Sir, your Fool advises you to lay aside all Animosity, and apply to Sir *Novelty* your elder Brother.

*Y. F.* Damn my elder Brother.

*Lo.* With all my Heart; but get him to redeem your Annuity however.

*Y. F.*

*Y. F.* My Annuity! S'death, he's such a Dog, he would not give his Powder-Puff to redeem my Soul.

*Lo.* Look you, Sir, you must wheedle him, or you must starve.

*Y. F.* Look you, Sir, I will neither wheedle him, nor starve.

*Lo.* Why? What will you do then?

*Y. F.* I'll go into the Army.

*Lo.* You can't take the Oaths; you are a Jacobite.

*Y. F.* Thou may'st as well say I can't take Orders because I'm an Atheist.

*Lo.* Sir, I ask your Pardon; I find I did not know the Strength of your Conscience, so well as I did the Weakness of your Purse.

*Y. F.* Methinks, Sir, a Person of your Experience should have known, that the Strength of the Conscience proceeds from the Weakness of the Purse.

*Lo.* Sir, I am very glad to find you have a Conscience able to take care of us, let it proceed from what it will; but I desire you'll please to consider, that the Army alone will be but a scanty Maintenance for a Person of your Generosity (at least as Rents now are paid) I shall see you stand in damnable need of some auxiliary Guineas for your *Menn Pleasurs*; I will therefore turn Fool once more for your Service, and advise you to go directly to your Brother.

*Y. F.* Art thou then so impregnable a Blockhead, to believe he'll help me with a Farthing?

*Lo.* Not if you treat him, *De haut en bas*, as you use to do.

*Y. F.* Why, how wou'dst have me treat him?

*Lo.* Like a Trout, tickle him.

*Y. F.* I can't flatter——

*Lo.* Can you starve?

*Y. F.* Yes——

*Lo.* I can't; Good by t'ye, Sir——

[*Going.*

*Y. F.* Stay, thou wilt distract me. What wou'dst thou have me to say to him?

*Lo.* Say nothing to him, apply your self to his Favourites, speak to his Perriwig, his Cravat, his Feather, his  
his

16      *The RELAPSE; or,*

his Snuff-box, and when you are well with them——  
desire him to lend you a Thousand Pounds. I'll engage  
you prosper.

*T. F.* S'death and Furies! Why was that Coxcomb  
thrust into the World before me? O Fortune—— For-  
tune—— Thou art a Bitch, by Gad——

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E, *A Dressing-Room.*

*Enter Lord Foppington in his Night-Gown.*

*L. F.* *P*Age—— [Enter *Page.*  
*Page.* Sir.

*L. F.* Sir; Pray, Sir, do me the Favour to teach your  
Tongue the Title the King has thought fit to honour me  
with.

*Page.* I ask your Lordship's pardon, my Lord.

*L. F.* O, you can pronounce the Word then. I  
thought it would have choak'd you—— D'ye hear?

*Page.* My Lord.

*L. F.* Call *La Varole*, I wou'd dress—— [Exit *Page.*  
*Solus.*

Well, 'tis an unspeakable Pleasure to be a Man of Qua-  
lity—— Strike me dumb—— My Lord—— Your Lord-  
ship—— My Lord *Foppington*—— *Ah! c'est quelque*  
*chose de beau, que le Diable m'emporte*——

Why the Ladies were ready to pewk at me, whilst I  
had nothing but Sir *Navelty* to recommend me to  
'em—— Sure whilst I was but a Knight, I was a very  
nauseous Fellow—— Well, 'tis Ten Thousand Pawnd  
well given—— stap my Vitals——

*Enter La-Varole.*

Me Lord, de Shoemaker, de Taylor, de Hosier, de  
Semstrefs, de Barber, be all ready, if your Lordship  
please to dress.

*L. F.* 'Tis well, admit 'em.

*L. V.* Hey, Messieurs, entrez.

*Enter*

*Enter Taylor, &c.*

*L. F.* So, Gentlemen, I hope you have all taken pains to shew your selves Masters in your Professions.

*Tayl.* I think I may presume to say, Sir——

*L. Va.* My Lord—— You Claw'n you.

*Tayl.* Why, is he made a Lord—— My Lord, I ask your Lordship's pardon, my Lord; I hope, my Lord, your Lordship will please to own, I have brought your Lordship as accomplish'd a Suit of Clothes, as ever Peer of *England* trod the Stage in, my Lord: Will your Lordship please to try 'em now?

*L. F.* Ay, but let my People dispose the Glasses so, that I may see my self before and behind, for I love to see my self all raund——

[*Whilst he puts on his Clothes, enter Young Fashion and Lory.*]

*Y. F.* Hey-day, what the Devil have we here? Sure my Gentleman's grown a Favourite at Court, he has got so many People at his Levee.

*Lo.* Sir, these People come in order to make him a Favourite at Court, they are to establish him with the Ladies.

*Y. F.* Good God, to what an Ebb of Taste are Women fallen, that it shou'd be in the power of a Lac'd Coat to recommend a Gallant to 'em——

*Lo.* Sir, Taylors and Perriwig-makers are now become the Bawds of the Nation, 'tis they debauch all the Women.

*Y. F.* Thou sayest true; for there's that Fop now, has not by Nature wherewithal to move a Cook-maid, and by that time these Fellows have done with him, I'gad he shall melt down a Countess——

But now for my Reception, I'll engage it shall be as cold a one, as a Courtier's to his Friend, who comes to put him in mind of his Promise.

*L. Fop. to his Taylor.*] Death and Eternal Tartures! Sir, I say the Packet's too high by a Foot.

*Tayl.* My Lord, if it had been an Inch lower, it would not have held your Lordship's Pocket-Handkerchief.

*L.*



*L. F.* Rat my Pocket-Handkerchief! Have not I a Page to carry it? You may make him a Packet up to his Chin a purpose for it; but I will not have mine come so near my Face.

*Tayl.* 'Tis not for me to dispute your Lordship's Fancy.

*Y. F. to Lor.]* His Lordship! *Lory*, did you observe that?

*Lo.* Yes, Sir; I always thought 'twou'd end there. Now, I hope, you'll have a little more Respect for him.

*Y. F.* Respect! Dam him for a Coxcomb; now has he ruin'd his Estate to buy a Title, that he may be a Fool of the first Rate: But let's accost him—— *To L. F.]* Brother, I'm your Humble Servant.

*L. F.* O Lord, *Tam*; I did not expect you in *England*:

Brother, I am glad to see you——

*Turning to his Taylor.]* Look you, Sir; I shall never be reconciled to this nauseous Packet; therefore pray get me another Suit, with all manner of Expedition, for this is my Eternal Aversion. *Mrs. Callicoe*, are not you of my mind?

*Semstrefs.* O, directly my Lord, it can never be too low——

*L. F.* You are passively in the right on't, for the Packet becomes no part of the Body but the Knee.

*Semf.* I hope your Lordship is pleas'd with your Steenkirk.

*L. F.* In love with it, flap my Vitals. Bring your Bill, you shall be paid to-morrow——

*Semf.* I humbly thank your Honour—— *[Exit Semf.]*

*L. F.* Hark thee, Shoe-maker, these Shoes an't ugly, but they don't fit me.

*Shoe.* My Lord, my thinks they fit you very well.

*L. F.* They hurt me just below the Instep.

*Shoe. feeling his Foot.]* My Lord, they don't hurt you there.

*L. F.* I tell thee, they pinch me execrably.

*Shoe.*

*Shoe.* My Lord, if they pinch you, I'll be bound to be hang'd, that's all.

*L. F.* Why, wilt thou undertake to persuade me I cannot feel?

*Shoe.* Your Lordship may please to feel what you think fit; but that Shoe does not hurt you—— I think I understand my Trade——

*L. F.* Now by all that's great and powerful, thou art an incomprehensible Coxcomb; but thou makest good Shoes, and so I'll bear with thee.

*Shoe.* My Lord, I have work'd for half the People of Quality in Town these Twenty Years; and 'tis very hard I should not know when a Shoe burts, and when it don't.

*L. F.* Well, prithee be gone about thy Business.  
[*Exit Shoe.*]

*To the Hosier.]* Mr. *Mend-legs*, a word with you; the Calves of these Stockings are thicken'd a little too much. They make my Legs look like a Chairman's——

*Mend.* My Lord, my thinks they look mighty well.

*L. F.* Ay, but you are not so good a Judge of those things as I am, I have study'd 'em all my Life; therefore pray let the next be the thickness of a Crown-piece less—— [*Aside.* If the Town takes notice my Legs are fallen away, 'twill be attributed to the Violence of some new Intrigue.]

*To the Perriwig-maker.]* Come, Mr. *Foretop*, let me see what you have done, and then the Fatigue of the Morning will be over.

*Foretop.* My Lord, I have done what I defy any Prince in *Europe* to outdo; I have made you a Perriwig so long, and so full of Hair, it will serve you for a Hat and Cloke in all Weathers.

*L. F.* Then thou hast made me thy Friend to Eternity: Come, comb it out.

*Y. F.* Well, *Lory*, What do'st think on't? A very friendly Reception from a Brother after Three Years Absence!

*Lo.* Why, Sir, 'tis your own Fault; we seldom care for those that don't love what we love: if you wou'd creep

creep into his Heart, you must enter into his Pleasures — Here you have stood ever since you came in, and have not commended any one thing that belongs to him.

*Y. F.* Nor never shall, while they belong to a Coxcomb.

*Lo.* Then, Sir, you must be content to pick a hungry Bone.

*Y. F.* No, Sir, I'll crack it, and get to the Marrow before I have done.

*L. F.* Gad's Curse; Mr. Foretop, you don't intend to put this upon me for a full Perriwig?

*Fore.* Not a full one, my Lord? I don't know what your Lordship may please to call a full one, but I have cram'd 20 Ounces of Hair into it.

*L. F.* What it may be by Weight, Sir, I shall not dispute; but by Tale, there are not 9 Hairs on a side.

*Fore.* O Lord! O Lord! O Lord! Why, as Gad shall judge me, your Honour's Side-Face is reduc'd to the Tip of your Nose.

*L. F.* My Side-Face may be in an Eclipse for eught I know; but I'm sure my Full-Face is like the Full-Moon.

*Fore.* Heaven blefs my Eye-sight — [*Rubbing his Eyes.*] Sure I look through the wrong end of the Perspective; for by my Faith, an't please your Honour, the broadest place I see in your Face, does not seem to me to be two Inches Diameter.

*L. F.* If it did, it would just be two Inches too broad; for a Perriwig to a Man, shou'd be like a Mask to a Woman, nothing shou'd be seen but his Eyes —

*Fore.* My Lord, I have done; if you please to have more Hair in your Wig, I'll put it in.

*L. F.* Passitively, yes.

*Fore.* Shall I take it back now, my Lord?

*L. F.* No: I'll wear it to-day, though it shew such a manfrous pair of Cheeks, stap my Vitals, I shall be taken for a Trumpeter. [*Exit Fore.*]

*Y. F.* Now your People of Bufiness are gone, Brother, I hope I may obtain a quarter of an Hour's Audience of you. *L.*

*L. F.* Faith, *Tam*; I must beg you'll excuse me at this time, for I must away to the House of Lords immediately; my Lady *Teaser's* Cafe is to come on to-day, and I would not be absent for the Salvation of Mankind. Hey, *Page!* is the Coach at the Door?

*Page.* Yes, my Lord.

*L. F.* You'll excuse me, Brother. [Going.

*Y. F.* Shall you be back at Dinner?

*L. F.* As Gad shall judge me, I can't tell; for 'tis possible I may dine with some of our House at *Lacker's*.

*Y. F.* Shall I meet you there? For I must needs talk with you.

*L. F.* That I'm afraid mayn't be so proper; for the Lords I commonly eat with, are a People of a nice Conversation; and you know, *Tam*, your Education has been a little at large: but if you'll stay here, you'll find a Family Dinner. Hey, Fellow! What is there for Dinner? There's Beef: I suppose my Brother will eat Beef. Dear *Tam*, I'm glad to see thee in *England*, stay my Vitals. [Exit with his Equipage.

*Y. F.* Hell and Furies! Is this to be borne?

*Lo.* Faith, Sir, I cou'd almost have given him a knock o'th' Pate my self.

*Y. F.* 'Tis enough; I will now shew you the excess of my Passion by being very calm: Come, *Lory*, lay your Loggerhead to mine, and in cool Blood let us contrive his Destruction.

*Lo.* Here comes a Head, Sir, would contrive it better than us both, if he would but join in the Confederacy.

*Enter Coupler.*

*Y. F.* By this Light, old *Coupler* alive still! Why, how now, Matchmaker, art thou here still to plague the World with Matrimony? You old Bawd, how have you the Impudence to be hobling out of your Grave 20 Years after you are rotten.

*C.* When you begin to rot, Sirrah, you'll go off like a Pippin, one Winter will send you to the Devil. What Mischiefs brings you home again? Ha! You young Lascivious Rogue you; Let me put my Hand into your Bosom, Sirrah. *Y.*

Y. F. Stand off, old *Sodom*.

C. Nay, prithee now don't be so coy.

Y. F. Keep your Hands to your self, you old Dog you, or I'll wring your Nose off.

C. Hast thou then been a Year in *Italy*, and brought home a Fool at last? By my Conscience, the young Fellows of this Age profit no more by their going abroad, than they do by their going to Church. Sirrah, Sirrah, if you are not hang'd before you come to my Years, you'll know a Cock from a Hen. But come, I'm still a Friend to thy Person, though I have a Contempt of thy Understanding; and therefore I wou'd willingly know thy Condition, that I may see whether thou standest in need of my Assistance: for Widows swarm, my Boy, the Town's infected with 'em.

Y. F. I stand in need of any body's Assistance, that will help me to cut my Elder Brother's Throat, without the Risque of being hang'd for him.

C. I'gad, Sirrah, I cou'd help thee to do him almost as good a turn, without the danger of being burnt in the Hand for't.

Y. F. Sayest thou so, old Satan? Shew me but that, and my Soul is thine.

C. Pox, o'thy Soul, give me thy warm Body, Sirrah I shall have a substantial Title to't when I tell thee my Project.

Y. F. Out with it then, dear Dad, and take possession as soon as thou wilt.

C. Say'st thou so my *Hephestion*? Why then thus lies the Scene, but hold; who's that? if we are heard we are undone.

Y. F. What have you forgot, *Lory*?

C. Who, trusty *Lory*, is it thee?

Lo. At your Service, Sir.

C. Give me thy Hand, Old Boy; I'gad I did not know thee again; but I remember thy Honesty, though I did not thy Face; I think thou hadst like to have been hang'd once or twice for thy Master.

Lo. Sir, I was very near once having that Honour.

C. Well, live and hope; don't be discourag'd; eat with him, and drink with him, and do what he bids thee, and it may be thy Reward at last, as well as another's.

To Y. F.] Well, Sir, you must know I have done you the Kindness to make up a Match for your Brother.

Y. F. I am very much beholden to you truly.

C. You may be, Sirrah, before the Wedding-day yet; the Lady is a great Heirefs; fifteen hundred Pound a year, and a great Bag of Money; the Match is concluded, the Writings are drawn, and the Pipkin's to be crack'd in a Fortnight——Now you must know, Strippling (with Respect to your Mother) your Brother's the Son of a Whore.

Y. F. Good.

C. He has given me a Bond of a Thousand Pounds for helping him to this Fortune, and has promis'd me as much more in ready Money upon the Day of Marriage, which, I understand by a Friend, he ne'er designs to pay me: If therefore you will be a generous young Dog, and secure me five thousand Pounds, I'll be a covetous old Rogue, and help you to the Lady.

Y. F. I'gad, if thou canst bring this about, I'll have thy Statue cast in Brass. But don't you doat, you old Pander you, when you talk at this rate?

C. That your youthful Parts shall judge of: This plump Partridge, that I tell you of, lives in the Country, fifty Miles off, with her honoured Parents, in a lonely old House which no body comes near; she never goes abroad, nor sees Company at home: To prevent all Misfortunes, she has her Breeding within Doors, the Parson of the Parish teaches her to play on the Base-Viol, the Clerk to sing, her Nurse to dress, and her Father to dance: In short, no body can give you Admittance there but I; nor can I do it any other way, than by making you pass for your Brother.

Y. F. And how the Devil wilt thou do that?

C. Without the Devil's Aid, I warrant thee. Thy Brother's Face not one of the Family ever saw, the whole Business has been manag'd by me, and all the  
Letter

Letters go thro my Hands : The last that was writ to Sir *Tunbelly Clumsey* (for that's the old Gentleman's Name) was to tell him, his Lordship would be down in a Fortnight to consummate. Now you shall go away immediately, pretend you writ that Letter only to have the romantick Pleasure of surprizing your Mistress; fall desperately in Love, as soon as you see her; make that your Plea for marrying her immediately, and when the Fatigue of the Wedding-Night's over, you shall send me a swinging Purse of Gold, you Dog you.

*Y. F.* I'Gad, old Dad, I'll put my Hand in thy Bosom now——

*C.* Ah, you young hot lusty Thief, let me muzzle you—— [Kissing.

*Sirrah*, let me muzzle you.

*Y. F.* P'sha, the old Letcher—— [Aside.

*C.* Well; I'll warrant thou hast not a Farthing of Money in thy Pocket now; no, one may see it in thy Face——

*Y. F.* Not a Souse, by *Jupiter*.

*C.* Must I advance then—— Well, *Sirrah*, be at my Lodgings in half an hour, and I'll see what may be done; we'll sign, and seal, and eat a Pullet, and when I have given thee some farther Instructions, thou sha't hoist Sail and be gone—— Kissing—— T'other Buss, and so adieu.

*Y. F.* U'm, P'sha.

*C.* Ah, you young warm Dog, you, what a delicious Night will the Bride have on't! [Exit Coupler.

*Y. F.* So, *Lory*; Providence, thou seest at last, takes care of Men of Merit: we are in a fair way to be great People.

*Lo.* Ay, Sir, if the Devil don't step between the Cup and the Lip, as he uses to do.

*Y. F.* Why, Faith, he has play'd me many a damn'd Trick to spoil my Fortune, and I'gad I'm almost afraid he's at work about it again now; but if I should tell thee how, thou'dst wonder at me.

*Lo.* Indeed, Sir, I shou'd not.

*Y. F.* How dost know?

*Lo.* Because, Sir, I have wonder'd at you so often, I can wonder at you no more.

*Y. F.* No ; what wouldst thou say if a Qualm of Conscience should spoil my Design ?

*Lo.* I wou'd eat my Words, and wonder more than ever.

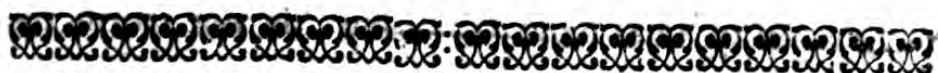
*Y. F.* Why, Faith, *Lory*, tho I am a young Rakehell, and have plaid many a Roguish Trick ; this is so full-grown a Cheat, I find I must take pains to come up to't, I have Scruples.—

*Lo.* They are strong Symptoms of Death ; if you find they encrease, pray, Sir, make your Will.

*Y. F.* No, my Conscience shan't starve me neither. But thus far I'll hearken to it ; before I execute this Project, I'll try my Brother to the bottom, I'll speak to him with the Temper of a Philosopher, my Reasons (tho they press him home) shall yet be cloth'd with so much Modesty, not one of all the Truths they urge, shall be so naked to offend his Sight : if he has yet so much Humanity about him, as to assist me (tho with a moderate Aid) I'll drop my Project at his Feet, and shew him how I can do for him, much more than what I ask he'd do for me. This one conclusive Tryal of him I resolve to make——

*Succeed or no, still Victory's my Lot ;  
If I subdue his Heart, 'tis well ; if not,  
I shall subdue my Conscience to my Plot.* [Exeunt.

*The End of the First Act.*



ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter Loveless and Amanda.*

*Lov.* **H**OW do you like these Lodgings, my Dear ?

**F**or my part, I am so well pleased with them, I shall hardly remove whilst we stay in Town, if you are satisfy'd.

C

*Aman.*



*Aman.* I am satisfy'd with every thing that pleases you; else I had not come to Town at all.

*Lov.* O! a little of the Noise and Bustle of the World sweetens the Pleasures of Retreat: We shall find the Charms of our Retirement doubled, when we return to it.

*Aman.* That pleasing Prospect will be my chiefest Entertainment, whilst (much against my Will) I am obliged to stand surrounded with these empty Pleasures, which 'tis so much the Fashion to be fond of.

*Lov.* I own most of them are indeed but empty; nay, so empty, that one would wonder by what Magick Power they act, when they induce us to be vicious for their sakes.

Yet some there are we may speak kindlier of: There are Delights (of which a private Life is destitute) which may divert an honest Man, and be a harmless Entertainment to a virtuous Woman. The Conversation of the Town is one; and truly (with some small Allowances) the Plays, I think, may be esteem'd another.

*Aman.* The Plays, I must confess, have some small Charms; and wou'd have more, wou'd they restrain that loose obscene Encouragement to Vice, which shocks, if not the Virtue of some Women, at least the Modesty of all.

*Lov.* But till that Reformation can be made, I would not leave the wholesome Corn for some intruding Tares that grow amongst it. Doubtless the Moral of a well-wrought Scene is of prevailing Force——Last Night there happen'd one that mov'd me strangely.

*Aman.* Pray, what was that?

*Lov.* Why 'twas about——but 'tis not worth repeating.

*Aman.* Yes, pray let me know it.

*Lov.* No, I think 'tis as well let alone.

*Aman.* Nay, now you make me have a mind to know.

*Lov.* 'Twas a foolish thing: You'd perhaps grow jealous shou'd I tell it you, tho without a Cause, Heaven knows.

*Aman.*

*Amand.* I shall begin to think I have cause, if you persist in making it a Secret.

*Lov.* I'll then convince you you have none, by making it no longer so. Know then, I happen'd in the Play to find my very Character, only with the Addition of a Relapse; which struck me so, I put a sudden Stop to a most harmless Entertainment, which till then diverted me between the Acts. 'Twas to admire the Workmanship of Nature, in the Face of a young Lady, that sat some distance from me, she was so exquisitely handsome.——

*Aman.* So exquisitely handsome!

*Lov.* Why do you repeat my Words, my Dear?

*Aman.* Because you seem'd to speak them with such Pleasure, I thought I might oblige you with their Echo.

*Lov.* Then you are alarm'd, *Amanda*?

*Aman.* It is my Duty to be so, when you are in danger.

*Lov.* You are too quick in apprehending for me; all will be well when you have heard me out. I do confess I gaz'd upon her, nay, eagerly I gaz'd upon her.

*Aman.* Eagerly! That's with Desire.

*Lov.* No, I desir'd her not: I view'd her with a World of Admiration, but not one Glance of Love.

*Aman.* Take heed of trusting to such nice Distinctions.

*Lov.* I did take heed; for observing in the Play, that he who seem'd to represent me there, was, by an Accident like this, unwarily surpriz'd into a Net, in which he lay a poor intangled Slave, and brought a Train of Mischiefs on his Head, I snatch'd my Eyes away; they pleaded hard for Leave to look again, but I grew absolute, and they obey'd.

*Aman.* Were they the only things that were inquisitive? Had I been in your place, my Tongue, I fancy, had been curious too; I shou'd have ask'd her Name, and where she liv'd (yet still without Design:)—Who was she, pray?

*Lov.* Indeed I cannot tell.

*Aman.* You will not tell.

28      *The RELAPSE; or,*

*Lov.* By all that's sacred then, I did not ask.

*Aman.* Nor do you know what Company was with her!

*Lov.* I do not.

*Amand.* Then I am calm again.

*Lov.* Why were you disturb'd?

*Aman.* Had I then no cause?

*Lov.* None, certainly.

*Aman.* I thought I had.

*Lov.* But you thought wrong, *Amanda*: For turn the Case, and let it be your Story; should you come home, and tell me you had seen a handsome Man, shou'd I grow jealous because you had Eyes?

*Aman.* But shou'd I tell you he were exquisitely so; that I had gaz'd on him with Admiration; that I had look'd with eager Eyes upon him, shou'd you not think 'twere possible I might go one Step further, and enquire his Name?

*Lov. aside.]* She has Reason on her side, I have talk'd too much; but I must turn it off another way. [*To Amand.*] Will you then make no Difference, *Amanda*, between the Language of our Sex and yours? There is a Modesty réstrains your Tongues, which makes you speak by halves when you commend; but roving Flattery gives a Loose to ours, which makes us still speak double what we think: You shou'd not therefore, in so strict a Sense, take what I said to her advantage.

*Aman.* Those Flights of Flattery, Sir, are to our Faces only: When Women once are out of hearing, you are as modest in your Commendations as we are. But I shan't put you to the trouble of farther Excuses, if you please this Business shall rest here. Only give me leave to wish, both for your Peace and mine, that you may never meet this Miracle of Beauty more.

*Lov.* I am content.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Madam, there's a young Lady at the Door in a Chair, desires to know whether your Ladyship sees Company. I think her Name is *Berinthia*.

*Aman.*

*Aman.* O dear! 'tis a Relation I have not seen this five Years : Pray her to walk in. [Exit Serv.

*To Lov.]* Here's another Beauty for you. She was young when I saw her last ; but I hear she's grown extremely handsome.

*Lov.* Don't you be jealous now ; for I shall gaze upon her too.

*Enter Berinthia.*

*Lov. aside.]* Ha ! By Heavens the very Woman !

*Ber. saluting Aman.]* Dear *Amanda*, I did not expect to meet with you in Town.

*Aman.* Sweet Cousin, I'm overjoy'd to see you. (*To Lov.]* Mr. *Loveless*, here's a Relation and a Friend of mine, I desire you'll be better acquainted with.

*Lov. saluting Ber.]* If my Wife never desires a harder thing, Madam, her Request will be easily granted.

*Ber. to Amand.]* I think, Madam, I ought to wish you Joy.

*Amand.* Joy ! Upon what ?

*Ber.* Upon your Marriage : You were a Widow when I saw you last.

*Lov.* You ought rather, Madam, to wish me Joy upon that, since I am the only Gainer.

*Ber.* If she has got so good a Husband as the World reports, she has gain'd enough to expect the Compliment of her Friends upon it.

*Lov.* If the World is so favourable to me, to allow I deserve that Title, I hope 'tis so just to my Wife to own I derive it from her.

*Ber.* Sir, it is so just to you both, to own you are (and deserve to be) the happiest Pair that live in it.

*Lov.* I'm afraid we shall lose that Character, Madam, whenever you happen to change your Condition.

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Sir, my Lord *Foppington* presents his humble Service to you, and desires to know how you do. He but just now heard you were in Town. He's at the next Door ; and if it be not inconvenient, he'll come and wait upon you.

*Lov.* Lord *Foppington* ! ——— I know him not.

*Ber.* Not his Dignity, perhaps, but you do his Person. 'Tis Sir *Novelty* ; he has bought a Barony, in order to marry a great Fortune : His Patent has not been pass'd above Eight and Forty Hours, and he has already sent How-do-ye's to all the Town, to make 'em acquainted with his Title.

*Lov.* Give my Service to his Lordship, and let him know, I am proud of the Honour he intends me. [*Exit.* Sure this Addition of Quality must have so improv'd his Coxcomb, he can't but be very good Company for a quarter of an Hour.

*Aman.* Now it moves my Pity more than my Mirth, to see a Man whom Nature has made no Fool, be so very industrious to pass for an Ass.

*Lov.* No, there you are wrong, *Amanda* ; you shou'd never bestow your Pity upon those who take pains for your Contempt. Pity those whom Nature abuses, but never those who abuse Nature.

*Ber.* Besides, the Town wou'd be robb'd of one of its chiefest Diversions, if it shou'd become a Crime to laugh at a Fool.

*Aman.* I could never yet perceive the Town inclin'd to part with any of its Diversions, for the sake of their being Crimes ; but I have seen it very fond of some, I think had little else to recommend 'em.

*Ber.* I doubt, *Amanda*, you are grown its Enemy, you speak with so much Warmth against it.

*Aman.* I must confess I am not much its Friend.

*Ber.* Then give me leave to make you mine, by not engaging in its Quarrel.

*Aman.* You have many stronger Claims than that, *Berinthia*, whenever you think fit to plead your Title.

*Lov.* You have done well to engage a Second, my Dear ; for here comes one will be apt to call you to an Account for your Country Principles.

*Enter Lord Foppington.*

*L. F. to Lov.]* Sir, I am your most humble Servant.

*Lov.* I wish you Joy, my Lord.

*Virtue in Danger.*

31

L. F. O Laird, Sir—— Madam, your Ladyship's welcome to Tawn.

Aman. I wish your Lordship Joy.

L. F. O Heavens, Madam——

Lov. My Lord, this young Lady is a Relation of my Wife's.

L. F. *saluting her.*] The beautifullest Race of People upon Earth, Rat me. Dear *Loveless*, I am overjoy'd to see you have brought your Family to Tawn again; I am, stay my Vitals—— [*Aside.*] For I design to lie with your Wife. [*To Aman.*] Far Gad's sake, Madam, how has your Ladyship been able to subsist thus long, under the Fatigue of a Country Life?

Aman. My Life has been very far from that, my Lord; it has been a very quiet one.

L. F. Why, that's the Fatigue I speak of, Madam. For 'tis impossible to be quiet, without thinking: Now thinking is to me the greatest Fatigue in the World.

Aman. Does not your Lordship love reading then?

L. F. Oh, passionately, Madam—— But I never think of what I read.

Ber. Why, can your Lordship read without thinking?

L. F. O Lard—— Can your Ladyship pray without Devotion—— Madam?

Aman. Well, I must own I think Books the best Entertainment in the World.

L. F. I am so much of your Ladyship's mind, Madam, that I have a private Gallery, where I walk sometimes, is furnished with nothing but Books and Looking-glasses. Madam, I have gilded them, and rang'd 'em so prettily, before Gad, it is the most entertaining thing in the World to walk and look upon 'em.

Aman. Nay, I love a neat Library too; but 'tis, I think, the Inside of a Book shou'd recommend it most to us.

L. F. That, I must confess, I am not altogether so fond of. Far to mind the Inside of a Book, is to entertain one's self with the forc'd Product of another Man's Brain. Naw I think a Man of Quality and Breeding

may be much diverted with the Natural Sprouts of his own. But to say the truth, Madam, let a Man love reading never so well, when once he comes to know this Tawn, he finds so many better ways of passing away the Four and twenty Hours, that 'twere ten thousand Pities he shou'd consume his time in that. For example, Madam, my Life; my Life, Madam, is a perpetual Stream of Pleasure, that glides through such a Variety of Entertainments, I believe the wisest of our Ancestors never had the least Conception of any of 'em.

I rise, Madam, about Ten a-clock. I don't rise sooner, because 'tis the worst thing in the World for the Complexion; nat that I pretend to be a Beau; but a Man must endeavour to look wholesome, lest he make so nauseous a Figure in the Side-bax, the Ladies shou'd be compell'd to turn their Eyes upon the Play. So at Ten a-clock, I say, I rise. Naw if I find it a good Day, I resolve to take a Turn in the Park, and see the fine Women; so huddle on my Clothes, and get dress'd by One. If it be nasty Weather, I take a Turn in the Chocolate-house; where, as you walk, Madam, you have the prettiest Prospect in the World; you have Looking-glasses all round you—— But I'm afraid I tire the Company.

*Ber.* Not at all. Pray go on.

*L. F.* Why then, Ladies, from thence I go to Dinner at *Lacket's*, and there you are so nicely and delicately serv'd, that, strap my Vitals, they can compose you a Dish no bigger than a Saucer, shall come to Fifty Shillings. Between eating my Dinner (and washing my Mouth, Ladies) I spend my time, till I go to the Play; where, till Nine a-clock, I entertain my self with looking upon the Company; and usually dispose of one Hour more in leading them out. So there's Twelve of the Four and Twenty pretty well over. The other Twelve, Madam, are dispos'd of in two Articles: In the first Four I toast my self drunk, and in t'other Eight I sleep my self sober again. Thus, Ladies, you see my Life is an Eternal round O of Delights.

*Lou.* 'Tis a Heavenly one, indeed.

*Aman.*

*Aman.* But my Lord, you *Beaux* spend a great deal of your Time in Intrigues: You have given us no Account of them yet.

*L. F. aside.*] Soh; she wou'd enquire into my Amours—— That's Jealousy—— She begins to be in love with me. [*To Aman.*] Why, Madam—— as to time for my Intrigues, I usually make Detachments of it from my other Pleasures, according to the Exigency: For your Ladyship may please to take notice, that those who intrigue with Women of Quality, have rarely occasion for above half an Hour at a time: People of that Rank being under those Decorums, they can seldom give you a larger View, than will just serve to shoot 'em flying. So that the Course of my other Pleasures is not very much interrupted by my Amours.

*Lov.* But your Lordship now is become a Pillar of the State; you must attend the weighty Affairs of the Nation.

*L. F.* Sir—— as to weighty Affairs—— I leave them to weighty Heads. I never intend mine shall be a Burden to my Body.

*Lov.* O but you'll find the House will expect your Attendance.

*L. F.* Sir, you'll find the House will compound for my Appearance.

*Lov.* But your Friends will take it ill if you don't attend their particular Causes.

*L. F.* Not, Sir, if I come time enough to give 'em my particular Vote.

*Ber.* But pray, my Lord, how do you dispose of your self on *Sundays*? for that, methinks, shou'd hang wretchedly on your hands.

*L. F.* Why Faith, Madam—— *Sunday*—— is a vile Day, I must confess: I intend to move for leave to bring in a Bill, That Players may work upon it, as well as the Hackney Coaches. Tho' this I must say for the Government, it leaves us the Churches to entertain us—— But then again, they begin so abominable early, a Man must rise by Candle-light to get dress'd by the Psalm.



*Ber.* Pray which Church does your Lordship most oblige with your Presence?

*L. F.* Oh, *St. James's*, Madam—— There's much the best Company.

*Aman.* Is there good Preaching too?

*L. F.* Why Faith, Madam—— I can't tell. A Man must have very little to do there, that can give an Account of the Sermon.

*Ber.* You can give us an Account of the Ladies at least.

*L. F.* Or I deserve to be excommunicated—— There is my Lady *Tattle*, my Lady *Prate*, my Lady *Titter*, my Lady *Leer*, my Lady *Giggle*, and my Lady *Grin*. These sit in the front of the Boxes, and all Church-time are the prettiest Company in the World, flap my Vitals. [*To Aman.*] Mayn't we hope for the Honour to, see your Ladyship added to our Society, Madam?

*Aman.* Alas, my Lord, I am the worst Company in the World at Church: I'm apt to mind the Prayers, or the Sermon, or——

*L. F.* One is indeed strangely apt at Church to mind what one should not do. But I hope, Madam, at one time or other, I shall have the Honour to lead your Ladyship to your Coach there. [*Aside.*] Methinks she seems strangely pleas'd with every thing I say to her—— 'Tis a vast pleasure to receive Encouragement from a Woman before her Husband's Face—— I have a good mind to pursue my Conquest, and speak the thing plainly to her at once—— I'gad I'll do't, and that in so Cavalier a manner, she shall be surpriz'd at it—— Ladies, I'll take my Leave; I'm afraid I begin to grow troublesome with the length of my Visit.

*Aman.* Your Lordship's too entertaining to grow troublesome any where.

*L. F. aside.*] That now was as much as if she had said—— Pray lie with me. I'll let her see I'm quick of Apprehension. [*To Aman.*] O Lard, Madam, I had like to have forgot a Secret, I must needs tell your Ladyship. [*To Lov.*] Ned, you must not be so jealous now as to listen. *Lov.*

*Lov.* Not I, my Lord ; I'm too fashionable a Husband to pry into the Secrets of my Wife.

*L. F. to Aman. [squeezing her Hand.]* I am in love with you to Desperation, strike me speechless.

*Aman. giving him a Box o'th' Ear.]* Then thus I return your Passion—— An impudent Fool !

*L. F.* Gads Curse, Madam, I'm a Peer of the Realm.

*Lov.* Hey ; what the Devil do you affront my Wife, Sir ? Nay then—— [*They Draw and Fight. The Women run shrieking for Help.*]

*Aman.* Ah ! What has my Folly done ? Help ; Murder, help ! Part 'em for Heaven's sake.

*L. F. falling back, and leaning upon his Sword.]* Ah—— quite through the Body—— Stap my Vitals.

*Enter Servants.*

*Lov. running to him.]* I hope I han't kill'd the Fool however—— Bear him up ! Where's your Wound ?

*L. F.* Just through the Guts.

*Lov.* Call a Surgeon there : Unbutton him quickly.

*L. F.* Ay, pray make haste.

*Lov.* This Mischief you may thank your self for.

*L. F.* I may so—— Love's the Devil indeed, *Ned.*

*Enter Seringe and Servant.*

*Serv.* Here's Mr. *Seringe*, Sir, was just going by the Door.

*L. F.* He's the welcom'st Man alive.

*Serv.* Stand by, stand by, stand by. Pray Gentlemen stand by. Lord have mercy upon us ; Did you never see a Man run through the Body before ? Pray stand by.

*L. F.* Ah, Mr. *Seringe*—— I'm a dead Man.

*Serv.* A dead Man and I by—— I shou'd laugh to see that, I gad.

*Lov.* Prithee don't stand prating, but look upon his Wound.

*Serv.* Why, what if I won't look upon his Wour this Hour, Sir ?

36      *The RELAPSE; or,*

*Lov.* Why then he'll bleed to Death, Sir.

*Ser.* Why, then I'll fetch him to Life again, Sir.

*Lov.* 'Slife, he's run through the Guts, I tell thee.

*Ser.* Wou'd he were run through the Heart, I shou'd get the more Credit by his Cure. Now I hope you are satisfy'd? ——— Come, now let me come at him; now let me come at him. [*Viewing his Wound.*] Oons, what a Gash is here? ——— Why, Sir, a Man may drive a Coach and Six Horses into your Body.

*L. F.* Ho——

*Ser.* Why, what the Devil have you run the Gentleman through with a Scythe ——— [*Aside.*] A little Prick between the Skin and the Ribs, that's all.

*Lov.* Let me see his Wound.

*Ser.* Then you shall dress it, Sir; for if any body looks upon it, I won't.

*Lov.* Why, thou art the veriest Coxcomb I ever saw.

*Ser.* Sir, I am not Master of my Trade for nothing.

*L. F.* Surgeon.

*Ser.* Well, Sir.

*L. F.* Is there any Hopes?

*Ser.* Hopes! ——— I can't tell ——— What are you willing to give for your Cure?

*L. F.* Five hundred Paunds with Pleasure.

*Ser.* Why then perhaps there may be Hopes. But we must avoid further Delay. Here; help the Gentleman into a Chair, and carry him to my House presently, that's the properest place, [*aside*] to bubble him out of his Money. Come, a Chair, a Chair quickly—— there, in with him. [*They put him into a Chair.*]

*L. F.* Dear *Loveless*—— Adieu. If I die—— I forgive thee; and if I live—— I hope thou wilt do as much by me. I am very sorry you and I shou'd quarrel; but I hope here's an end on't, for if you are satisfy'd —— I am.

*Lov.* I shall hardly think it worth my prosecuting any further, so you may be at rest, Sir.

*L. F.* Thou art a generous Fellow, strike me dumb. [*Aside.*] But thou hast an impertinent Wife, flap my Vitals. *Ser.*

*Ser.* So, carry him off, carry him off, we shall have him prate himself into a Fever by and by; carry him off.

[*Exit Ser. with L. F.*]

*Aman.* Now on my Knees, my Dear, let me ask your pardon for my Indiscretion, my own I never shall obtain.

*Lov.* O! There's no Harm done: You serv'd him well.

*Aman.* He did indeed deserve it. But I tremble to think how dear my indiscreet Resentment might have cost you.

*Lov.* O no matter, never trouble your self about that.

*Ber.* For Heaven's sake, what was't he did to you?

*Aman.* O nothing; he only squeez'd me kindly by the Hand, and frankly offer'd me a Coxcomb's Heart. I know I was to blame to resent it as I did, since nothing but a Quarrel cou'd ensue. But the Fool so surpriz'd me with his Insolence, I was not Mistress of my Fingers.

*Ber.* Now I dare swear, he thinks you had 'em at great Command, they obey'd you so readily.

*Enter Worthy.*

*Wor.* Save you, save you, good People: I'm glad to find you all alive; I met a wounded Peer carrying off: For Heaven's sake what was the matter?

*Lov.* O a Trifle: He wou'd have lain with my Wife before my Face, so she oblig'd him with a Box o'th' Ear, and I run him through the Body: That was all.

*Wor.* Bagatelle on all sides. But, pray Madam, how long has this Noble Lord been an humble Servant of yours?

*Aman.* This is the first I have heard on't. So I suppose 'tis his Quality more than his Love, has brought him into this Adventure. He thinks his Title an authentick Passport to every Woman's Heart, below the Degree of a Peerefs.

*Wor.* He's Coxcomb enough to think any thing. But I wou'd not have you brought into Trouble for him: I hope there's no Danger of his Life?

†

*Lov.*

*Lov.* None at all: He's fallen into the hands' of a Roguish Surgeon, who I perceive designs to frighten a little Money out of him. But I saw his Wound, 'tis nothing; he may go to the Play to-night, if he pleases.

*Wor.* I am glad you have corrected him without farther Mischief. And now, Sir, if these Ladies have no farther Service for you, you'll oblige me if you can go to the Place I spoke to you of t'other day.

*Lov.* With all my Heart. [*Aside.*] Tho I cou'd wish, methinks, to stay and gaze a little longer on that Creature. Good Gods! How beautiful she is—— But what have I to do with Beauty? I have already had my Portion, and must not covet more. [*To Wor.*]  
Come, Sir, when you please.

*Wor.* Ladies, your Servant.

*Aman.* Mr. Loveless, pray one Word with you before you go.

*Lov.* to *Wor.*] I'll overtake you, Sir. What wou'd my Dear? [*Exit Wor.*]

*Aman.* Only a Woman's foolish Question, How do you like my Cousin here?

*Lov.* Jealous already, *Amanda*?

*Aman.* Not at all, I ask you for another reason.

*Lov.* *aside.*] Whate'er her Reason be, I must not tell her true. [*To Aman.*] Why, I confess she's handsome. But you must not think I slight your Kinswoman, if I own to you, of all the Women who may claim that Character, she is the last wou'd triumph in my Heart.

*Aman.* I'm satisfy'd.

*Lov.* Now tell me why you ask'd?

*Aman.* At Night I will. Adieu.

*Lov.* I'm yours; [*kissing her.*] [*Exit Lov.*]

*Aman.* *aside.*] I'm glad to find he does not like her; for I have a great mind to persuade her to come and live with me. [*To Ber.*] Now dear *Berinthia*, let me enquire a little into your Affairs: For I do assure you, I am enough your Friend, to interest my self in every thing that concerns you.

*Ber.* You formerly have given me such Proofs on't, I shou'd be very much to blame to doubt it; I am sorry I have no Secrets to trust you with, that I might convince you how entire a Confidence I durst repose in you.

*Aman.* Why is it possible, that one so Young and Beautiful as you, shou'd live and have no Secrets?

*Ber.* What Secrets do you mean?

*Aman.* Lovers.

*Ber.* O Twenty; but not one secret one amongst 'em. Lovers in this Age have too much Honour to do any thing underhand; they do all above-board.

*Aman.* That now methinks wou'd make me hate a Man.

*Ber.* But the Women of the Town are of another mind: For by this means a Lady may (with the expence of a few Coquet Glances) lead twenty Fools about in a String, for two or three Years together. Whereas, if she shou'd allow 'em greater Favours, and oblige 'em to Secrecy, she wou'd not keep one of 'em a Fort-night.

*Aman.* There's something indeed in that to satisfy the Vanity of a Woman, but I can't comprehend how the Men find their Account in it.

*Ber.* Their Entertainment, I must confess, is a Riddle to me. For there's very few of them ever get farther than a Bow and an Ogle. I have half a Score for my share, who follow me all over the Town; and at the Play, the Park, and the Church, do (with their Eyes) say the violent'st things to me — But I never hear any more of 'em.

*Aman.* What can be the Reason of that?

*Ber.* One Reason is, They don't know how to go farther. They have had so little Practice, they don't understand the Trade. But besides their Ignorance, you must know there is not one of my half score Lovers but what follows half a score Mistresses. Now their Affections being divided amongst so many, are not strong enough for any one to make 'em pursue her to the purpose. Like a young Puppy in a Warren, they have a Flirt at all, and catch none.

*Aman.*

*Aman.* Yet they seem to have a Torrent of Love to dispose of.

*Ber.* They have so: But 'tis like the River of a Modern Philosopher, (whose Works, tho a Woman, I have read) it sets out with a violent Stream, splits in a thousand Branches, and is all lost in the Sands.

*Aman.* But do you think this River of Love runs all its Course without doing any Mischief? Do you think it overflows nothing.

*Ber.* O yes; 'tis true, it never breaks into any body's Ground that has the least Fence about it; but it overflows all the Commons that lie in its way. And this is the utmost Atchievement of those dreadful Champions in the Field of Love—— the Beaux.

*Aman.* But prithee, *Berinthia*, instruct me a little farther; for I am so great a Novice, I'm almost ashamed on't. My Husband's leaving me whilst I was young and fond, threw me into that Depth of Discontent, that ever since I have led so private and recluse a Life, my Ignorance is scarce conceivable. I therefore fain would be instructed: Not (Heaven knows) that what you call Intrigues have any Charms for me; my Love and Principles are too well fix'd. The practick Part of all unlawful Love is——

*Ber.* O 'tis abominable: But for the Speculative; that we must all confess is entertaining. The Conversation of all the virtuous Women in the Town turns upon that and new Clothes.

*Aman.* Pray be so just then to me, to believe, 'tis with a World of Innocency I wou'd enquire, Whether you think those Women we call Women of Reputation, do really 'scape all other Men, as they do those Shadows of 'em, the Beaux.

*Ber.* O no, *Amanda*; there are a sort of Men make dreadful Work amongst 'em: Men that may be call'd, The Beaux Antipathy; for they agree in nothing but walking upon two Legs:

These have Brains: The Beau has none.

These are in Love with their Mistres: The Beau with himself,

They

They take care of her Reputation: He's industrious to destroy it.

They are Decent: He's a Fop.

They are Sound: He's Rotten.

They are Men: He's an Ass.

*Aman.* If this be their Character, I fancy we had here e'en now a Pattern of 'em both.

*Ber.* His Lordship and Mr. *Worthy*?

*Aman.* The same.

*Ber.* As for the Lord, he's eminently so: And for the other, I can assure you, there's not a Man in Town who has a better Interest with the Women, that are worth having an Interest with. But 'tis all private: He's like a Back-stair Minister at Court, who, whilst the reputed Favourites are fauntering in the Bed-Chamber, is ruling the Roast in the Closet.

*Aman.* He answers then the Opinion I had ever of him. Heavens! What a Difference there is between a Man like him, and that vain nauseous Fop, Sir *Novelty*. [*Taking her Hand.*] I must acquaint you with a Secret, Cousin. 'Tis not that Fool alone has talk'd to me of Love, *Worthy* has been tampering too: 'Tis true, he has done it in vain: Not all his Charms or Art have power to shake me. My Love, my Duty, and my Virtue, are such faithful Guards, I need not fear my Heart shou'd e'er betray me. But what I wonder at is this: I find I did not start at his Proposal, as when it came from one whom I contemn'd. I therefore mention this Attempt, that I may learn from you whence it proceeds; that Vice (which cannot change its Nature) shou'd so far change at least its Shape, as that the self-same Crime propos'd from one shall seem a Monster gaping at your Ruin; when from another it shall look so kind, as tho' it were your Friend, and never meant to harm you. Whence think you can this Difference proceed? For 'tis not Love, Heaven knows.

*Ber.* O no; I wou'd not for the World believe it were. But possibly, shou'd there a dreadful Sentence pass upon you, to undergo the Rage of both their Passions; the Pain you apprehend from one might seem so trivial.



trivial to the other, the Danger wou'd not quite so much alarm you.

*Aman.* Fy, fy, *Berinthia*, you wou'd indeed alarm me, cou'd you incline me to a Thought, that all the Merit of Mankind combin'd, cou'd shake that tender Love I bear my Husband: No, he sits triumphant in my Heart, and nothing can dethrone him.

*Ber.* But shou'd he abdicate again, do you think you shou'd preserve the vacant Throne ten tedious Winters more in hopes of his return?

*Aman.* Indeed I think I shou'd. Tho I confess, after those Obligations he has to me, shou'd he abandon me once more, my Heart wou'd grow extremely urgent with me to root him thence, and cast him out for ever.

*Ber.* Were I that thing they call a slighted Wife, some body shou'd run the Risque of being that thing they call—— a Husband.

*Aman.* O fy, *Berinthia*, no Revenge shou'd ever be taken against a Husband: But to wrong his Bed is a Vengeance, which of all Vengeance——

*Ber.* Is the sweetest, ha, ha, ha. Don't I talk madly?

*Aman.* Madly indeed.

*Ber.* Yet I'm very innocent.

*Aman.* That I dare swear you are. I know how to make Allowances for your Humour: you were always very entertaining Company; but I find since Marriage and Widowhood have shewn you the World a little, you are very much improv'd.

*Ber. aside.]* Alack a-day, there has gone more than that to improve me, if she knew all.

*Aman.* For Heaven's sake, *Berinthia*, tell me what way I shall take to persuade you to come and live with me?

*Ber.* Why, one way in the World there is—— and but one.

*Aman.* Pray which is that?

*Ber.* It is to assure me—— I shall be very welcome.

*Aman.*

*Aman.* If that be all, you shall e'en lie here to-night.

*Ber.* To-night?

*Aman.* Yes, to-night.

*Ber.* Why, the People where I lodge will think me mad.

*Aman.* Let 'em think what they please.

*Ber.* Say you so, *Amanda*? Why then they shall think what they please: For I'm a young Widow, and I care not what any body thinks. Ah, *Amanda*, s a delicious thing to be a young Widow.

*Aman.* You'll hardly make me think so.

*Ber.* Phu, because you are in love with your Husband: but that is not every Woman's Case.

*Aman.* I hope 'twas yours at least.

*Ber.* Mine, say ye? Now I have a great mind to tell you a Lye, but I shou'd do it so awkwardly, you'd find me out.

*Aman.* Then e'en speak the Truth.

*Ber.* Shall I? — Then after all I did love him, *Amanda* — as a Nun does Penance.

*Aman.* Why did not you refuse to marry him then?

*Ber.* Because my Mother wou'd have whipt me.

*Aman.* How did you live together?

*Ber.* Like Man and Wife, asunder:

He lov'd the Country, I the Town.

He Hawks and Hounds, I Coaches and Equipage.

He Eating and Drinking, I Carding and Playing.

He the Sound of a Horn, I the Squeak of a Fiddle.

We were dull Company at Table, worse a-bed.

Whenever we met, we gave one another the Spleen;

And never agreed but once, which was about lying alone.

*Aman.* But tell me one thing truly and sincerely.

*Ber.* What's that?

*Aman.* Notwithstanding all these Jars, did not his Death at last extremely trouble you?

*Ber.*...

*Ber.* O yes : Not that my present Pangs were so very violent, but the After-pains were intolerable. I was forc'd to wear a beastly Widow's Band a Twelve-month for't.

*Aman.* Women, I find, have different Inclinations.

*Ber.* Women, I find, keep different Company. When your Husband ran away from you, if you had fallen into some of my Acquaintance, 'twou'd have sav'd you many a Tear. But you go and live with a Grandmother, a Bishop, and an old Nurse ; which was enough to make any Woman break her Heart for her Husband. Pray, *Amanda*, if ever you are a Widow again, keep your self so as I do.

*Aman.* Why do you then resolve you'll never marry ?

*Ber.* O, no ; I resolve I will.

*Aman.* How so ?

*Ber.* That I never may.

*Aman.* You banter me.

*Ber.* Indeed I don't. But I consider I'm a Woman, and form my Resolutions accordingly.

*Aman.* Well, my Opinion is, form what Resolution you will, Matrimony will be the end on't.

*Ber.* Faith it won't.

*Aman.* How do you know ?

*Ber.* I am sure on't.

*Aman.* Why, do you think 'tis impossible for you to fall in love ?

*Ber.* No.

*Aman.* Nay, but to grow so passionately fond, that nothing but the Man you love can give you Rest.

*Ber.* Well, what then ?

*Aman.* Why then you'll marry him.

*Ber.* How do you know that ?

*Aman.* Why, what can you do else ?

*Ber.* Nothing—— but sit and cry.

*Aman.* Psha.

*Ber.* Ah, poor *Amanda*, you have led a Country Life ; but if you'll consult the Widows of this Town, they'll

they'll tell you, you shou'd never take a Lease of a House you can hire for a Quarter's Warning.

[*Exeunt.*

*The End of the Second Act.*



### A C T III.

*Enter Lord Foppington and Servant.*

L. F. **H**EY, Fellow, let the Coach come to the Door.

Ser. Will your Lordship venture so soon to expose your self to the Weather?

L. F. Sir, I will venture as soon as I can, to expose my self to the Ladies; tho give me my Cloke however; for in that Side-box, what between the Air that comes in at the Door on one side, and the intolerable Warmth of the Masks on t'other, a Man gets so many Heats and Colds, 'twou'd destroy the Canstitution of a Harfe.

Ser. *putting on his Cloke.*] I wish your Lordship wou'd please to keep House a little longer, I'm afraid your Honour does not well consider your Wound.

L. F. My Wound!— I wou'd not be in Eclipse another Day, tho I had as many Wounds in my Guts as I have had in my Heart.

*Enter Young Fashion.*

L. F. Brother, your Servant. How do you find your self to-day?

L. F. So well, that I have arder'd my Coach to the Door: So there's no great Danger of Death this baut, Tam.

L. F. I'm very glad of it.

L. F. *aside.*] That I believe's a Lye. Prithee, Tam, tell me one thing: Did not your Heart cut a Caper up to your Mauth, when you heard I was run through the Bady?

46      *The RELAPSE; or,*

*Y. F.* Why do you think it shou'd?

*L. F.* Because I remember mine did so, when I heard my Father was shat through the Head.

*Y. F.* It then did very ill.

*L. F.* Prithee, why so?

*Y. F.* Because he us'd you very well.

*L. F.* Well?—— naw strike me dumb, he starv'd me. He has let me want a Thausand Women for want of a Thausand Paund.

*Y. F.* Then he hindred you from making a great many ill Bargains, for I think no Woman is worth Money, that will take Money.

*L. F.* If I were a younger Brother, I shou'd think so too.

*Y. F.* Why, is it possible you can value a Woman that's to be bought?

*L. F.* Prithee, why not as well as a Pad-Nag?

*Y. F.* Because a Woman has a Heart to dispose of; a Horse has none.

*L. F.* Look you, *Tam*, of all things that belong to a Woman, I have an Aversion to her Heart: Far when once a Woman has given you her Heart—— you can never get rid of the rest of her Bady.

*Y. F.* This is strange Doctrine: But pray in your Amours how is it with your own Heart?

*L. F.* Why, my Heart in my Amours—— is like —— my Heart out of my Amours; *a la glace*. My Bady, *Tam*, is a Watch; and my Heart is the Pendulum to it; whilst the Finger runs raund to every Hour in the Circle, that still beats the same time.

*Y. F.* Then you are seldom much in love?

*L. F.* Never, stap my Vitals.

*Y. F.* Why then did you make all this Bustle about *Amanda*?

*L. F.* Because she was a Woman of an insolent Vir-tue, and I thought my self piqu'd in Honour to debauch her.

*Y. F.* Very well.      [*Aside.*] Here's a rare Fellow for you, to have the spending of Five Thousand Pounds a Year. But now for my Business with him.      [*To*

†

*L.*

*L. Fop.]* Brother, tho I know to talk to you of Business (especially of Money) is a Theme not quite so entertaining to you as that of the Ladies; my Necessities are such, I hope you'll have patience to hear me.

*L. F.* The greatness of your Necessities, *Tam*, is the worst Argument in the World for your being patiently heard. I do believe you are going to make me a very good Speech, but, strike me dumb, it has the worst beginning of any Speech I have heard this Twelvemonth.

*Y. F.* I'm very sorry you think so.

*L. F.* I do believe thou art. But come, let's know thy Affair quickly; for 'tis a new Play, and I shall be so ruffled and squeez'd with pressing through the Crowd, to get to my Servant, the Women will think I have lain all Night in my Clothes.

*Y. F.* Why then (that I may not be the Author of so great a Misfortune) my Case in a word is this.

The necessary Expences of my Travels have so much exceeded the wretched Income of my Annuity, that I have been forc'd to mortgage it for Five Hundred Pounds, which is spent; so that unless you are so kind to assist me in redeeming it, I know no Remedy but to take a Purse.

*L. F.* Why, Faith, *Tam* —— to give you my sense of the thing, I do think taking a Purse the best Remedy in the World; for if you succeed, you are reliev'd that way; if you are taken —— you are reliev'd t'other.

*Y. F.* I'm glad to see you are in so pleasant a Humour, I hope I shall find the effects on't.

*L. F.* Why, do you then really think it a reasonable thing I shou'd give you Five Hundred Paunds?

*Y. F.* I do not ask it as a Due, Brother, I am willing to receive it as a Favour.

*L. F.* Thou art willing to receive it any haw, strike me speechless. But these are damn'd times to give Money in, Taxes are so great, Repairs so exorbitant, Tenants such Rogues, and Perriwigs so dear, that the Devil take me, I am reduc'd to that extremity in my Cash, I have been forc'd to retrench in that one Article of sweet Powder, till I have brought it dawn to Five Guineas a  
Mantle

Manth. Naw judge, *Tam*, whether I can spare you five hundred Paunds.

*Y. F.* If you can't, I must starve, that's all. [*Aside.*] Damn him.

*L. Fop.* All I can say is, you should have been a better Husband.

*Y. Fash.* Oons, if you can't live upon five thousand a year, how do you think I should do't upon two hundred?

*L. Fop.* Don't be in a Passion, *Tam*; for Passion is the most unbecoming thing in the World—to the Face.

Look you, I don't love to say any thing to you to make you melancholy; but upon this occasion I must take leave to put you in mind, that a Running Horse does require more Attendance than a Coach-Horse. Nature has made some difference 'twixt you and I.

*T. F.* Yes, she has made you older. [*Aside.*] Pox take her.

*L. F.* That is nat all, *Tam*.

*Y. F.* Why, what is there else?

*L. F.* Looking first upon himself, then upon his Brother.] ——— Ask the Ladies.

*Y. Fash.* Why, thou Essence-Bottle, thou Musk-Cat, dost thou then think thou hast any Advantage over me, but what Fortune has given thee?

*L. Fop.* I do ——— flap my Vitals.

*Y. F.* Now, by all that's great and powerful, thou art the Prince of Coxcombs.

*L. Fop.* Sir ——— I am praud of being at the Head of so prevailing a Party.

*Y. F.* Will nothing then provoke thee? ——— Draw, Coward.

*L. Fop.* Look you, *Tam*, you know I have always taken you for a mighty dull Fellow, and here is one of the foolishest Plats broke out, that I have seen a long time. Your Poverty makes your Life so burdensome to you, you would provoke me to a Quarrel, in hopes either to slip thro my Lungs into my Estate, or to get your self run thro the Guts, to put an end to your Pain.

+

But

*Virtue in Danger.* 49

But I will disappoint you in both your Designs; far with the Temper of a Philosopher, and the Discretion of a Statesman—— I will go to the Play with my Sword in my Scabbard. [Exit L. Fop.

Y. F. So! Farewel, Snuff-Box,  
And now, Conscience, I defy thee.  
Lory!

*Enter Lory.*

*Lory. Sir.*

Y. Fash. Here's rare News, *Lory*; his Lordship has given me a Pill has purg'd off all my Scruples.

Lo. Then my Heart's at ease again: For I have been in a lamentable Fright, Sir, ever since your Conscience had the Impudence to intrude into your Company.

Y. Fash. Be at peace, it will come there no more: My Brother has given it a wring by the Nose, and I have kick'd it down stairs. So run away to the Inn; get the Horses ready quickly, and bring them to old Coupler's, without a moment's Delay.

Lo. Then, Sir, you are going strait about the Fortune.

Y. Fash. I am: away; fly, *Lory*.

Lo. The happiest Day I ever saw. I'm upon the Wing already. [Exeunt several ways.

SCENE, *A Garden.*

*Enter Loveless and Servant.*

Lov. Is my Wife within?

Ser. No, Sir, she has been gone out this half hour.

Lov. 'Tis well; leave me.

*Solus.*

Sure Fate has yet some Business to be done,  
Before *Amanda's* Heart and mine must rest:  
Else, why amongst those Legions of her Sex,  
Which throng the World,  
Shou'd she pick out for her Companion  
The only one on Earth,  
Whom Nature has endow'd for her undoing?

D

Undoing



Undoing was't, I said——Who shall undo her ?  
 Is not her Empire fix'd ? Am I not hers ?  
 Did she not rescue me, a groveling Slave,  
 When chain'd and bound by that black Tyrant Vice,  
 I labour'd in his vilest Drudgery ?  
 Did she not ransom me, and set me free ?  
 Nay more :  
 When by my Follies sunk  
 To a poor tatter'd despicable Beggar,  
 Did she not lift me up to envy'd Fortune ?  
 Give me her self, and all that she possess ?  
 Without a Thought of more Return,  
 Than what a poor repenting Heart might make her.  
 Has't she done this ? And if she has,  
 Am I not strongly bound to love her for it ?  
 To love her —— Why, do I not love her then ?  
 By Earth and Heaven I do.  
 Nay, I have Demonstration that I do :  
 For I wou'd sacrifice my Life to serve her.  
 Yet hold——if laying down my Life  
 Be Demonstration of my Love,  
 What is't I feel in favour of *Berinthia* ?  
 For shou'd she be in danger, methinks I cou'd incline  
 To risk it for her Service too ; and yet I do not love her.  
 How then subsists my Proof?——  
 ——O, I have found it out.  
 What I wou'd do for one, is Demonstration of my Love;  
 And if I'd do as much for t'other : it there is Demon-  
 stration of my Friendship——Ay——it must be so. I  
 find I'm very much her Friend.  
 ——Yet let me ask my self one puzzling Question  
 more :  
 Whence springs this mighty Friendship all at once ?  
 For our Acquaintance is of later Date.  
 Now Friendship's said to be a Plant of tedious Growth,  
 its Root compos'd of tender Fibres, nice in their Taste,  
 cautious in spreading, check'd with the least Corruption  
 in the Soil ; long e'er it take, and longer still e'er it ap-  
 pear to do so : whilst mine is in a moment shot so high,  
 and

*Virtue in Danger.*

51

and fix'd so fast, it seems beyond the Power of Storms to shake it. I doubt it thrives too fast.

[*Musing.*

*Enter Berinthia.*

———Ha, she here!———Nay, then take heed my Heart, for there are Dangers towards.

*Ber.* What makes you look so thoughtful, Sir? I hope you are not ill.

*Lov.* I was debating, Madam, whether I was so or not; and that was it which made me look so thoughtful.

*Ber.* Is it then so hard a Matter to decide? I thought all People had been acquainted with their own Bodies, tho' few People know their own Minds.

*Lov.* What if the Distemper, I suspect, be in the Mind?

*Ber.* Why then I'll undertake to prescribe you a Cure.

*Lov.* Alas, you undertake you know not what.

*Ber.* So far at least then allow me to be a Physician.

*Lov.* Nay, I'll allow you so yet farther: For I have reason to believe, shou'd I put my self into your hands, you wou'd increase my Distemper.

*Ber.* Perhaps I might have Reasons from the College not to be too quick in your Cure; but 'tis possible I might find ways to give you often Ease, Sir.

*Lov.* Were I but sure of that, I'd quickly lay my Case before you.

*Ber.* Whether you are sure of it or no, what Risque do you run in trying?

*Lov.* O, a very great one.

*Ber.* How?

*Lov.* You might betray my Distemper to my Wife.

*Ber.* And so lose all my Practice.

*Lov.* Will you then keep my Secret?

*Ber.* I will, if it don't burst me.

*Lov.* Swear.

*Ber.* I do.

*Lov.* By what.

*Ber.* By Woman.

*Lov.* That's swearing by my Deity. Do it by your own, or I shan't believe you.

52      *The RELAPSE; or,*

*Ber.* By Man then.

*Lov.* I'm satisfy'd. Now hear my Symptoms, and give me your Advice. The first were these :

When 'twas my Chance to see you at the Play,  
A random Glance you threw, at first alarm'd me,  
I cou'd not turn my Eyes from whence the Danger came :  
I gaz'd upon you, till you shot again,  
And then my Fears came on me.

My Heart began to pant, my Limbs to tremble,  
My Blood grew thin, my Pulse beat quick,  
My Eyes grew hot and dim, and all the Frame of Nature  
Shook with Apprehension.

'Tis true, some small Recruits of Resolution  
My Manhood brought to my Assistance,  
And by their Help I made a stand a while,  
But found at last your Arrows flew so thick,  
They cou'd not fail to pierce me ;  
So left the Field,

And fled for Shelter to *Amanda's* Arms.

What think you of these Symptoms, pray ?

*Ber.* Feverish every one of 'em.

But what Relief pray did your Wife afford you ?

*Lov.* Why, instantly she let me Blood ; which for the present much assuag'd my Flame. But when I saw you, out it burst again, and rag'd with greater Fury than before. Nay, since you now appear, 'tis so increas'd, that in a moment, if you do not help me, I shall, whilst you look on, consume to Ashes.

[*Taking hold of her Hand.*

*Ber. breaking from him.*] O Lard, let me go: 'Tis the Plague, and we shall all be infected.

*Lov. catching her in his Arms, and kissing her.*] Then we'll die together, my charming Angel.

*Ber.* O Ged — the Devil's in you.

Lord, let me go, here's some body coming.

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Sir, my Lady's come home, and desires to speak ith you: She's in her Chamber.

*Lov.* Tell her I'm coming.

[*Exit Ser.*

*To Ber.*] But before I go, one Glas of Nectar more to drink her Health.

*Ber.* Stand off, or I shall hate you, by Heavens.

*Lov. kissing her.*] In matters of Love, a Woman's Oath is no more to be minded than a Man's.

*Ber.* Um——

*Enter Worthy.*

*Wor.* Ha ! What's here ? my old Mistress, and so close, I'faith ? I wou'd not spoil her Sport for the Universe. [*He retires.*]

*Ber.* O Ged——Now do I pray to Heaven.

[*Exit Loveless running.*]

With all my Heart and Soul, that the Devil  
In Hell may take me, if ever——I was better pleas'd in  
My Life——This Man has bewitch'd me, that's certain.  
*Sighing.*] Well, I am condemn'd ; but, Thanks to Heaven,  
I feel

My self each moment more and more prepar'd for my  
Execution. Nay, to that degree, I don't perceive I have  
The least fear of Dying. No, I find, let the  
Executioner 'be but a Man, and there's nothing will  
Suffer with more Resolution than a Woman.

Well, I never had but one Intrigue yet :

But I confess I long to have another.

Pray Heaven it end as the first did tho,

That we may both grow weary at a time ;

For 'tis a melancholy thing for Lovers to outlive one another.

*Enter Worthy.*

*Wor. aside.*] This Discovery's a lucky one, I hope to make a happy use on't. That Gentlewoman there is no Fool ; so I shall be able to make her understand her Interest. (*To Ber.*) Your Servant, Madam, I need not ask you how you do, you have got so good a Colour.

*Ber.* No better than I us'd to have, I suppose.

*Wor.* A little more Blood in your Cheeks.

*Ber.* The Weather's hot.

*Wor.* If it were not, a Woman may have a Colour.

*Ber.* What do you mean by that ?

*Wor.* Nothing.

54      *The RELAPSE; or,*

*Ber.* Why do you smile then?

*Wor.* Because the Weather's hot.

*Ber.* You'll never leave roguing, I see that.

*Wor.* *Putting his Finger to his Nose.*) You'll never leave——I see that.

*Ber.* Well, I can't imagine what you drive at. Pray tell me what you mean?

*Wor.* Do you tell me, it's the same thing.

*Ber.* I can't.

*Wor.* Guess!

*Ber.* I shall guess wrong.

*Wor.* Indeed you wont.

*Ber.* Psha! either tell, or let it alone.

*Wor.* Nay, rather than let it alone, I will tell. But first I must put you in mind, That after what has pass'd 'twixt you and I, very few things ought to be Secrets between us.

*Ber.* Why, what Secrets do we hide? I know of none.

*Wor.* Yes, there are two; one I have hid from you, and t'other you wou'd hide from me. You are fond of *Loveless*, which I have discover'd; and I am fond of his Wife——

*Ber.* Which I have discover'd.

*Wor.* Very well, now I confess your Discovery to be true: What do you say to mine?

*Ber.* Why, I confess—— I wou'd swear 'twere false, if I thought you were Fool enough to believe me.

*Wor.* Now am I almost in love with you again. Nay, I don't know but I might be quite so, had I made one short Campaign with *Amanda*. Therefore, if you find 'twou'd tickle your Vanity, to bring me down once more to your Lure, e'en help me quickly to dispatch her Business, that I may have nothing else to do, but to apply my self to yours.

*Ber.* Do you then think, Sir, I am old enough to be a Bawd?

*Wor.* No, but I think you are wise enough to——

*Ber.* To do what?

*Wor.*

*Wor.* To hoodwink *Amanda* with a Gallant, that she mayn't see who is her Husband's Mistrefs.

*Ber. aside.]* He has reason: The Hint's a good one.

*Wor.* Well, Madam, what think you on't?

*Ber.* I think you are so much a deeper Politician in these Affairs than I am, that I ought to have a very great regard to your Advice.

*Wor.* Then give me leave to put you in mind, that the most easy, safe, and pleasant Situation for your own Amour, is the House in which you now are; provided you keep *Amanda* from any sort of Suspicion. That the way to do that, is to engage her in an Intrigue of her own, making your self her Confident. And the way to bring her to intrigue, is to make her jealous of her Husband in a wrong place; which the more you foment, the less you'll be suspected. This is my Scheme, in short; which if you follow as you shou'd do (my dear *Berinthia*) we may all four pass the Winter very pleasantly.

*Ber.* Well, I cou'd be glad to have no body's Sins to answer for but my own. But where there is a necessity——

*Wor.* Right, as you say, where there is a necessity, a Christian is bound to help his Neighbour. So, good *Berinthia*, lose no time, but let us begin the Dance as fast as we can.

*Ber.* Not till the Fiddles are in Tune, pray Sir. Your Ladies Strings will be very apt to fly, I can tell you that, if they are wound up too hastily. But if you'll have patience to skrew 'em to a pitch by degrees, I don't doubt but she may endure to be play'd upon.

*Wor.* Ay, and will make admirable Musick too, or I'm mistaken; but have you had no private Closet Discourse with her yet about Males and Females, and so forth, which may give you hopes in her Constitution? for I know her Morals are the Devil against us.

*Ber.* I have had so much Discourse with her, that I believe were she once cur'd of her Fondness to her Husband,

band, the Fortrefs of her Virtue wou'd not be fo impregnable as ſhe fancies.

*Wor.* What! She runs, I'll warrant you, into that common Miſtake of fond Wives, who conclude themſelves virtuous, becauſe they can reſuſe a Man they don't like, when they have got one they do.

*Ber.* True, and therefore I think 'tis a preſumptuous thing in a Woman to aſſume the Name of Virtuous, till ſhe has heartily hated her Husband, and been ſoundly in love with ſomebody elſe. Whom, if ſhe has withſtood—— then—— much good may it do her.

*Wor.* Well, ſo much for her Virtue. Now, one word of her Inclinations, and every one to their Poſt. What Opinion do you find ſhe has of me?

*Ber.* What you cou'd wiſh; ſhe thinks you handsome and diſcreet.

*Wor.* Good, that's thinking half Seas over. One Tide more brings us into Port.

*Ber.* Perhaps it may, tho' ſtill remember, there's a difficult Bar to paſs.

*Wor.* I know there is, but I don't queſtion I ſhall get well over it, by the help of ſuch a Pilot.

*Ber.* You may depend upon your Pilot, ſhe'll do the beſt ſhe can; ſo weigh Anchor and be gone as ſoon as you pleaſe.

*Wor.* I'm under Sail already. Adieu. [*Exit Wor.*]

*Ben.* Bon Voyage.

*Sola.*

So, here's fine Work. What a Buſineſs have I undertaken? I'm a very pretty Gentlewoman truly; but there was no avoiding it: He'd have ruin'd me, if I had reſuſ'd him. Beſides, Faith, I begin to fancy there may be as much pleaſure in carrying on another body's Intrigue, as one's own. This at leaſt is certain, It exerciſes almoſt all the entertaining Faculties of a Woman; For there's employment for Hypocriſy, Invention, Deceit, Flattery, Miſchief, and Lying.

*Enter Amanda, her Woman following her.*

*Wom.* If you pleaſe, Madam, only to ſay, whether you'll have me buy 'em or not. *Amand.*

*Amand.* Yes, no, go fiddle; I care not what you do. Prithee leave me.

*Wom.* I have done.

[*Exit Wom.*]

*Ber.* What in the Name of *Jove's* the matter with you?

*Amand.* The matter, *Berinthia*, I'm almost mad, I'm plagu'd to death.

*Ber.* Who is it that plagues you?

*Amand.* Who do you think shou'd plague a Wife, but her Husband?

*Ber.* O ho, is it come to that? We shall have you with your self a Widow by and by.

*Amand.* Wou'd I were any thing but what I am; a base ungrateful Man, after what I have done for him, to use me thus!

*Ber.* What, he has been ogling now, I'll warrant you?

*Amand.* Yes, he has been ogling.

*Ber.* And so you are jealous? Is that all?

*Amand.* That all! Is Jealousy then nothing?

*Ber.* It shou'd be nothing, if I were in your Case.

*Amand.* Why, what wou'd you do?

*Ber.* I'd cure my self.

*Amand.* How?

*Ber.* Let blood in the fond Vein: Care as little for my Husband, as he did for me.

*Amand.* That wou'd not stop his Course.

*Ber.* Nor nothing else, when the Wind's in the warm Corner. Look you, *Amanda*, you may build Castles in the Air, and fume, and fret, and grow thin and lean, and pale and ugly, if you please. But I tell you, no Man worth having is true to his Wife, or can be true to his Wife, or ever was, or ever will be so.

*Amand.* Do you then really think he's false to me? for I did but suspect him.

*Ber.* Think so! I know he's so.

*Amand.* Is it possible? Pray tell me what you know.

*Ber.* Don't press me then to name Names, for that I have sworn I won't do.



*Amand.* Well I won't ; but let me know all you can without Perjury.

*Ber.* I'll let you know enough to prevent any wise Woman's dying of the Pip ; and I hope you'll pluck up your Spirits, and shew upon occasion, you can be as good a Wife as the best of 'em.

*Amand.* Well, what a Woman can do I'll endeavour.

*Ber.* O, a Woman can do a great deal, if once she sets her mind to it. Therefore pray don't stand trifling any longer, and teasing your self with this and that, and your Love and your Virtue, and I know not what ; But resolve to hold up your Head, get a tiptoe, and look over 'em all ; for to my certain knowledge your Husband is a pickeering elsewhere.

*Amand.* You are sure on't ?

*Ber.* Positively he fell in love at the Play.

*Amand.* Right, the very same ; do you know the ugly thing ?

*Ber.* Yes, I know her well enough ; but she's no such ugly thing neither.

*Amand.* Is she very handsome ?

*Ber.* Truly I think so.

*Amand.* Hey ho.

*Ber.* What do you sigh for now ?

*Amand.* Oh my Heart.

*Ber. aside.]* Only the Pangs of Nature ; she's in Labour of her Love ; Heaven send her a quick Delivery, I'm sure she has a good Midwife.

*Amand.* I'm very ill, I must go to my Chamber. Dear *Berinthia*, don't leave me a moment.

*Ber.* No, don't fear. [*Aside.*] I'll see you safe brought to bed, I'll warrant you.

[*Exeunt, Amanda leaning upon Berinthia.*]

SCENE

SCENE, *A Country-House.*

*Y. F.* **S**O, here's our Inheritance, *Lory*, if we can but get into Possession. But methinks the Seat of our Family looks like *Noah's Ark*, as if the chief part on't were design'd for the Fowls of the Air, and the Beasts of the Field.

*Lo.* Pray, Sir, don't let your Head run upon the Orders of Building here; get but the Heirefs, let the Devil take the House.

*Y. F.* Get but the House, let the Devil take the Heirefs<sup>a</sup> I say; at least if she be as old *Coupler* describes her. But come, we have no time to squander. Knock at the Door. [*Lory knocks two or three times.*] What the Devil, have they got no Ears in this House? Knock harder.

*Lo.* I Gad, Sir, this will prove some Incharnted Castle; we shall have the Giant come out by and by with his Club, and beat our Brains out. [*Knocks again.*]

*Y. F.* Hush; they come.

*From within.*] Who is there?

*Lo.* Open the Door and see: Is that your Country Breeding?

*Within.* Ay, but two Words to a Bargain: *Tumms*, is the Blunderbus prim'd?

*Y. F.* Oons, give 'em good Words, *Lory*; we shall be shot here a Fortune-catching.

*Lo.* I gad, Sir, I think y'are in the right on't. Ho, Mr. What-d'ye-call-um. [*Servant appears at the Window with a Blunderbus.*] Weall naw, what's yare Bufiness?

*Y. F.* Nothing, Sir, but to wait upon Sir *Tunbelly*, with your leave.

*Ser.* To weat upon Sir *Tunbelly*? Why, you'll find that's just as Sir *Tunbelly* pleases.

*Y. F.* But will you do me the favour, Sir, to know whether Sir *Tunbelly* pleases or not?

*Ser.* Why, look you, do you see, with good Words much may be done. *Ralph*, go thy weas, and ask Sir *Tunbelly* if he pleases to be waited upon. And do'st hear? Call to Nurse, that she may lock up Miss *Hoyden* before the Gate's open.

*Y. F.* D'ye hear that, *Lory*?

*Lo.* Ay, Sir, I'm afraid we shall find a difficult Job on't. Pray Heaven that old Rogue *Coupler* han't sent us to fetch Milk out of the Gunroom.

*Y. F.* I'll warrant thee all will go well: See, the Door opens.

*Enter Sir Tunbelly, with his Servants arm'd with Guns, Clubs, Pitchforks, Scythes, &c.*

*Lo. running behind his Master.]* O Lord, O Lord, O Lord, we are both dead Men.

*Y. F.* Take heed, Fool, thy Fear will ruin us.

*Lo.* My Fear, Sir; 'Sdeath, Sir, I fear nothing. *Aside.]* Wou'd I were well up to the Cbin in a Horse-Pond.

*Sir Tun.* Who is it here has any Business with me?

*Y. F.* Sir, 'tis I, if your Name be Sir *Tunbelly Clumsey*.

*Sir Tun.* Sir, my Name is Sir *Tunbelly Clumsey*, whether you have any Business with me or not. So you see I am not asham'd of my Name—— nor my Face—— neither.

*Y. F.* Sir, you have no cause, that I know of.

*Sir Tun.* Sir, if you have no cause neither, I desire to know who you are; for till I know your Name, I shall not ask you to come into my House; and when I know your Name—— 'tis six to four I don't ask you neither.

*Y. Fash. giving him a Letter.]* Sir, I hope you'll find this Letter an Authentick Passport.

*Sir Tun.* Cod's my Life, I ask your Lordship's Pardon ten thousand times. *[To his Servant.]* Here, run in a-doors quickly: Get a Scotch-Coal Fire in the great Parlour; set all the Turkey-work Chairs in their places; get the great Brass Candlesticks out, and be sure stick the Sockets full of Laurel, run. *[Turning to Y. Fash.]* My Lord, I ask your Lordship's pardon.

*To*

*To other Servants.*] And do you hear, run away to Nurse, bid her let Miss *Hoyden* loose again, and if it was not shifting Day, let her put on a clean Tucker, quick. [*Exeunt Servants confusedly.*

*To Y. Fash.*] I hope your Honour will excuse the disorder of my Family, we are not us'd to receive Men of your Lordship's great Quality every day; pray where are your Coaches, and Servants, my Lord?

*Y. F.* Sir, that I might give you and your fair Daughter a proof how impatient I am to be nearer a-kin to you, I left my Equipage to follow me, and came away Post with only one Servant.

*Sir Tun.* Your Lordship does me too much Honour, it was exposing your Person to too much Fatigue and Danger, I protest it was; but my Daughter shall endeavour to make you what amends she can; and tho I say it, that shou'd not say it—*Hoyden* has Charms.

*Y. F.* Sir, I am not a Stranger to them, tho I am to her. Common Fame has done her Justice.

*Sir Tun.* My Lord, I am common Fame's very grateful humble Servant. My Lord—my Girl's young, *Hoyden* is young, my Lord; but this I must say for her, what she wants in Art, she has by Nature; what she wants in Experience, she has in Breeding; and what's wanting in her Age, is made good in her Constitution. So pray, my Lord, walk in: pray my Lord, walk in.

*Y. F.* Sir, I wait upon you. [*Exeunt.*

*Miss Hoyden Sola.*

Sure never no body was us'd as I am. I know well enough what other Girls do, for all they think to make a Fool of me: It's well I have a Husband a coming, or I cod, I'd marry the Baker, I wou'd so. No body can knock at the Gate, but presently I must be lockt up; and here's the young Greyhound Bitch can run loose about the House all the day long, she can; 'tis very well.

*Nurse without, opening the Door.*

*Miss Hoyden, Miss, Miss, Miss; Miss Hoyden.*

*Enter*

*Enter Nurse.*

*Miss.* Well, what do you make such a noise for, ha? What do you din a body's Ears for? Can't one be at quiet for you?

*Nurse.* What do I din your Ears for? Here's one come will din your Ears for you.

*Miss.* What care I who's come; I care not a Fig who comes, nor who goes, as long as I must be lock't up like the Ale-Cellar.

*Nurse.* That, *Miss*, is for fear you shou'd be drank before you are ripe.

*Miss.* O, don't you trouble your Head about that; I'm as ripe as you, tho not so mellow.

*Nurse.* Very well; now I have a good mind to lock you up again, and not let you see my Lord to-night.

*Miss.* My Lord! Why is my Husband come?

*Nurse.* Yes marry is he, and a goodly Person too.

*Miss, hugging Nurse.]* O my dear *Nurse*, forgive me this once, and I'll never misuse you again; no, if I do, you shall give me three thumps on the Back, and a great pinch by the Cheek.

*Nurse.* Ah the poor thing, see how it melts; it's as full of Good-Nature, as an Egg's full of Meat.

*Miss.* But, my dear *Nurse*, don't lye now; is he come by your troth?

*Nurse.* Yes, by my truly, is he.

*Miss.* O Lord! I'll go and put on my lac'd Smock, tho I'm whipt till the Blood run down my Heels for't.

*[Exit running.]*

*Nurse.* Eh—— the Lord succour thee, how thou art delighted?

*[Exit after her.]*

*Enter Sir Tunbelly, and Young Fashion. A Servant with Wine.*

*Sir Tun.* My Lord, I'm proud of the Honour to see your Lordship within my Doors: and I humbly crave leave to bid you welcome in a Cup of Sack Wine.

*Y. F.* Sir, to your Daughter's Health. *[Drinks.]*

*Sir Tun.* Ah poor Girl, she'll be scar'd out of her Wits on her Wedding-Night; for, honestly speaking, she

she does not know a Man from a Woman, but by his Beard, and his Breeches.

*Y. F.* Sir, I don't doubt she has a virtuous Education, which with the rest of her Merit makes me long to see her mine. I wish you wou'd dispense with the Canonical Hour, and let it be this very Night.

*Sir Tun.* O not so soon neither; that's shooting my Girl before you bid her stand. No, give her fair warning, we'll sign and seal to-night if you please; and this Day seven-night—— let the lady look to her Quarters.

*Y. F.* This Day Sennight—— Why, what do you take me for a Ghost, Sir? 'Slife, Sir, I'm made of Flesh and Blood, and Bones and Sinews, and can no more live a Week without your Daughter—— than I can live a Month with her. [*Aside.*

*Sir Tun.* Oh, I'll warrant you, my Hero; young Men are hot I know, but they don't boil over at that rate, neither; besides my Wench's Wedding-Gown is not come home yet.

*Y. F.* O no matter, Sir, I'll take her in her Shift. [*Aside.* A Pox of this Old Fellow, he'll delay the Business till my damn'd Star finds me out, and discovers me. [*To Sir Tun.*] Pray, Sir, let it be done without Ceremony, 'twill save Money.

*Sir Tun.* Money—— Save Money when *Hoyden's* to be married? Udswoons I'll give my Wench a Wedding-Dinner, tho I go to grass with the King of *Assyria* for't; and such a Dinner it shall be, as is not to be cook'd in the poaching of an Egg. Therefore, my Noble Lord, have a little Patience, we'll go and look over our Deeds and Settlements immediately; and as for your Bride, tho you may be sharp-set before she's quite ready, I'll engage for my Girl, she stays your Stomach at last.

[*Exeunt.*





## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter Miss Hoyden, and Nurse.*

*Nurse.* WELL Miss, how do you like your Husband that is to be?

*Miss.* O Lord, Nurse, I'm so overjoy'd, I can scarce contain my self.

*Nurse.* O but you must have a care of being too fond, for Men now a-days hate a Woman that loves 'em.

*Miss.* Love him! Why do you think I love him, Nurse? I Cod I wou'd not care if he were hang'd, so I were but once married to him—— No—— that which pleases me, is to think what work I'll make when I get to *London*; for when I am a Wife and a Lady both, Nurse, I Cod I'll flant it with the best of 'em.

*Nurse.* Look, look, if his Honour be not a coming again to you; now if I were sure you wou'd behave your self handsomely, and not disgrace me that have brought you up, I'd leave you alone together.

*Miss.* That's my best Nurse, do as you wou'd be done by; trust us together this once, and if I don't shew my Breeding from the Head to the Foot of me, may I be twice married, and die a Maid.

*Nurse.* Well this once I'll venture you; but if you disparage me——

*Miss.* Never fear, I'll shew him my Parts, I'll warrant him. [*Exit Nurse.*

*Sola.*

These Old Women are so wise when they get a poor Girl in their Clutches; but e'er it be long, I shall know what's what, as well as the best of 'em.

*Enter Young Fashion.*

*Y. F.* Your Servant, Madam, I'm glad to find you alone, for I have something of Importance to speak to you about. *Miss.*

*Miss.* Sir, (my Lord, I meant) you may speak to me about what you please, I shall give you a civil Answer.

*Y. F.* You give me so obliging a one, it encourages me to tell you in few Words, what I think both for your Interest and mine. Your Father, I suppose you know, has resolv'd to make me happy in being your Husband, and I hope I may depend upon your Consent, to perform what he desires.

*Miss.* Sir, I never disobey my Father in any thing but eating of green Goosberries.

*Y. F.* So good a Daughter must needs be an admirable Wife; I am therefore impatient till you are mine, and hope you will so far consider the Violence of my Love, that you won't have the Cruelty to defer my Happiness, so long as your Father designs it.

*Miss.* Pray, my Lord, how long is that?

*Y. F.* Madam, a thousand Year—— a whole Week.

*Miss.* A Week—— why I shall be an old Woman by that time.

*Y. F.* And I an old Man, which you'll find a greater Misfortune than t'other.

*Miss.* Why I thought it was to be to-morrow Morning, as soon as I was up; I'm sure Nurse told me so.

*Y. F.* And it shall be to-morrow Morning still, if you'll consent.

*Miss.* If I'll consent! Why I thought I was to obey you as my Husband.

*Y. F.* That's when we are married; till then, I am to obey you.

*Miss.* Why then if we are to take it by turns, it's the same thing; I'll obey you now, and when we are married, you shall obey me.

*Y. F.* With all my heart, but I doubt we must get Nurse on our side, or we shall hardly prevail with the Chaplain.

*Miss.* No more we shan't indeed, for he loves her better than he loves his Pulpit, and wou'd always be a preaching to her by his good Will.

*Y.*



Y. F. Why then, my dear little Bedfellow, if you'll call her hither, we'll try to persuade her presently.

Miss. O Lord, I can tell you a way how to persuade her to any thing.

Y. F. How's that?

Miss. Why tell her she's a wholesome comely Woman—— and give her Half a Crown.

Y. F. Nay, if that will do, she shall have half a score of 'em.

Miss. O Gemini, for half that, she'd marry you herself: I'll run and call her. [Exit Miss.

*Young Fashion Solus.*

So, Matters go swimmingly, this is a rare Girl, I faith; I shall have a fine time of it with her at London. I'm much mistaken if she don't prove a March Hare all the Year round. What a scampering Chace will she make on't, when she finds the whole Kennel of Beaux at her Tail! Hey to the Park, and the Play, and the Church, and the Devil; she'll shew them sport, I'll warrant 'em. But no matter, she brings an Estate will afford me a separate Maintenance.

*Enter Miss and Nurse.*

Y. F. How do you do, good Mistress Nurse? I desir'd your young Lady would give me leave to see you, that I might thank you for your extraordinary Care and Conduct in her Education; pray accept of this small Acknowledgment for it at present, and depend upon my farther Kindness, when I shall be that happy thing her Husband,

*Nurse aside.*] Gold by mackings! Your Honour's Goodness is too great; alas! all I can boast of is, I gave her pure good Milk, and so your Honour wou'd have said, an you had seen how the poor thing suckt it—— Eh, God's Blessing on the sweet Face on't; how it us'd to hang at this poor Teat, and suck and squeeze, and kick and sprawl it wou'd, till the Belly on't was so full, it wou'd drop off like a Leech.

[Miss to Nurse, taking her angrily aside.

Pray one word with you; prithee Nurse don't stand ripping up old Stories, to make one ashamed before one's Love:

**Love:** do you think such a fine proper Gentleman as he is, cares for a fiddlecome Tale of a draggel-tail'd Girl; if you have a mind to make him have a good Opinion of a Woman, don't tell him what one did then, tell him what one can do now.

*To Y. F.]* I hope your Honour will excuse my Mismanners to whisper before you, it was only to give some Orders about the Family.

*Y. F.* O every thing, Madam, is to give way to Business; besides, good Housewifry is a very commendable Quality in a young Lady.

*Miss.* Pray, Sir, are the young Ladies good Housewives at *London Town*? Do they darn their own Linen?

*Y. F.* O no, they study how to spend Money, not to save it.

*Miss.* I Cod, I don't know but that may be better Sport than t'other; ha, Nurse?

*Y. F.* Well, you shall have your Choice when you come there.

*Miss.* Shall I—— then by my troth I'll get there as fast as I can.

*To Nurse.]* His Honour desires you'll be so kind, as to let us be marry'd to-morrow.

*Nurse.* To-morrow, my dear Madam?

*Y. Fash.* Yes, to-morrow, sweet Nurse, privately; young Folks, you know, are impatient, and Sir *Tunbelly* wou'd make us stay a Week for a Wedding-Dinner. Now all things being sign'd, and seal'd, and agreed, I fancy there could be no great harm in practising a Scene or two of Matrimony in private, if it were only to give us the better Assurance when we come to play it in publick.

*Nurse.* Nay, I must confess stoin Pleasures are sweet; but if you shou'd be married now, what will you do wher. Sir *Tunbelly* calls for you to be wedded?

*Miss.* Why then we will be married again.

*Nurse.* What, twice my Child?

*Miss.* I Cod, I don't care how often I'm married, not I.

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*Y. F.* Pray, Nurse, don't you be against your young Lady's good, for by this means she'll have the pleasure of two Wedding-Days.

*Miss, to Nurse softly.*] And of two Wedding-Nights too, Nurse.

*Nurse.* Well, I'm such a tender-hearted Fool, I find I can refuse nothing ; so you shall e'en follow your own Inventions.

*Miss.* Shall I?      [*Aside.*] O Lord, I could leap over the Moon.

*Y. F.* Dear Nurse, this Goodness of yours shan't go unrewarded ; but now you must employ your power with Mr. Bull the Chaplain, that he may do his friendly Office too, and then we shall be all happy : do you think you can prevail with him ?

*Nurse.* Prevail with him—— or he shall never prevail with me, I can tell him that.

*Miss.* My Lord, she has had him upon the hip this seven Year.

*Y. F.* I'm glad to hear it ; however to strengthen your Interest with him, you may let him know I have several fat Livings in my Gift, and that the first that falls shall be in your disposal.

*Nurse.* Nay, then I'll make him marry more Folks than one, I'll promise him.

*Miss.* Faith do, Nurse, make him marry you too, I'm sure he'll do't for a fat Living : for he loves Eating more than he loves his Bible ; and I have often heard him say, a fat Living was the best Meat in the World.

*Nurse.* Ay, and I'll make him commend the Sauce too, or I'll bring his Gown to a Cassock, I will so.

*Y. F.* Well Nurse, whilst you go and settle Matters with him, then your Lady and I will go and take a walk in the Garden.

*Nurse.* I'll do your Honour's Business in the catching up of a Garter.      [*Exit Nurse.*

*Y. F. Giving her his Hand.*] Come, Madam, dare you venture your self alone with me ?

*Miss.* O dear, yes, Sir, I don't think you'll do any thing to me I need be afraid on.      [*Exeunt.*

*Enter*

*Enter Amanda, and Berinthia.*

A S O N G.

I.

**I** Smile at Love, and all its Arts,  
The Charming Cynthia cry'd;  
Take heed, for Love has piercing Darts,  
A wounded Swain reply'd.  
Once free and blest as you are now,  
I trift'd with his Charms,  
I pointed at his little Bow,  
And sported with his Arms:  
Till urg'd too far, Revenge he cries,  
A fatal Shaft he drew,  
It took its passage thro your Eyes,  
And to my Heart it flew.

II.

To tear it thence, I try'd in vain,  
To strive I quickly found,  
Was only to increase the Pain,  
And to enlarge the Wound.  
Ah! much too well, I fear, you know  
What pain I'm to endure,  
Since what your Eyes alone could do,  
Your Heart alone can cure.  
And that (grant Heaven I may mistake)  
I doubt is doom'd to bear  
A Burden for another's sake,  
Who ill rewards its Care.

*Aman.* Well, now *Berinthia*, I'm at leisure to hear  
what 'twas you had to say to me.

*Ber.* What I had to say, was only to echo the Sighs  
and Groans of a dying Lover.

*Aman.* Phu, will you never learn to talk in earnest  
of any thing?

*Ber.* Why this shall be in earnest, if you please: for  
my part, I only tell you Matter of Fact, you may take  
it

it which way you like best; but if you'll follow the Women of the Town, you'll take it both ways; for when a Man offers himself to one of them, first she takes him in jest, and then she takes him in earnest.

*Aman.* I'm sure there's so much jest and earnest in what you say to me, I scarce know how to take it; but I think you have bewitched me, for I don't find it possible to be angry with you, say what you will.

*Ber.* I'm very glad to hear it, for I have no mind to quarrel with you, for some Reasons that I'll brag of; but quarrel or not, smile or frown, I must tell you what I have suffer'd upon your account.

*Aman.* Upon my account!

*Ber.* Yes, upon yours; I have been forc'd to sit still and hear you commended for two Hours together, without one Compliment to my self; now don't you think a Woman has a blessed time of that?

*Aman.* Alas! I shou'd have been unconcern'd at it; I never knew where the pleasure lay of being prais'd by the Men: but pray who was this that commended me so?

*Ber.* One you have a mortal Aversion to, Mr. *Worthy*; he us'd you like a Text, he took you all to pieces, but spoke so learnedly upon every Point, one might see the Spirit of the Church was in him: if you are a Woman, you'd have been in an Extasy to have heard how feelingly he handled your Hair, your Eyes, your Nose, your Mouth, your Teeth, your Tongue, your Chin, your Neck, and so forth. Thus he preach'd for an Hour, but when he came to use an Application, he observ'd that all these without a Gallant, were nothing——Now consider of what has been said, and Heaven give you Grace to put it in practice.

*Aman.* Alas! *Berinthia*, did I incline to a Gallant, (which you know I do not) do you think a Man so nice as he, cou'd have the least concern for such a plain unpolish'd thing as I am? it is impossible!

*Ber.* Now have you a great mind to put me upon commending you.

*Aman.* Indeed that was not my Design.

*Ber.*

*Ber.* Nay, if it were, it's all one, for I won't do't, I'll leave that to your Looking-glass. But to shew you I have some Good-Nature left, I'll commend him, and may be that may do as well.

*Aman.* You have a great mind to persuade me I am in love with him.

*Ber.* I have a great mind to persuade you, you don't know what you are in love with.

*Aman.* I am sure I am not in love with him, nor never shall be, so let that pass; but you were saying something you wou'd commend him for.

*Ber.* O you'd be glad to hear a good Character of him, however.

*Aman.* Psha.

*Ber.* Psha—— Well 'tis a foolish undertaking for Women in these kind of Matters, to pretend to deceive one another—— Have not I been bred a Woman as well as you?

*Aman.* What then?

*Ber.* Why then I understand my Trade so well, that whenever I am told of a Man I like, I cry, Psha; but that I may spare you the pains of putting me a second time in mind to commend him, I'll proceed, and give you this account of him: That tho 'tis possible he may have had Women with as good Faces as your Ladyship's (no Discredit to it neither) yet you must know your cautious Behaviour, with that Reserve in your Humour, has given him his Death's Wound; he mortally hates a Coquet; he says 'tis impossible to love where we cannot esteem; and that no Woman can be esteem'd by a Man who has Sense, if she makes her self cheap in the Eye of a Fool. That Pride to a Woman, is as necessary as Humility to a Divine; and that far fetch'd, and dear bought, is Meat for Gentlemen as well as for Ladies—— In short, that every Woman who has Beauty, may set a price upon her self, and that by under-selling the Market, they ruin the Trade. This is his Doctrine, how do you like it?

*Aman.* So well, that since I never intend to have a Gallant for my self, if I were to recommend one to a Friend he shou'd be the Man.

*Enter*

*Enter Worthy.*

Bless me! he's here, pray Heaven he did not hear me.

*Ber.* If he did, it won't hurt your Reputation; your Thoughts are as safe in his Heart, as in your own.

*Wor.* I venture in at an unseasonable time of Night, Ladies; I hope if I am troublesome, you'll use the same freedom in turning me out again.

*Aman.* I believe it can't be late, for Mr. *Lovelfs* is not come home yet, and he usually keeps good Hours.

*Wor.* Madam, I'm afraid he'll transgress a little to-night; for he told me about half an Hour ago, he was going to sup with some Company, he doubted would keep him out till three or four a clock in the Morning, and desir'd I wou'd let my Servant acquaint you with it, that you might not expect him: but my Fellow's a Blunder-head; so lest he shou'd make some mistake, I thought it my Duty to deliver the Message my self.

*Aman.* I'm very sorry he shou'd give you that trouble, Sir: But——

*Ber.* But since he has, will you give me leave, Madam, to keep him to play at Ombre with us?

*Aman.* Cousin, you know you command my House.

*Wor. to Ber.]* And, Madam, you know you command me, tho I'm a very wretched Gamester.

*Ber.* O you play well enough to lose your Money, and that's all the Ladies require; so without any more Ceremony, let us go into the next Room and call for the Cards.

*Aman.* With all my heart.

*[Exit Wor. leading Aman.]*

*Ber. sola.]* Well how this Business will end, Heaven knows; but she seems to me to be in as fair a way—— as a Boy is to be a Rogue, when he's put Clerk to an Attorney.

*[Exit Berinthia.]*

S C E N E

SCENE, *Berinthia's Chamber.*

*Enter Lovelace cautiously in the dark.*

*Lov.* So, thus far all's well. I'm got into her Bed-Chamber, and I think no body has perceiv'd me steal into the House; my Wife don't expect me home till four a-clock; so if *Berinthia* comes to Bed by Eleven, I shall have a Chace of five Hours. Let me see, where shall I hide my self? Under her Bed? No; we shall have her Maid searching there for something or other; her Closet's a better place, and I have a Master-Key will open it: I'll e'en in there, and attack her just when she comes to her Prayers, that's the most like to prove her Critical Minute, for then the Devil will be there to assist me. [*He opens the Closet, goes in, and shuts the Door after him.*]

*Enter Berinthia with a Candle in her Hand.*

*Ber.* Well, sure I am the best-natur'd Woman in the World, I that love Cards so well (there is but one thing upon the Earth I love better) have pretended Letters to write, to give my Friends a *Tate, a Tate*; however I'm innocent, for Picquet is the Game I set 'em to: at her own peril be it, if she ventures to play with him at any other. But now what shall I do with my self? I don't know how in the World to pass my time; wou'd *Lovelace* were here to badiner a little; well, he's a charming Fellow, I don't wonder his Wife's so fond of him; what if I shou'd sit down and think of him till I fall asleep, and dream of the Lord knows what? O but then if I shou'd dream we were married, I shou'd be frighted out of my Wits. [*Seeing a Book.*] What's this Book? I think I had best go read. O Splenetique! it's a Sermon; well, I'll go into my Closet, and read the *Plotting Sisters*. [*She opens the Closet, sees Lovelace, and shrieks out.*] O Lord, a Ghost, a Ghost, a Ghost, a Ghost!

E

*Enter*



*Enter Lovelace running to her.*

*Lov.* Peace, my Dear ; it's no Ghost, take it in your Arms, you'll find 'tis worth a hundred of 'em.

*Ber.* Run in again ; here's some body coming.

*Enter Maid.*

*Maid.* O Lord, Madam, what's the matter ?

*Ber.* O Heav'ns ! I'm almost frighted out of my Wits, I thought verily I had seen a Ghost, and 'twas nothing but the white Curtain, with a black Hood pinn'd up against it ; you may be gone again, I am the fear-fullest Fool. [*Exit Maid.*

*Re-enter Lovelace.*

*Lov.* Is the Coast clear ?

*Ber.* The Coast clear ! I suppose you are clear, you'd never play such a Trick as this else.

*Lov.* I am very well pleas'd with my Trick thus far, and shall be so till I have play'd it out, if it be'nt your Fault ; where's my Wife ?

*Ber.* At Cards.

*Lov.* With whom ?

*Lov.* With *Worthy*.

*Lov.* Then we are safe enough.

*Ber.* You are so ! Some Husbands wou'd be of another mind, if he were at Cards with their Wives.

*Lov.* And they'd be in the' right on't too. But I dare trust mine—— Besides, I know he's in love in another place, and he's not one of those who court half a dozen at a time.

*Lov.* Nay, the truth on't is, you'd pity him if you saw how uneasy he is at being engag'd with us ; but 'twas my Malice, I fancy'd he was to meet his Mistress somewhere else, so did it to have the pleasure of seeing him fret.

*Lov.* What says *Amanda* to my staying abroad so late ?

*Ber.* Why she's as much out of humour as he, I believe they wish one another at the Devil.

*Lov.* Then I'm afraid they'll quarrel at Play, and soon throw up the Cards : [*Offering to pull her into the Closet.*] Therefore, my dear charming Angel, let us make good use of our time. *Ber.*

*Ber.* Heavens, what do you mean?

*Lov.* Pray what do you think I mean?

*Ber.* I don't know.

*Lov.* I'll shew you.

*Ber.* You may as well tell me.

*Lov.* No, that wou'd make you blush worse than  
t'other.

*Ber.* Why do you intend to make me blush?

*Lov.* Faith, I can't tell that; but if I do, it shall be in  
the dark. [*Pulling her*

*Ber.* O Heavens! I wou'd not be in the dark with  
you for all the World.

*Lov.* I'll try that. [*Puts out the Candles.*

*Ber.* O Lord! are you mad? What shall I do for  
Light?

*Lov.* You'll do as well without it.

*Ber.* Why, one can't find a Chair to sit down?

*Lov.* Come into the Closet, Madam, there's Moon-  
shine upon the Couch.

*Ber.* Nay, never pull, for I will not go.

*Lov.* Then you must be carried. [*Carrying her.*

*Ber.* Help, help, I'm ravish'd, ruin'd, undone.  
O Lord, I shall never be able to bear it. [*Very softly.*

SCENE, *Sir Tunbelly's House.*

*Enter Miss Hoyden, Nurse, Y. Fashion, and Bull.*

*Y. F.* This quick dispatch of yours, Mr. Bull, I take  
so kindly, it shall give you a claim to my Favour as long  
as I live, I do assure you.

*Miss.* And to mine too, I promise you.

*Bull.* I most humbly thank your Honours; and I  
hope, since it has been my Lot to join you in the Holy  
Bands of Wedlock, you will so well cultivate the Soil,  
which I have crav'd a Blessing on, that your Children  
may swarm about you, like Bees about a Honey-  
Comb.

*Miss.* I-Cod with all my Heart, the more the merrier,  
I say; ha, Nurse?

*Enter Lory, taking his Master hastily aside.*

*Lo.* One word with you, for Heaven's sake.

*Y. F.* What the Devil's the matter?

*Lo.* Sir, your Fortune's ruin'd ; and I don't think your Life's worth a quarter of an Hour's Purchase : Yonder's your Brother arriv'd with two Coaches and six Horses, twenty Footmen and Pages, a Coat worth Four-score Pound, and a Perriwig down to his Knees : so judge what will become of your Lady's Heart.

*Y. F.* Death and Furies ! 'tis impossible.

*Lo.* Fiends and Spectres ! Sir, 'tis true.

*Y. F.* Is he in the House yet ?

*Lo.* No, they are capitulating with him at the Gate ; the Porter tells him, he's come to run away with *Miss Hoyden*, and has cock'd the Blunderbuss at him ; your Brother swears Gad Damme, they are a parcel of Clawns, and he had a good mind to break off the Match : but they have given the Word for Sir *Tunbelly*, so I doubt all will come out presently. Pray, Sir, resolve what you'll do this moment, for I Gad they'll maul you.

*Y. F.* Stay a little. [ *To Miss.* ] My Dear, here's a troublesome Business my Man tells me of, but don't be frighten'd, we shall be too hard for the Rogue. Here's an impudent Fellow at the Gate (not knowing I was come hither *incognito*) has taken my Name upon him, in hopes to run away with you.

*Miss.* O the Brazen-fac'd Varlet, it's well we are married, or may be we might never have been so.

*Y. F. aside.* ] I Gad, like enough : Prithee, dear Doctor, run to Sir *Tunbelly*, and stop him from going to the Gate, before I speak with him.

*Bull.* I fly, my good Lord—— [ *Exit Bull.* ]

*Nurse.* An't please your Honour, my Lady and I had best lock our selves up till the Danger be over.

*Y. F.* Ay, by all means.

*Miss.* Not so fast, I won't be lock'd up any more. I'm marry'd.

*Y. F.* Yes, pray my Dear do, till we have seiz'd this Rascal.

*Miss.*

*Miss. Nay, if you pray me, I'll do any thing.*

[*Exeunt Miss and Nurse.*

*Y. F. O! here's Sir Tunbelly coming. [To Lo.]*  
Hark you, Sirrah, things are better than you imagine;  
the Wedding's over.

*Lo. The Devil it is, Sir.*

*Y. F. Not a Word, all's safe : But Sir Tunbelly don't know it, nor must not yet ; so I am resolv'd to brazen the Business out, and have the Pleasure of turning the Impostor upon his Lordship, which I believe may easily be done.*

*Enter Sir Tunbelly, Chap. and Servants arm'd.*

*Y. F. Did you ever hear, Sir, of so impudent an Undertaking ?*

*Sir Tun. Never, by the Mass, but we'll tickle him, I'll warrant him.*

*Y. F. They tell me, Sir, he has a great many People with him disguis'd like Servants.*

*Sir Tun. Ay, ay, Rogues enough ; but I'll soon raise the Posse upon 'em.*

*Y. F. Sir, if you'll take my Advice, we'll go a shorter way to work ; I find whoever this Spark is, he knows nothing of my being privately here : so if you pretend to receive him civilly, he'll enter without Suspicion ; and as soon as he is within the Gate, we'll whip up the Draw-bridge upon his Back, let fly the Blunderbuss to disperse the Crew, and so commit him to Goal.*

*Sir Tun. I Gad, your Lordship is an ingenious Person, and a very great General ; but shall we kill any of 'em or not ?*

*Y. F. No, no, fire over their Heads only to fright 'em ; I'll warrant the Regiment scours when the Colonel's a Prisoner.*

*Sir Tun. Then come along my Boys, and let your Courage be great — for your Danger is but small.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the Gate.*

*Enter Lord Foppington and Followers.*

*L. F.* A Pax of these Bumkinly People, will they open the Gate, or do they desire I should grow at their Moat-side like a Willow? [*To the Porter.*] Hey, Fellow—— Prithee do me the Favour, in as few words as thou canst find to express thy self, to tell me whether thy Master will admit me or not, that I may turn about my Coach, and be gone.

*Por.* Here's my Master himself now at hand; he's of Age, he'll give you his Answer.

*Enter Sir Tunbelly, and his Servants.*

*Sir Tun.* My most noble Lord, I crave your pardon for making your Honour wait so long; but my Orders to my Servants have been to admit nobody without my Knowledge, for fear of some Attempts upon my Daughter, the Times being full of Plots and Roguery.

*L. F.* Much Caution, I must confess, is a sign of great Wisdom: But, stay my Vitals, I have got a Cold enough to destroy a Porter—— He, hem——

*Sir Tun.* I am very sorry for't, indeed, my Lord, but if your Lordship please to walk in, we'll help you to some brown Sugar-Candy. My Lord, I'll shew you the way.

*L. F.* Sir, I follow you with pleasure. [*Exeunt.*

[*As Lord Foppington's Servants go to follow him in, they clap the Door against La Verrole.*

*Servants within.* Nay, hold you me there, Sir.

*La. Ver.* Jernie, qu'est ce que veut dire ca?

*Sir Tun. within.*——Fire, Porter.

*Porter fires.*——Have among ye, my Masters.

*La. Ver.* Ah je suis mort——

[*The Servants all run off.*

*Port.* Not one Soldier left, by the Mafs.

SCENE

SCENE *Changes into a Hall.*

*Enter Sir Tunbelly, the Chaplain and Servants, with  
Lord Foppington disarm'd.*

Sir Tun. Come, bring him along, bring him along.

L. F. What the Pax do you mean, Gentlemen, is it  
Fair-time, that you are all drunk before Dinner?

Sir Tun. Drunk, Sirrah! here's an impudent Rogue  
for you: Drunk or Sober, Bully, I'm a Justice of the  
Peace, and know how to deal with Strolers.

L. F. Strolers!

Sir Tun. Ay, Strolers; come, give an Account of  
your self; what's your Name, where do you live? Do  
you pay Scot and Lot? Are you a *Williamite*, or a  
*Jacobite*? Come.

L. F. And why dost thou ask me so many impertinent  
Questions?

Sir Tun. Because I'll make you answer 'em before I  
have done with you, you Rascal you.

L. F. Before Gad, all the Answer I can make thee to  
'em, is, that thou art a very extraordinary old Fellow;  
stap my Vitals——

Sir Tun. Nay, if you are for joaking with Deputy  
Lieutenants, we know how to deal with you: Here,  
draw a Warrant for him immediately.

L. F. A Warrant——what the Devil is't thou  
woud'st be at, Old Gentleman?

Sir Tun. I wou'd be at you, Sirrah, (if my Hands  
were not ty'd as a Magistrate) and with these two dou-  
ble Fists beat your Teeth down your Throat, you Dog  
you.

L. F. And why woud'st thou spoil my Face at that  
rate?

Sir Tun. For your design to rob me of my Daugh-  
ter, Villain.

L. F. Rab thee of thy Daughter—— Now I do  
begin to believe I am a-bed and a-sleep, and that all  
this is but a Dream—— If it be, 'twill be an agreeable

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Surprize enough, to waken by and by; and instead of the impertinent Company of a nasty Country Justice, find my self perhaps in the Arms of a Woman of Quality—— [To Sir Tun.] Prithee, Old Father, wilt thou give me leave to ask thee one Question?

Sir Tun. I can't tell whether I will or not, till I know what it is.

L. F. Why, then it is, whether thou didst not write to my Lord *Foppington* to come down and marry thy Daughter?

Sir Tun. Yes, marry did I; and my Lord *Foppington* is come down, and shall marry my Daughter before she's a day older.

L. F. Now give me thy Hand, dear Dad, I thought we should understand one another at last.

Sir Tun. This Fellow's mad—— here bind him Hand and Foot. [They bind him down.]

L. F. Nay, prithee, Knight, leave fooling, thy Jest begins to grow dull.

Sir Tun. Bind him, I say, he's mad—— Bread and Water, a dark Room and a Whip may bring him to his Senses again.

L. F. *aside.*] I Gad, if I don't waken quickly, by all that I can see, this is like to prove one of the most impertinent Dreams that ever I dreamt in my Life.

*Enter Miss and Nurse.* [Miss going up to him.]

Miss. Is this he that wou'd have run away with me? Fough, how he stinks of Sweets! Pray, Father let him be dragg'd through the Horse-Pond.

L. F. *Aside.*] This must be my Wife by her natural Inclination to her Husband.

Miss. Pray, Father what do you intend to do with him? hang him?

Sir Tun. That at least, Child.

Nurse. Ay, and it's e'en too good for him too.

L. F. *Aside.*] Madam la Governante, I presume, hitherto this appears to me to be one of the most extraordinary Families that ever Man of Quality match'd into.

Sir

*Sir Tun.* What's become of my Lord, Daughter?

*Miss.* He's just coming, Sir.

*L. F. Aside.]* My Lord—— What do's he mean by that now?

*Enter Young Fashion and Lory.*

*Seeing him.]* Stap my Vitals, *Tam*, now the Dream's out.

*Y. F.* Is this the Fellow, Sir, that design'd to trick me of your Daughter?

*Sir Tun.* This is he, my Lord, how do you like him? Is not he a pretty Fellow to get a Fortune?

*Y. F.* I find by his Dress, he thought your Daughter might be taken with a Beau.

*Miss.* O Gemini! Is this a Beau? let me see him again—— ha! I find a Beau's no such ugly thing neither.

*Y. F.* I gad, she'll be in love with him presently; I'll e'en have him sent away to Goal. [*To L. Fop.*] Sir, tho your Undertaking shews you are a Person of no extraordinary Modesty, I suppose you han't Confidence enough to expect much Favour from me.

*L. F.* Strike me dumb, *Tam*, thou art a very impudent Fellow.

*Nurse.* Look if the Varlet has not the Frontery to call his Lordship plain *Thomas*.

*Bull.* The business is, he would feign himself mad, to avoid going to Goal.

*L. F. Aside.]* That must be the Chaplain by his unfolding of Mysteries.

*Sir Tun.* Come, is the Warrant writ?

*Cler.* Yes, Sir.

*Sir Tun.* Give me the Pen, I'll sign it—— So, now Constable away with him.

*L. F.* Hold one moment—— Pray, Gentlemen; my Lord *Foppington*, shall I beg one Word with your Lordship?

*Nurse.* O ho, is't my Lord with him now? see how Afflictions will humble Folks.

*Miss.* Pray, my Lord, don't let him whisper too close, lest he bite your Ear off.



*L. F.* I am not altogether so hungry, as your Ladyship is pleas'd to imagine. [*To Y. Fash.*] Look you, *Tam*, I am sensible I have not been so kind to you as I ought, but I hope you'll forget what's past, and accept of the five thousand Pounds I offer; thou may'st live in extreme Splendour with it; stay my Vitals.

*Y. F.* It's a much easier matter to prevent a Disease than to cure it; a quarter of that Sum would have secur'd your Mistress; twice as much won't redeem her.

[*Leaving him.*]

*Sir Tun.* Well, what says he?

*Y. F.* Only the Rascal offer'd me a Bribe to let him go.

*Sir Tun.* Ay, he shall go, with a Pox to him: Lead on, Constable.

*L. F.* One word more, and I have done.

*Sir Tun.* Before Gad, thou art an impudent Fellow, to trouble the Court at this rate, after thou art condemn'd; but speak once for all.

*L. F.* Why then once for all; I have at last luckily call'd to mind, that there is a Gentleman of this Country, who I believe cannot live far from this place, if he were here, would satisfy you. I am *Navelty*, Baron of *Foppington*, with five thousand Pounds a Year, and that Fellow there a Rascal, not worth a Groat.

*Sir Tun.* Very well; now who is this honest Gentleman you are so well acquainted with? [*To Y. Fash.*] Come, Sir, we shall hamper him.

*L. F.* 'Tis Sir *John Friendly*.

*Sir Tun.* So, he lives within half a Mile, and came down into the Country but last Night; this bold-fac'd Fellow thought he had been at *London* still, and so quoted him; now we shall display him in his Colours: I'll send for Sir *John* immediately. Here, Fellow, away presently, and desire my Neighbour he'll do me the favour to step over, upon an extraordinary occasion; and in the mean while you had best secure this Sharper in the *Gate-House*.

*Const.*

*Const.* An't please your Worship, he may chance to give us the Slip thence : If I were worthy to advise, I think the Dog-kennel's a surer Place.

*Sir Tun.* With all my heart, any where.

*L. Fop.* Nay, for Heaven's sake, Sir, do me the favour to put me in a clean Room, that I mayn't daub my Clothes.

*Sir Tun.* O when you have married my Daughter, her Estate will afford you new ones : Away with him.

*L. F.* A dirty Country Justice is a barbarous Magistrate, stay my Vitals——

*(Exit Constable with Lord Foppington.)*

*Y. Fash. aside.* I gad, I must prevent this Knight's coming, or the House will grow soon too hot to hold me.

*To Sir Tun.]* Sir, I fancy'tis not worth while to trouble Sir John upon this impertinent Fellow's Desire : I'll send and call the Messenger back——

*Sir Tun.* Nay, with all my heart ; for to be sure he thought he was far enough off, or the Rogue wou'd never have nam'd him.

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Sir, I met Sir John just lighting at the Gate, he's come to wait upon you.

*Sir Tun.* Nay, then it happens as one cou'd wish.

*Y. Fash. aside.)* The Devil it does : Lory, you see how things are, here will be a Discovery presently, and we shall have our Brains beat out ; for my Brother will be sure to swear he don't know me. therefore run into the Stable, take the two first Horses you can light on, I'll slip out at the Back-Door, and we'll away immediately.

*Lor.* What, and leave your Lady, Sir ?

*Y. Fash.* There's no Danger in that, as long as I have taken possession, I shall know how to treat with them well enough, if once I am out of their reach : Away, I'll steal after thee. *(Exit Lory, his Master follows)*

*(him out at one Door, as Sir John enters at i'other.)*

*Enter Sir John.*

*Sir Tun.* Sir John, you are the welcom'st Man alive ; I had just sent a Messenger to desire you'd step over, upon a very extraordinary Occasion——we are all in Arms here. Sir

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*Sir John.* How so?

*Sir Tun.* Why, you must know — a finical sort of a rawdry Fellow here (I don't know who the Devil he is, not I) hearing, I suppose, that the Match was concluded between my Lord *Foppington* and my Girl *Hoyden*, comes impudently to the Gate, and with a whole pack of Rogues in Liveries, and would have past upon me for his Lordship: but what does I? I comes up to him boldly at the Head of his Guards, takes him by the Throat, strikes up his Heels, binds him Hand and Foot, dispatches a Warrant, and commits him Prisoner to the Dog-kennel.

*Sir John.* So, but how do you know but this was my Lord? for I was told he set out from *London* the Day before me, with a very fine Retinue, and intended to come directly hither.

*Sir Tun.* Why now to shew you how many Lyes People raise in that damned Town, he came two Nights ago Post, with only one Servant, and is now in the House with me: but you don't know the Cream of the Jest yet; this same Rogue, (that lies yonder Neck and Heels among the Hounds) thinking you were out of the Country, quotes you for his Acquaintance, and said, if you were here, you'd justify him to be Lord *Foppington*, and I know not what.

*Sir John.* Pray will you let me see him?

*Sir Tun.* Ay, that you shall presently — here, fetch the Prisoner. [Exit Servant.]

*Sir John.* I wish there ben't some Mistake in the Business, where's my Lord? I know him very well.

*Sir Tun.* He was here just now; see for him, Doctor, tell him *Sir John* is here to wait upon him. [Ex. Chaplain.]

*Sir John.* I hope, *Sir Tunbelly*, the young Lady is not married yet.

*Sir Tun.* No, things won't be ready this Week; but why do you say, you hope she is not married?

*Sir John.* Some foolish Fancies only, perhaps I'm mistaken.

*Re-enter Chaplain.*

*Bull.* Sir, his Lordship is just rid out to take the Air.

*Sir Tun.* To take the Air! Is that his *London* Breeding,

to go take the Air, when Gentlemen come to visit him ?

*Sir John.* 'Tis possible he might want it, he might not be well, some sudden Qualm perhaps.

*Enter Constable, &c. with Lord Foppington.*

*L. Fop.* Stap my Vitals, I'll have Satisfaction.

*Sir John running to him.] My dear Lord Foppington !*

*L. Fop.* Dear *Friendly*, thou art come in the critical Minute, strike me dumb.

*Sir John.* Why, I little thought to have found you in Fetters

*L. Fop.* Why truly the World must do me the Justice to confess, I do use to appear a little more degage ; but this old Gentleman, not liking the Freedom of my Air, has been pleas'd to skewer down my Arms like a Rabbit.

*Sir Tun.* Is it then possible that this shou'd be the true *Lord Foppington* at last ?

*L. Fop.* Why, what do you see in his Face to make you doubt of it ? Sir, without presuming to have any extraordinary Opinion of my Figure, give me leave to tell you, if you had seen as many Lords as I have done, you wou'd not think it impossible a Person of a worse Taille than mine, might be a modern Man of Quality.

*Sir Tun.* Unbind him, Slaves ; my Lord, I'm struck dumb, I can only beg pardon by Signs ; but if a Sacrifice will appease you, you shall have it. Here, pursue this *Tartar*, bring him back——Away, I say, a *Dog-Oons*——I'll cut off his Ears and his Tail, I'll draw out all his Teeth, pull his Skin over his Head——and——and what shall I do more ?

*Sir John.* He does indeed deserve to be made an Example of.

*L. Fop.* He does deserve to be chartre, stap my Vitals.

*Sir Tun.* May I then hope I have your Honour's Pardon ?

*L. Fop.* Sir, we Courtiers do nothing without a Bribe, that fair young Lady might do Miracles.

*Sir Tun.* *Hoyden*, come hither *Hoyden*.

*L. Fop.* *Hoyden* is her Name, Sir ?

*Sir Tun.* Yes, my Lord.

*L. Fop.* The prettiest Name for a Song I ever heard.

Sir

Sir Tun. My Lord.—here's my Girl, she's yours, she has a wholesome Body, and a virtuous Mind ; she's a Woman compleat, both in Flesh and in Spirit ; she has a Bag of mill'd Crowns, as scarce as they are, and fifteen hundred a year stich'd fast to her Tail : so go thy ways, *Hoyden*.

L. Fop. Sir, I do receive her like a Gentleman.

Sir Tun. Then I'm a happy Man. I blefs Heaven, and if your Lordship will give me leave, I will, like a good Christian at *Christmas*, be very drunk by way of Thanksgiving. Come, my noble Peer, I believe Dinner's ready ; if your Honour pleases to follow me, I'll lead you on to the Attack of a Venison-Pasty. [*Ex. Sir Tun.*]

L. Fop. Sir, I wait upon you : Will your Ladyship do me the favour of your little Finger, Madam ?

Miss. My Lord, I'll follow you presently, I have a little Business with my Nurse.

L. Fop. Your Ladyship's most humble Servant ; come, Sir John, the Ladies have *des Affaires*.

[*Exeunt L. Fop. and Sir John.*]

Miss. So, Nurse, we are finely brought to bed, what shall we do now ?

Nurse. Ah, dear Miss, we are all undone ; Mr. Bull, you were us'd to help a Woman to a Remedy. [*Crying.*]

Bull. A lack-a-day, but it's past my Skill now, I can do nothing.

Nurse. Who would have thought that ever your Invention shou'd have been drain'd so dry ?

Miss. Well, I have often thought old Folks Fools, and now I'm sure they are so ; I have found a way my self to secure us all.

Nurse. Dear Lady, what's that ?

Miss. Why, if you two will be sure to hold your tongues, and not say a word of what's past, I'll e'en marry this Lord too.

Nurse. What ! two Husbands, my Dear ?

Miss. Why you had three, good Nurse, you may hold your tongue.

Nurse. Ay, but not all together, sweet Child.

Miss.

*Miss.* Psha, if you had, you'd ne'er a thought much on't.

*Nurse.* O but 'tis a Sin——Sweeting,

*Bull.* Nay, that's my Business to speak to, Nurse : I do confess, to take two Husbands for the Satisfaction of the Flesh, is to commit the Sin of Exorbitancy ; but to do it for the Peace of the Spirit, is no more than to be drunk by way of Physick : besides, to prevent a Parent's Wrath, is to avoid the Sin of Disobedience ; for when the Parent's angry, the Child is froward. So that upon the whole Matter, I do think, tho Miss shou'd marry again, she may be fav'd.

*Miss.* I cod, and I will marry again then, and so there is an end of the Story.



A C T V. S C E N E *London.*

*Enter Coupler, Young Fashion, and Lory.*

*Coup.* W E L L, and so Sir *John* coming in——

*Y. Fash.* And so Sir *John* coming in, I thought it might be Manners in me to go out, which I did, and getting on horseback as fast as I cou'd, rid away as if the Devil had been at the Rear of me ; what has happen'd since, Heav'n knows.

*Coup.* I gad, Sirrah, I know as well as Heaven.

*Y. Fash.* What do you know ?

*Coup.* That you are a Cuckold.

*Y. Fash.* The Devil I am ! By who ?

*Coup.* By your Brother.

*Y. F.* My Brother ! which way ?

*Coup.* The old way, he has lain with your Wife.

*Y. Fash.* Hell and Furies, what dost thou mean ?

*Coup.* I mean plainly, I speak no Parable.

*Y. Fash.* Plainly ! thou dost not speak common Sense, I cannot understand one word thou say'st.

*Coup.*

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*Coup.* You will do soon, Youngster. In short, you left your Wife a Widow, and she married again.

*Y. F.* It's a Lye.

*Coup.* ———I Cod, if I were a young Fellow, I'd break your Head, Sirrah.

*Y. Fash.* Dear Dad, don't be angry, for I'm as mad as Tom of Bedlam.

*Coup.* Then I had fitted you with a Wife, you shou'd have kept her.

*Y. Fash.* But is it possible the young Strumpet cou'd play me such a Trick?

*Coup.* A young Strumpet, Sir———can play twenty Tricks.

*Y. F.* But prithee instruct me a little farther; whence comes thy Intelligence?

*Coup.* From your Brother, in this Letter; there, you may read it. [ Young Fashion reads.

Dear Coupler,

Pulling off } *I Have only time to tell thee in three*  
his Hat. } *Lines, or thereabouts, that here has*  
*been the Devil: That Rascal Tam, having stole the Letter thou hadst formerly writ for me to bring to Sir Tunbelly, form'd a damnable Design upon my Mistress, and was in a fair way of Success when I arriv'd. But after having suffer'd some Indignities (in which I have all daub'd my embroider'd Coat) I put him to flight. I sent out a Party of Horse after him, in hopes to have made him my Prisoner, which if I had done, I would have qualify'd him for the Seraglio, slap my Vitals.*

*The Danger I have thus narrowly 'scap'd, has made me fortify my self against further Attempts, by entering immediately into an Association with the young Lady, by which we engage to stand by one another, as long as we both shall live.*

*In short, the Papers are seal'd, and the Contract is sign'd, so the Business of the Lawyer is acheve; but I defer the divine part of the thing till I arrive at London, not being willing to consummate in any other Bed but my own.*

Post.

Postscript,

'Tis possible I may be in the Tawn as soon as this Letter, for I find the Lady is so violently in love with me, I have determin'd to make her happy with all the Dispatch that is practicable, without disordering my Coach-Horses.

So, here's rare Work, I'faith!

*Lo.* I gad, Miss *Hoyden* has laid about her bravely.

*Coup.* I think my Country-Girl has plaid her part as well as if she had been born and bred in *St. James's* Parish.

*Y. F.* ——— That Rogue the Chaplain.

*Lor.* And then that Jade the Nurse, Sir.

*Y. F.* And then that drunken Sot, *Lory*, Sir; that cou'd not keep himself sober to be a Witness to the Marriage.

*Lo.* Sir——with respect——I know very few drunken Sots that do keep themselves sober.

*Y. F.* Hold your prating, Sirrah, or I'll break your Head; dear *Coupler*, what's to be done?

*Coup.* Nothing's to be done, till the Bride and Bridegroom come to Town.

*Y. F.* Bride and Bridegroom! Death and Furies! I can't bear that thou shouldst call them so.

*Coup.* Why, what shall I call them, Dog and Cat?

*Y. Fash.* Not for the World, that sounds more like Man and Wife than t'other.

*Coup.* Well, if you'll hear of them in no Language, we'll leave them for the Nurse and the Chaplain.

*Y. F.* The Devil and the Witch.

*Coup.* When they come to Town——

*Lo.* We shall have stormy Weather.

*Coup.* Will you hold your tongues, Gentlemen, or not?

*Lo.* Mum.

*Coup.* I say when they come, we must find what Stuff they are made of, whether the Churchman be chiefly compos'd of the Flesh, or the Spirit; I presume the former——For as Chaplains now go, 'tis probable he  
eats



eats three Pound of Beef to the reading one Chapter— This gives him carnal Desires, he wants Money, Preferment, Wine, a Whore ; therefore we must invite him to Supper, give him fat Capons, Sack, and Sugar, a Purse of Gold, and a plump Sister. Let this be done, and I'll warrant thee, my Boy, he speaks Truth like an Oracle.

*Y. Fash.* Thou art a profound Statesman I allow it ; but how shall we gain the Nurse ?

*Coup.* O never fear the Nurse, if once you have got the Priest, for the Devil always rides the Hag. Well, there's nothing more to be said of the Matter at this time, that I know of ; so let us go and enquire, if there's any News of our People yet, perhaps they may be come. But let me tell you one thing by the way, Sirrah, I doubt you have been an idle Fellow ; if thou had'st behav'd thy self as thou should'st have done, the Girl wou'd never have left thee. [*Exeunt.*

### SCENE, *Berinthia's Apartment.*

*Enter her Maid, passing the Stage, follow'd by Worthy.*

*Wor.* Hem, Mrs. *Abigail*, is your Mistress to be spoken with ?

*Ab.* By you, Sir, I believe she may.

*Wor.* Why 'tis by me I wou'd have her spoken with.

*Ab.* I'll acquaint her, Sir. [*Exit Ab.*

*Worthy solus.*

One List more I must persuade her to give me, and then I'm mounted. Well, a young Bawd, and a handsome one for my Money, 'tis they do the Execution ; I'll never go to an old one, but when I have occasion for a Witch. Lewdness looks Heavenly to a Woman, when an Angel appears in its Cause ; but when a Hag is Advocate, she thinks it comes from the Devil. An old Woman has something so terrible in her Looks, that whilst she is persuading your Mistress to forget she has a Soul, she stares Hell and Damnation full in her Face.

*Enter Berinthia.*

*Ber.* Well, Sir, what News bring you ?

*Wor.* No News, Madam, there's a Woman going to cuckold her Husband. *Ber.*

*Ber.* *Amanda!*

*Wor.* I hope so.

*Ber.* Speed her well.

*Wor.* Ay, but there must be more than a God-speed, or your Charity won't be worth a Farthing.

*Ber.* Why, han't I done enough already?

*Wor.* Not quite.

*Ber.* What's the matter?

*Wor.* The Lady has a Scruple still which you must remove.

*Ber.* What's that?

*Wor.* Her Virtue——she says.

*Ber.* And do you believe her?

*Wor.* No, but I believe it's what she takes for her Virtue; it's some Relicks of lawful Love: she is not yet fully satisfy'd her Husband has got another Mistress, which unless I can convince her of, I have open'd the Trenches in vain; for the Breach must be wider, before I dare storm the Town.

*Ber.* And so I'm to be your Engineer?

*Wor.* I'm sure you know best how to manage the Battery.

*Ber.* What think you of springing a Mine? I have a Thought just now come into my Head, how to blow her up at once.

*Wor.* That wou'd be a Thought indeed.

*Ber.*——Faith, I'll do't, and thus the Execution of it shall be. We are all invited to my Lord *Foppington's* to-night to Supper, he's come to Town with his Bride, and maketh a Ball, with an Entertainment of Musick. Now you must know, my Undoer here, *Loveless*, says he must needs meet me about some private Business (I don't know what 'tis) before we go to the Company. To which end he has told his Wife one Lye, and I have told her another. But to make her amends, I'll go immediately, and tell her a solemn Truth.

*Wor.* What's that?

*Ber.* Why, I'll tell her, that to my certain Knowledge her Husband has a Rendevouz with his Mistress this Afternoon; and that if she'll give me her Word, she will

will be satisfy'd with the Discovery, without making any violent Inquiry after the Woman; I'll direct her to a Place where she shall see them meet.

Now, Friend, this I fancy may help you to a critical Minute. For home she must go again to dress. You (with your good Breeding) come to wait upon us to the Ball, find her all alone, her Spirit inflam'd against her Husband for his Treason, and her Flesh in a Heat from some Contemplations upon the Treachery, her Blood on a Fire, her Conscience in Ice; a Lover to draw, and the Devil to drive—Ah poor *Amanda*.

*Wor. kneeling.* Thou Angel of Light, let me fall down and adore thee!

*Ber.* Thou Minister of Darkness, get up again, for I hate to see the Devil at his Devotions.

*Wor.* Well, my incomparable *Berinthia*—How I shall requite you—

*Ber.* O ne'er trouble your self about that: Virtue is its own Reward: There's a Pleasure in doing good, which sufficiently pays it self. Adieu.

*Wor.* Farewell, thou best of Women.

[*Exeunt several ways.*]

*Enter Amanda, meeting Berinthia.*

*Amand.* Who was that went from you?

*Ber.* A Friend of yours.

*Amand.* What does he want?

*Ber.* Something you might spare him, and be ne'er the poorer.

*Amand.* I can spare him nothing but my Friendship; my Love already's all dispos'd of: Tho, I confess, to one ungrateful to my Bounty.

*Ber.* Why there's the Mystery! You have been so bountiful, you have cloy'd him. Fond Wives do by their Husbands, as barren Wives do by their Lap-Dogs; cram them with Sweetmeats till they spoil their Stomachs.

*Amand.* Alas! Had you but seen how passionately fond he has been since our last Reconciliation, you wou'd have thought it were impossible he ever should have breath'd an hour without me.

*Ber.*

*Ber.* Ay, but there you thought wrong again, *Amanda*; you should consider, that in Matters of Love Mens Eyes are always bigger than their Bellies. They have violent Appetites, 'tis true, but they have soon din'd.

*Amand.* Well; there's nothing upon Earth astonishes me more than Mens Inconstancy.

*Ber.* Now there's nothing upon Earth astonishes me less, when I consider what they and we are compos'd of. For Nature has made them Children, and us Babies. Now, *Amanda*, how we us'd our Babies, you may remember. We were mad to have them, as soon as we saw them; kiss'd them to pieces as soon as we got them; then pull'd off their Clothes, saw them naked, and so threw them away.

*Amand.* But do you think all Men are of this Temper?

*Ber.* All but one.

*Amand.* Who's that?

*Ber.* *Worthy*.

*Amand.* Why, he's weary of his Wife too, you see.

*Ber.* Ay, that's no Proof.

*Amand.* What can be a greater?

*Ber.* Being weary of his Mistress.

*Amand.* Don't you think 'twere possible he might give you that too?

*Ber.* Perhaps he might, if he were my Gallant; not if he were yours.

*Amand.* Why do you think he shou'd be more constant to me, than he wou'd to you? I'm sure I'm not so handsome.

*Ber.* Kissing goes by Favour; he likes you best.

*Amand.* Suppose he does: That's no Demonstration he wou'd be constant to me.

*Ber.* No, that I'll grant you: But there are other Reasons to expect it; for you must know after all, *Amanda*, the Inconstancy we commonly see in Men of Brains, does not so much proceed from the Uncertainty of their Temper, as from the Misfortunes of their Love. A Man sees perhaps a hundred Women he likes well enough for an Intrigue, and away; but possibly, thro the whole

whole Course of his Life, does not find above one, who is exactly what he could wish her: now her, 'tis a thousand to one, he never gets. Either she is not to be had at all (tho' that seldom happens, you'll say) or he wants those Opportunities that are necessary to gain her; either she likes somebody else much better than him, or uses him like a Dog, because he likes no body so well as her. Still something or other Fate claps in the way between them and the Woman they are capable of being fond of: And this makes them wander about from Mistress to Mistress, like a Pilgrim from Town to Town, who every Night must have a fresh Lodging, and's in haste to be gone in the Morning.

*Aman.* 'Tis possible there may be something in what you say; but what do you infer from it, as to the Man we were talking of?

*Ber.* Why, I infer, that you being the Woman in the World, the most to his Humour, 'tis not likely he would quit you for one that is less.

*Aman.* That is not to be depended upon, for you see Mr. *Loveless* does so.

*Ber.* What does Mr. *Loveless* do?

*Aman.* Why? He runs after something for Variety, I'm sure he does not like so well as he does me.

*Ber.* That's more than you know, Madam.

*Aman.* No, I'm sure on't: I am not very vain, *Berinthia*; and yet I'll lay my Life, if I could look into his Heart, he thinks I deserve to be prefer'd to a thousand of her.

*Ber.* Don't be too positive in that neither; a Million to one, but she has the same Opinion of you. What wou'd you give to see her?

*Aman.* Hang her, dirty Trull; tho' I really believe she's so ugly, she'd cure me of my Jealousy.

*Ber.* All the Men of Sense about Town say she's handsome.

*Aman.* They are as often out in those things as any People.

*Ber.* Then I'll give you further Proof—— all the Women about Town say, she's a Fool: Now I hope you are convinc'd?

+

*Aman.*

*Aman.* Whate'er she be, I'm satisfy'd he does not like her well enough to bestow any thing more, than a little outward Gallantry upon her.

*Ber.* Outward Gallantry! — [*Aside.* I cant bear this. *To Aman.*] Don't you think she's a Woman to be fobb'd off so. Come, I'm too much your Friend, to suffer you should be thus grossly impos'd upon, by a Man who does not deserve the least part about you, unless he knew how to set a greater Value upon it. Therefore in one word, to my certain knowledge, he is to meet her now, within a quarter of an Hour, somewhere about that *Babylon of Wickedness, Whitehall.* And if you'll give me your word, that you'll be content with seeing her mask'd in his Hand, without pulling her Headclothes off, I'll step immediately to the Person, from whom I have my Intelligence, and send you word whereabouts you may stand to see 'em meet. My Friend, and I'll watch 'em from another place, and dodge 'em to their private Lodging: But don't you offer to follow 'em, lest you do it awkwardly, and spoil all. I'll come home to you again, as soon as I have earth'd 'em, and give you an account in what Corner of the House, the Scene of their Lewdness lies.

*Aman.* If you can do this, *Berinthia*, he's a Villain.

*Ber.* I can't help that, Men will be so.

*Aman.* Well! I'll follow your Directions, for I shall never rest till I know the worst of this Matter.

*Ber.* Pray, go immediately, and get your self ready then. Put on some of your Woman's Clothes, a great Scarf and a Mask, and you shall presently receive Orders. [*Calls within.*] Here, who's there? get me a Chair quickly.

*Serv.* There are Chairs at the Door, Madam.

*Ber.* 'Tis well, I'm coming.

*Aman.* But pray, *Berinthia*, before you go, tell me how I may know this filthy Thing, if she should be so forward (as I suppose she will) to come to the Rendezvous first; for methinks I would fain view her a little.

*Ber.* Why, she's about my height; and very well shap'd.

*Aman.* I thought she had been a little crooked?

*Ber.* O no, she's as strait as I am. But we lose time, come away. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Young Fashion, meeting Lory.*

*Y. F.* Well, will the Doctor come?

*Lo.* Sir, I sent a Porter to him as you order'd me. He found him with a Pipe of Tobacco and a great Tankard of Ale, which he said he wou'd dispatch while I cou'd tell three, and be here.

*Y. F.* He does not suspect 'twas I that sent for him?

*Lor.* Not a jot, Sir, he divines as little for himself, as he does for other Folks.

*Y. F.* Will he bring Nurse with him?

*Lor.* Yes.

*Y. F.* That's well; where's Coupler?

*Lor.* He's half way up the Stairs taking Breath; he must play his Bellows a little, before he can get to the top.

*Enter Coupler.*

*Y. F.* O here he is. Well, Old Phtisick, the Doctor's coming.

*Coup.* Wou'd the Pox had the Doctor—— I'm quite out of Wind. [*To Lo.*] Set me a Chair, Sirrah. Ah—— [*sits down.*] [*To Y. Fash.*] Why the Plague, can't not thou lodge upon the Ground-Floor?

*Y. F.* Because I love to lie as near Heaven as I can.

*Coup.* Prithee let Heaven alone; ne'er affect tending that way: Thy Center's downwards.

*Y. F.* That's impossible. I have too much ill Luck in this World, to be damn'd in the next.

*Coup.* Thou art out in thy Logick. Thy Major is true, but thy Minor is false; for thou art the luckiest Fellow in the Universe.

*Y. F.* Make out that.

*Coup.* I'll do't: Last Night the Devil ran away with the Parson of *Fatgoose* Living.

*Y. F.* If he had run away with the Parish too, what's that to me?

*Coup.* I'll tell thee what it's to thee. This Living is worth five hundred Pound a Year, and the Presentation of it is thine, if thou canst prove thy self a lawful Husband to Miss Hoyden.

*Y. Fash.* Say'st thou so, my Protector? Then I cad I shall have a Brace of Evidences here presently.

*Coup.* The Nurse and the Doctor?

*Y. Fash.* The same: The Devil himself won't have Interest enough to make them withstand it.

*Coup.* That we shall see presently: Here they come.

*Enter Nurse and Chaplain; they start back, seeing Young Fashion.*

*Nurse.* Ah Goodness, Roger, we are betray'd.

*Y. Fash. laying hold on them.]* Nay, nay, ne'er flinch for the matter; for I have you safe. Come to your Trials immediately; I have no time to give you Copies of your Indictment. There sits your Judge.

*Both kneeling.]* Pray, Sir, have Compassion on us.

*Nurse.* I hope, Sir, my Years will move your Pity; I am an aged Woman.

*Coup.* That is a moving Argument indeed.

*Coup. to Bull.* Are not you a Rogue of Sanctity?

*Bull.* Sir (with respect to my Function) I do wear a Gown. I hope, Sir, my Character will be consider'd; I am Heaven's Ambassador.

*Coup.* Did not you marry this vigorous young Fellow to a plump young buxom Wench?

*N. to B.* Don't confess, Roger, unless you are hard put to it indeed.

*Coup.* Come, out with't——Now is he chewing the Cud of his Roguery, and grinding a Lye between his Teeth.

*Bull.* Sir,——I cannot positively say——I say, Sir——positively I cannot say——

*Coup.* Come, no Equivocation, no Roman Turns upon us. Consider thou stand'st upon Protestant Ground, which will slip from under thee like a Tyburn Cart; for in this Country we have always ten Hangmen for one Jesuit.



*B. to Y. Fash.* Pray, Sir, then will you but permit me to speak one word in private with Nurse?

*Y. F.* Thou art always for doing something in private with Nurse.

*Coup.* But pray let his Betters be serv'd before him for once. I would do something in private with her myself: *Lory*, take care of this Reverend Gownman in the next Room a little. Retire Priest. [*Ex. Lo. with Bull.*]

Now, Virgin, I must put the matter home to you a little: Do you think it might not be possible to make you speak Truth?

*Nurse.* Alas! Sir, I don't know what you mean by Truth.

*Coup.* Nay, 'tis possible thou may'st be a Stranger to it.

*Y. F.* Come, Nurse, you and I were better Friends when we saw one another last; and I still believe you are a very good Woman in the bottom. I did deceive you and your young Lady, 'tis true, but I always design'd to make a very good Husband to her, and to be a very good Friend to you. And 'tis possible in the end, she might have found her self happier, and you richer, than ever my Brother will make you.

*Nurse.* Brother! Why is your Worship then his Lordship's Brother?

*Y. F.* I am; which you should have known, if I durst have staid to have told you; but I was forc'd to take horse a little in haste, you know.

*Nurse.* You were indeed, Sir; poor young Man, how he was bound to scaure for't. Now won't your Worship be angry, if I confess the Truth to you; when I found you were a Cheat (with respect be it spoken) I verily believ'd Miss had got some pitiful Skip-Jack Varlet or other to her Husband, or I had ne'er let her think of marrying again.

*Coup.* But where was your Conscience all this while, Woman? Did not that stare you in the Face with huge saucer Eyes, and a great Horn upon the Forehead? Did not you think you shou'd be damn'd for such a Sin? Ha!

Y.

*Y. Fash.* Well said, Divinity, pass that home upon her.

*Nurse.* Why, in good truly, Sir, I had some fearful Thoughts on't, and cou'd never be brought to consent, till Mr. Bull said it was a *Peckadilla*, and he'd secure my Soul for a Tythe-Pig.

*Y. F.* There was a Rogue for you.

*Coup.* And he shall thrive accordingly : He shall have a good Living. Come, honest *Nurse*, I see you have Butter in your Compound ; you can melt. Some Compassion you can have of this handsome young Fellow.

*Nurse.* I have, indeed, Sir.

*Y. F.* Why, then I'll tell you what you shall do for me. You know what a warm Living here is fallen ; and that it must be in the Disposal of him who has the Disposal of Miss. Now if you and the Doctor will agree to prove my Marriage, I'll present him to it, upon condition he makes you his Bride.

*Nurse.* Naw the Blessing of the Lord follow your good Worship both by Night and by Day. Let him be fetch'd in by the Ears ; I'll soon bring his Nose to the Grindstone.

*Coup. aside.]* Well said, old White-Leather. Hey ; bring in the Prisoner there.

*Enter Lory with Bull.*

*Coup.* Come, advance, holy Man : Here's your Duck does not think fit to retire with you into the Chancel at this time ; but she has a Proposal to make to you in the Face of the Congregation. Come, *Nurse*, speak for your self ; you are of Age.

*Nurse.* Roger, are not you a wicked Man, Roger, to set your Strength against a weak Woman, and persuade her it was no Sin to conceal Miss's Nuptials ? My Conscience flies in my Face for it, thou Priest of *Baal* ; and I find by woful Experience, thy Absolution is not worth an old Cassock ; therefore I am resolv'd to confess the Truth to the whole World, tho' I die a Beggar for it. But his Worship overflows with his Mercy, and his Bounty : He is not only pleas'd to forgive us our Sins, but designs thou sha't squat thee down in *Fat-goose* Living ;

and which is more than all, has prevail'd with me to become the Wife of thy Bosom.

*Y. Fash.* All this I intend for you, Doctor. What you are to do for me, I need not tell you.

*Bull.* Your Worship's Goodness is unspeakable: Yet there is one thing seems a Point of Conscience; and Conscience is a tender Babe. If I should bind my self, for the sake of this Living, to marry *Nurse*, and maintain her afterwards, I doubt it might be look'd on as a kind of Simony.

*Coup. rising up.*] If it were Sacrilege, the Living's worth it: Therefore no more words, good Doctor; but with the [*giving Nurse to him*] Parish—here—take the Parsonage-House. 'Tis true, 'tis a little out of Repair; some Dilapidations there are to be made good; the Windows are broke, the Wainscot is warp'd, the Ceilings are peel'd, and the Walls are crack'd; but a little Glasing, Painting, Whitewash, and Plaister, will make it last thy time.

*Bull.* Well, Sir, if it must be so, I shan't contend: What Providence orders, I submit to.

*Nurse.* And so do I, with all Humility.

*Coup.* Why, that now was spoke like good People: Come, my Turtle-Doves, let us go help this poor Pigeon to his wand'ring Mate again; and after Institution and Induction, you shall all go a Cooing together.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Amanda in a Scarf, &c. as just return'd, her Woman following her.*

*Amand.* Prithee what care I who has been here?

*Wom.* Madam, 'twas my Lady *Bridle*, and my Lady *Tiptoe*.

*Amand.* My Lady *Fiddle*, and my Lady *Faddle*. What dost stand troubling me with the Visits of a parcel of impertinent Women? when they are well seam'd with the Small-Pox, they won't be so fond of shewing their Faces—There are more Coquets about this Town—

*Wom.* Madam, I suppose, they only came to return your Ladyship's Visit, according to the Custom of the World.

*Amand.*

*Amand.* Wou'd the World were on fire, and you in  
the middle on't. Be gone; leave me. [*Exit Wom.*

*Amanda sola.*

At last I am convinc'd. My Eyes are Testimonies of  
his Falshood.

The base, ungrateful, perjur'd Villain——

Good Gods!—— What slippery Stuff are Men com-  
pos'd of?

Sure the Account of their Creation's false,  
And 'twas the Woman's Rib that they were form'd of.  
But why am I thus angry?

This poor Relapse should only move my Scorn.

'Tis true: The roving Flights of his unfinish'd Youth,  
Had strong Excuse from the Plea of Nature;  
Reason had thrown the Reins loose on his Neck,  
And slipt him to unlimited Desire.

If therefore he went wrong,  
He had a Claim to my Forgiveness, and I did him right.  
But since the Years of Manhood rein him in,  
And Reason, well digested into Thought,  
Has pointed out the Course he ought to run;  
If now he strays,

'Twould be as weak, and mean in me to pardon,  
As it has been in him to offend.

But hold:

'Tis an ill Cause indeed, where nothing's to be said  
for't.

My Beauty possibly is in the Wain;  
Perhaps Sixteen has greater Charms for him:  
Yes, there's the Secret. But let him know,  
My Quivers not entirely empty'd yet,  
I still have Darts, and I can shoot 'em too;  
They're not so blunt, but they can enter still:  
The Want's not in my power, but in my Will.  
Virtue's his Friend; or, through another's Heart,  
I yet cou'd find the way to make his smart.

[*Going off, she meets Worthy.*

Ha! He here? Protect me Heaven, for this looks omi-  
nous.

*Wor.* You seem disorder'd, Madam; I hope there's no Misfortune happen'd to you?

*Aman.* None that will long disorder me, I hope.

*Wor.* Whate'er it be disturbs you, I wou'd to Heaven 'twere in my power to bear the Pain, till I were able to remove the Cause.

*Aman.* I hope e'er long it will remove it self. At least, I have given it warning to be gone.

*Wor.* Wou'd I durst ask, where 'tis the Thorn torments you?

Forgive me, if I grow inquisitive;  
'Tis only with Desire to give you ease.

*Aman.* Alas! 'tis in a tender part. It can't be drawn without a world of Pain: Yet out it must; for it begins to fester in my Heart.

*Wor.* If 'tis the sting of unrequited Love, remo it instantly:

I have a Balm will quickly heal the Wound.

*Aman.* You'll find the Undertaking difficult:  
The Surgeon, who already has attempted it,  
Has much tormented me.

*Wor.* I'll aid him with a gentler Hand,  
——If you will give me leave.

*Aman.* How soft soe'er the Hand may be,  
There still is Terror in the Operation.

*Wor.* Some few Preparatives wou'd make it easy, cou'd I persuade you to apply 'em. Make home Reflections, Madam, on your slighted Love: Weigh well the Strength and Beauty of your Charms: Rouze up that Spirit Women ought to bear, and slight your God, if he neglects his Angel. With Arms of Ice receive his cold Embraces, and keep your Fire for those who come in Flames. Behold a burning Lover at your Feet, his Fever raging in his Veins. See how he trembles, how he pants! See how he glows, how he consumes! Extend the Arms of Mercy to his Aid; his Zeal may give him Title to your Pity, altho his Merit cannot claim your Love.

*Amand.* Of all my feeble Sex, sure I must be the weakest, shou'd I again presume to think on Love.

*Sighing*——

*Sighing*—— Alas ! my Heart has been too roughly treated.

*Wor.* 'Twill find the greater Bliss in softer Usage.

*Amand.* But where's that Usage to be found ?

*Wor.* 'Tis here, within this faithful Breast ; which if you doubt, I'll rip it up before your Eyes ; lay all its Secrets open to your view ; and then, you'll see 'twas found.

*Amand.* With just such honest words as these, the worst of Men deceiv'd me.

*Wor.* He therefore merits all Revenge can do ; his fault is such, the extent and stretch of Vengeance cannot reach it. O make me but your Instrument of Justice ; you'll find me execute it with such Zeal, as shall convince you, I abhor the Crime.

*Amand.* The Rigour of an Executioner, has more the Face of Cruelty than Justice : And he who puts the Cord about the Wretch's Neck, is seldom known to exceed him in his Morals.

*Wor.* What Proof then can I give you of my Truth ?

*Amand.* There is on Earth but one.

*Wor.* And is that in my power ?

*Aman.* It is : and one that wou'd so thoroughly convince me, I shou'd be apt to rate your Heart so high, I possibly might purchase't with a part of mine.

*Wor.* Then Heav'n thou art my Friend, and I am blest ; for if 'tis in my power, my Will I'm sure will reach it. No matter what the Terms may be, when such a Recompence is offer'd. O tell me quickly what this Proof must be ! What is it will convince you of my Love ?

*Aman.* I shall believe you love me as you ought, if, from this moment, you forbear to ask whatever is unfit for me to grant —— You pause upon it, Sir —— I doubt, on such hard Terms, a Woman's Heart is scarcely worth the having.

*Wor.* A Heart, like yours, on any terms is worth it ; 'twas not on that I paus'd : But I was thinking [*drawing nearer to her*] whether some things there may not

be, which Women cannot grant without a Blush, and yet which Men may take without offence. [*Taking her Hand*] Your Hand, I fancy, may be of the number: O pardon me, if I commit a Rape upon it, [*kissing it eagerly*] and thus devour it with my Kisses.

*Aman.* O Heavens! let me go.

*Wor.* Never, whilst I have Strength to hold you here. [*Forcing her to sit down on a Couch.*] My Life, my Soul, my Goddess—— O forgive me!

*Aman.* O whither am I going? Help, Heaven, or I am lost.

*Wor.* Stand neuter, Gods, this once, I do invoke you.

*Aman.* Then, save me, Virtue, and the Glory's thine.

*Wor.* Nay, never strive.

*Aman.* I will; and conquer too. My Forces rally bravely to my Aid, [*breaking from him*] and thus I gain the Day.

*Wor.* Then mine as bravely double their Attack; [*seizing her again.*] And thus I wrest it from you. Nay, struggle not; for all's in vain: Or Death or Victory; I am determin'd.

*Aman.* And so am I, [*rushing from him.*] Now keep your distance, or we part for ever.

*Wor.* [*offering again.*] For Heaven's sake——

*Aman.* [*going.*] Nay then Farewell.

*Wor.* [*kneeling, and holding by her Clothes.*] O stay, and see the Magick Force of Love: Behold this raging Lion at your Feet, struck dead with Fear, and tame as Charms can make him. What must I do to be forgiven by you?

*Aman.* Repent, and never more offend.

*Wor.* Repentance for past Crimes, is just and easy; but Sin no more's a Task too hard for Mortals.

*Amand.* Yet those who hope for Heaven, must use their best endeavours to perform it.

*Wor.* Endeavours we may use, but Flesh and Blood are got in t'other Scale; and they are pond'rous things.

*Amand.*

*Amand.* Whate'er they are, there is a weight in Resolution sufficient for their Ballance. The Soul, I do confess, is usually so careless of its Charge, so soft, and so indulgent to Desire, it leaves the Reins in the wild Hand of Nature, who like a *Phaeton*, drives the fiery Chariot, and sets the World on flame. Yet still the Sovereignty is in the Mind, whene'er it pleases to exert its Force. Perhaps you may not think it worth your while, to take such mighty pains for my Esteem, but that I leave to you.

You see the Price I set upon my Heart,  
Perhaps 'tis dear: But spite of all your Art,  
You'll find on cheaper Terms, we ne'er shall part. }

[*Exit Amanda.*]

*Worthy solus.*

Sure there's Divinity about her; and sh'as dispens'd some portion on't to me. For what but now was the wild Flame of Love, or (to dissect that specious Term) the vile, the gross Desires of Flesh and Blood, is in a moment turn'd to Adoration. The coarser Appetite of Nature's gone, and 'tis, methinks, the Food of Angels I require; how long this Influence may last, Heaven, knows. But in this moment of my Purity, I cou'd on her own terms accept her Heart. Yes, lovely Woman I can accept it. For now 'tis doubly worth my Care. Your Charms are much increas'd, since thus adorn'd. When Truth's extorted from us, then we own the Robe of Virtue is a graceful Habit.

Cou'd Women but our secret Counsels scan,  
Cou'd they but reach the deep Reserves of Man,  
They'd wear it on, that that of Love might last;  
For when they throw off one, we soon the other cast.  
Their Sympathy is such——

The Fate of one, the other scarce can fly;  
They live together, and together die. [Exit.

*Enter Miss and Nurse.*

*Miss.* But is it sure and certain, say you, he's my Lord's own Brother?

*Nurse.* As sure, as he's your lawful Husband.



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*Miss.* I Cod, if I had known that in time, I don't know but I might have kept him: For, between you and I, Nurse, he'd have made a Husband worth two of this I have. But which do you think you shou'd fancy most, Nurse?

*Nurse.* Why, truly, in my poor Fancy, Madam, your first Husband is the prettier Gentleman.

*Miss.* I don't like my Lord's Shapes, Nurse.

*Nurse.* Why, in good truly, as a body may say, he is but a Slam.

*Miss.* What do you think now he puts me in mind of? Don't you remember a long, loose, shambling sort of a Horse my Father call'd *Wasby*?

*Nurse.* As like as two Twin-Brothers.

*Miss.* I Cod, I have thought so a hundred times; Faith I'm tired of him.

*Nurse.* Indeed, Madam, I think you had e'en as good stand to your first Bargain.

*Miss.* O but, Nurse, we han't consider'd the main thing yet. If I leave my Lord, I must leave my Lady too; and when I rattle about the Streets in my Coach, they'll only say, there goes Mistress—— Mistress—— Mistress what? What's this Man's Name, I have married, Nurse?

*Nurse.* 'Squire *Fashion*.

*Miss.* 'Squire *Fashion* is it?—— Well; 'Squire, that's better than nothing: Do you think one cou'd not get him made a Knight, Nurse?

*Nurse.* I don't know but one might, Madam, when the King's in a good Humour.

*Miss.* I Cod, that wou'd do rarely. For then he'd be as good a Man as my Father, you know.

*Nurse.* By'r lady, and that's as good as the best of 'em.

*Miss.* So 'tis, Faith; for then I shall be my Lady, and your Ladyship at every word, that's all I have to care for. Ha, Nurse, but hark you me, one thing more, and then I have done. I'm afraid, if I change my Husband again, I shan't have so much Money to throw about, Nurse.

*Nurse.*

*Nurse.* O, enough's as good as a Feast : Besides, Madam, one don't know, but as much may fall to your share with the younger Brother, as with the elder. For tho' these Lords have a power of Wealth indeed ; yet, as I have heard say, they give it to all their Sluts and their Trulls, who joggle it about in their Coaches, with a Murrain to 'em, whilst poor Madam sits sighing and wishing, and knotting and crying, and has not a spare Half-Crown, to buy her a *Practice of Piety*.

*Miss.* O, but for that, don't deceive your self, *Nurse.* For this I must (*snapping her Fingers*) say for my Lord, and a—— for him ; He's as free as an open House at *Christmas*. For this very Morning he told me, I shou'd have two hundred a Year to buy Pins. Now, *Nurse*, if he gives me two hundred a Year to buy Pins, what do you think he'll give me to buy fine Petticoats ?

*Nurse.* Ah, my Dearest, he deceives thee faully, and he's no better than a Rogue for his pains. These *Londoners* have got a Gibberidge with 'em, would confound a Gypsey. That which they call Pin-money, is to buy their Wives every thing in the varsal World, down to their very Shoe-tyes : Nay, I have heard Folks say, That some Ladies, if they will have Gallants, as they call 'em, are forc'd to find them out of their Pin-money too.

*Miss.* Has he serv'd me so, say ye ?—— Then I'll be his Wife no longer, so that's fixt. Look, here he comes, with all the fine Folks at's heels. I Cod, *Nurse*, these *London Ladies* will laugh till they crack again, to see me slip my Collar, and run away from my Husband. But d'ye hear ? Pray take care of one thing : When the Business comes to break out, be sure you get between me and my Father, for you know his Tricks ; he'll knock me down.

*Nurse.* I'll mind him, ne'er fear, Madam.  
*Enter Lord Foppington, Loveless, Worthy, Amanda, and Berinthia.*

*L. F.* Ladies and Gentlemen, you are all welcome.  
[*To Lov.*] *Loveless*,—— That's my Wife ; prithee do

do me the favour to salute her: And do'tt hear [*aside to him,*] if thou hast a mind to try thy Fortune, to be reveng'd of me, I won't take it ill, stay my Vitals.

*Lov.* You need not fear, Sir, I'm too fond of my own Wife, to have the least Inclination to yours.

[*All salute Miss.*

*L. F. aside.*] I'd give a thousand Paund he wou'd make Love to her, that he may see she has sense enough to prefer me to him, tho his own Wife has not: [*viewing him*—— He's a very beastly Fellow, in my Opinion.

*Miss, aside.*] What a power of fine Men there are in this London? He that kist me first, is a goodly Gentleman, I promise you: Sure those Wives have a rare time on't, that live here always.

*Enter Sir Tun. with Musicians, Dancers, &c.*

*Sir Tun.* Come; come in, good People, come in; come tune your Fiddles, tune your Fiddles.

*To the Hautboys.*] Bag-pipes, make ready there. Come, strike up. [*Sings.*

*For this is Hoyden's Wedding-day,*

*And therefore we keep Holy-day,*

*And come to be merry.*

Ha! there's my Wench, I'faith: Touch and take, I'll warrant her; she'll breed like a tame Rabbit.

*Miss, aside.*] I Cod, I think my Father's gotten drunk before Supper.

*Sir Tun. to L. and W.* Gentlemen, you are welcome. [*saluting A. and B.*] Ladies, by your leave. Ha —— They bill like Turtles. Udslookers, they set my old Blood a-fire; I shall cuckold some body before Morning.

*L. F. to Sir Tun.* Sir, you being Master of the Entertainment; will you desire the Company to sit?

*Sir Tun.* Oons, Sir, —— I'm the happiest Man on this side the Ganges.

*L. F. aside.*] This is a mighty unaccountable old Fellow. [*To Sir T.*] I said, Sir, it would be convenient to ask the Company to sit.

*Sir Tun.* Sit —— With all my Heart: Come, take your places, Ladies, take your places, Gentlemen:

**Come**

Come, sit down, sit down ; a Pox of Ceremony, take  
your places. [They sit, and the Mask begins.

Dialogue between *Cupid* and *Hymen*.

*Cupid.*

1.

**T**HOU Bane to my Empire, thou Spring of Contest,  
Thou Source of all Discord, thou Period to Rest ;  
Instruct me, what Wretches in Bondage can see,  
That the Aim of their Life, is still pointed to thee.

*Hymen.*

2.

Instruct me, thou little impertinent God,  
From whence all thy Subjects have taken the Mode,  
To grow fond of a Change, to whatever it be,  
And I'll tell thee why those wou'd be bound, who are  
free ?

*Chorus.*

For Change, we're for Change, to whatever it be,  
We are neither contented with Freedom, nor Thee.  
Constancy's an empty Sound,  
Heaven, and Earth, and all go round,  
All the Works of Nature move,  
And the Joys of Life and Love  
Are in Variety.

*Cupid.*

3.

Were Love the Reward of a pains-taking Life,  
Had a Husband the Art to be fond of his Wife,  
Were Virtue so plenty, a Wife cou'd afford,  
These very hard Times, to be true to her Lord,  
Some specious account might be given of those,  
Who are ty'd by the Tail, to be led by the Nose.

4.

But since 'tis the Fate, of a Man and his Wife,  
To consume all their Days in Contention and Strife :  
Since whatever the Bounty of Heaven may create her,  
He's morally sure, he shall heartily hate her,  
I think 'twere much wiser to ramble at large,  
And the Volleys of Love on the Herd to discharge.

*Hymen.*

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Hymen.

5.

*Some colour of Reason thy Counsel might bear,  
 Cou'd a Man have no more than his Wife to his share :  
 Or were I a Monarch so cruelly just,  
 To oblige a poor Wife to be true to her Trust ;  
 But I have not pretended, for many Years past,  
 By marrying of People, to make 'em grow chaste.*

6.

*I therefore advise thee to let me go on,  
 Thou'lt find I'm the Strength and Support of thy Throne ;  
 For had'st thou but Eyes, thou wouldst quickly perceive it,  
 How smoothly the Dart  
 Slips into the Heart  
 Of a Woman that's wed,  
 Whilst the shivering Maid  
 Stands trembling, and wishing, but dare not receive it.*

Chorus.

*For Change, &c.*

*The Mask ended, enter Y. Fashion, Coupler, and Bull.*

*Sir Tun.* So, very fine, very fine, I'faith, this is something like a Wedding ; now if Supper were but ready, I'd say a short Grace ; and if I had such a Bedfellow as *Hoyden* to-night—— I'd say as short Prayers.

*Seeing Y. Fash.* How now—— what have we got here ? a Ghost ? Nay, it must be so, for his Flesh and Blood cou'd never have dar'd to appear before me. [*To him.*] Ah Rogue——

*L. F.* Stap my Vitals, *Tam* again ?

*Sir Tun.* My Lord, will you cut his Throat ? Or shall I ?

*L. F.* Leave him to me, Sir, if you please. Prithee, *Tam*, be so ingenuous now, as to tell me what thy Business is here ?

*Y. F.* 'Tis with your Bride.

*L. F.* Thau art the impudent'st Fellow that Nature has yet spawn'd into the World, strike me speechless.

*Y. F.* Why you know my Modesty wou'd have starv'd me ; I sent it a begging to you, and you wou'd not give it a Groat.

*L.*

*Virtue in Danger.*

III

*L. F.* And dost thou expect by an excess of Assurance, to extort a Maintenance fram me?

*Y. F. taking Miss by the Hand.]* I do intend to extort your Mistress from you, and that I hope will prove one.

*L. F.* I ever thaught *Newgate* or *Bedlam* wou'd be his Fartune, and naw his Fate's decided. Prithee, *Loveless*, dost know of ever a Mad-Doctor hard by?

*Y. F.* There's one at your Elbow will cure you presently.

*To Bull.* Prithee, Doctor, take him in hand quickly.

*L. F.* Shall I beg the Favour of you, Sir, to pull your Fingers out of my Wife's Hand?

*Y. F.* His Wife! Look you there; now I hope you are all fatisfy'd he's mad.

*L. F.* Naw is it not passible far me to penetrate what Species of Fally it is thou art driving at.

*Sir Tun.* Here, here, here, let me beat out his Brains, and that will decide all.

*L. F.* No, pray, Sir, hold, we'll destray him presently according to Law.

*Y. F. to Bull.]* Nay, then advance, Doctor; come, you are a Man of Conscience, answer boldly to the Questions I shall ask: Did not you marry me to this young Lady, before ever that Gentleman there saw her Face?

*Bull.* Since the Truth must out, I did.

*Y. F.* Nurse, sweet Nurse, were not you a Witness to it?

*Nurse.* Since my Conscience bids me speak—— I was.

*Y. F. to Miss.]* Madam, am not I your lawful Husband?

*Miss.* Truly I can't tell, but you married me first.

*Y. F.* Now I hope you are all satisfied?

*Sir Tun.* offering to strike him, is held by Lov. and Wor. Oons and Thunder, you lye.

*L. F.* Pray, Sir, be calm, the Battle is in disorder, but requires more Conduct than Courage to rally our Forces. Pray, Dactar, one word with you.

*To*

*To Bull aside.*] Look you, Sir, tho I will not presume to calculate your Notions of Damnation, fram the Description you give us of Hell, yet since there is at least a possibility you may have a Pitchfork thrust in your Backside, methinks it shou'd not be worth your while to risque your Soul in the next World, for the sake of a beggarly younger Brather, who is nat able to make your Bady happy in this.

*Bull.* Alas! my Lord, I have no worldly Ends, I speak the Truth, Heaven knows.

*L. F.* Nay, prithee, never engage Heaven in the matter, for by all I can see, 'tis like to prove a Business for the Devil.

*T. F.* Come, pray Sir, all above-board, no corrupting of Evidences; if you please, this young Lady is my lawful Wife, and I'll justify it in all the Courts of *England*: so your Lordship (who always had a passion for Variety) may go seek a new Mistress if you think fit.

*L. F.* I am struck dumb with his Impudence, and cannot passively tell whether ever I shall speak again, or nat.

*Sir Tun.* Then let me come and examine the Business a little, I'll jerk the Truth out of 'em presently; here, give me my Dog-whip.

*T. F.* Look you, old Gentleman, 'tis in vain to make a noise; if you grow mutinous, I have some Friends within call, have Swords by their sides, above four foot long; therefore be calm, hear the Evidence patiently, and when the Jury have given their Verdict, pass Sentence according to Law: here's honest *Coupler* shall be Foreman, and ask as many questions as he pleases.

*Coup.* All I have to ask is, whether Nurse persists in her Evidence? The Parson, I dare swear, will never flinch from his.

*Nurse, to Sir Tun. kneeling.*] I hope in Heaven your Worship will pardon me, I have serv'd you long and faithfully, but in this thing I was over-reach'd; your Worship however was deceiv'd as well as I, and if the Wedding-Dinner had been ready, you had put Madam to bed with him with your own Hands. Sir

*Sir Tun.* But how durst you do this, without acquainting of me?

*Nurse.* Alas! if your Worship had seen how the poor thing begg'd, and pray'd, and clung, and twin'd about me, like Ivy to an old Wall, you wou'd say, I who had suckled it, and swaddled it, and nurs'd it both wet and dry, must have had a Heart of Adamant to refuse it.

*Sir Tun.* Very well.

*Y. F.* Foreman, I expect your Verdict.

*Coup.* Ladies, and Gentlemen, what's your Opinions?

*All.* A clear Case, a clear Case.

*Coup.* Then my young Folks, I wish you Joy.

*Sir Tun.* to *Y. F.*] Come hither, Stripling, if it be true then, that thou hast marry'd my Daughter, prithee tell me who thou art?

*Y. F.* Sir, the best of my Condition is, I am your Son-in-Law; and the worst of it is, I am Brother to that Noble Peer there.

*Sir Tun.* Art thou Brother to that Noble Peer—— Why, then that Noble Peer, and Thee, and thy Wife, and the Nurse, and the Priest—— may all go and be damn'd together. *[Exit Sir Tun.]*

*L. F. aside.* Now, for my part, I think the wisest thing a Man can do with an aking Heart, is to put on a serene Countenance, for a Philosophical Air is the most becoming thing in the World to the Face of a Person of Quality; I will therefore bear my Disgrace like a Great Man, and let the People see I am above an Affront.

*To Y. F.]* Dear *Tam*, since Things are thus fallen out, prithee give me leave to wish thee Jay, I do it *de bon Cœur*, strike me dumb; you have marry'd a Woman Beautiful in her Person, Charming in her Ayres, Prudent in her Conduct, Constant in her Inclinations, and of a nice Marality, split my Wind-pipe.

*Y. F.* Your Lardship may keep up your Spirits with your Grimace if you please, I shall support mine with this Lady, and two thousand Pound a Year.

*Taking*



114      *The R E L A P S E ; or,*

*Taking Miss.]* Come, Madam :  
 We once again, you see, are Man and Wife,  
 And now, perhaps, the Bargain's struck for Life ;  
 If I mistake, and we shou'd part again,  
 At least you see you may have choice of Men :  
 Nay, shou'd the War at length such Havock make,  
 That Lovers shou'd grow scarce, yet for your sake,  
 Kind Heaven always will preserve a Beau,  
*Pointing to L. Fop.]* You'll find his Lordship ready }  
 (to come to. }  
 L. F. Her Ladyship shall stop my Vitals, if I do.



E P I L O G U E,

Spoken by Lord Foppington.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

**T**H E S E People have regal'd you here to-day  
 (*In my Opinion*) with a saucy Play ;  
 In which the Author does presume to shew,  
 That Coxcomb, ab Origine — was Beau.  
 Truly I think the thing of so much weight,  
 That if some sharp Chastisement ben't his Fate,  
 Gad's Curse it may in time destroy the State. }  
 I hold no one its Friend, I must confess,  
 Who wou'd disauntenance you Men of Dress.  
 Far give me leave to observe, good Clothes are Things  
 Have ever been of great support to Kings ;  
 All Treasons come fram Slovens, it is not  
 Within the reach of gentle Beaux to Plat ;  
 They have no Gall, no Spleen, no Teeth, no Stings,  
 Of all Gad's Creatures, the most harmless Things.

Through

*Through all Recard, no Prince was ever slain,  
 By one who had a Feather in his Brain.  
 They're Men of too refin'd an Education,  
 To squabble with a Court—— for a vile dirty Nation.  
 I'm very pasitive you never saw  
 A through Republican a finisht Beau.  
 Nor truly shall you very often see  
 A Jacobite much better drest than he;  
 In shart, through all the Courts that I have been in,  
 Your Men of Mischief—— still are in faul Linen.  
 Did ever one yet dance the Tyburn Figg,  
 With a free Air, or a well-pawder'd Wigg?  
 Did ever Highway-Man yet bid you stand,  
 With a sweet bawdy Snuff-bax in his Hand?  
 Ar do you ever find they ask your Purse  
 As Men of Breeding do? —— Ladies, Gad's Curse,  
 This Author is a Dag, and 'tis not fit  
 You shou'd allow him ev'n one grain of Wit:  
 To which, that his pretence may ne'er be nam'd,  
 My humble Motion is—— he may be damn'd.*

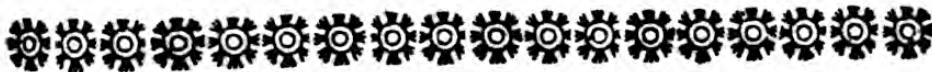






THE  
Provok'd Wife;  
A  
COMEDY;

As it is Acted at the  
Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*.



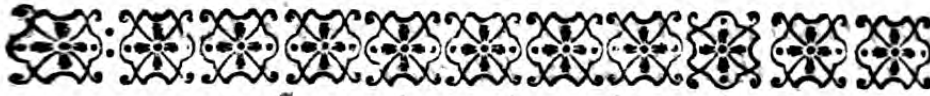
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# PROLOGUE

To the *Provok'd Wife.*

Spoken by *Mrs. Bracegirdle.*

*S*INCE 'tis the Intent and Business of the Stage,  
 To copy out the Follies of the Age ;  
 To hold to every Man a faithful Glass,  
 And shew him of what Species he's an Ass :  
 I hope the next that teaches in the School,  
 Will shew our Author he's a scribbling Fool.  
 And that the Satire may be sure to bite,  
 Kind Heaven ! Inspire some venom'd Priest to write,  
 And grant some ugly Lady may indite. }  
 For I wou'd have him lash'd, by Heavens ! I wou'd,  
 Till his Presumption swam away in Blood.  
 Three Plays at once proclaims a Fate of Brass, }  
 No matter what they are, That's not the Case,  
 To write three Plays, e'en that's to be an Ass. }  
 But what I least forgive, he knows it too,  
 For to his Cost he lately has known you.  
 Experience shews, to many a Writer's smart,  
 You hold a Court where Mercy ne'er had part ;  
 So much of the old Serpent's Sting you have,  
 You love to Damn, as Heav'n delights to Save.  
 In foreign Parts, let a bold Volunteer, }  
 For publick Good, upon the Stage appear,  
 He meets ten thousand Smiles, to dissipate his Fear. }

All

*All tickle on the adventuring young Beginner,  
 And only scourge th' incorrigible Sinner;  
 They touch indeed his Faults, but with a Hand  
 So gentle, that his Merit still may stand:  
 Kindly they buoy the Follies of his Pen,  
 That he may shun 'em when he writes again.  
 But 'tis not so in this good-natur'd Town,  
 All's one, an Ox, a Post, or a Crown;  
 Old England's Play was always knocking down.*



## EPILOGUE.

By another Hand.

Spoken by Lady Brute and Bellinda.

Lady B. **N**O Epilogue!

Bel. I swear I know of none.

Lady. Lord! How shall we excuse it to the Town?

Bel. Why, we must e'en say something of our own.

Lady. Our own! Ay, that must needs be precious stuff.

Bel. I'll lay my Life, they'll like it well enough.

Come, Faith, begin—

Lady. Excuse me, after you.

Bel. Nay, pardon me for that, I know my Cue.

Lady. O for the World, I would not have Precedence.

Bel. O Lord!

Lady. I Swear—

Bel. O Fye!

Lady. I'm all Obedience.

First then, know all, before our Doom is fixt,

The Third Day is for us—

Bel. Nay and the Sixth.

Lady.

## EPILOGUE.

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*Lady.* We speak not from the Poet now, nor is it  
His Cause——(I want a Rhyme)

*Bel.* That we sollicite.

*Lady.* Then sure you cannot have the Hearts to be severe,  
And damn us——

*Bel.* Damn us! Let 'em if they dare.

*Lady.* Why, if they should, what Punishment remains?

*Bel.* Eternal Exile from behind our Scenes.

*Lady.* But if they're kind, that Sentence we'll recall,  
We can be grateful——

*Bel.* And have wherewithal.

*Lady.* But at Grand Treaties hope not to be trusted,  
Before Preliminaries are adjusted.

*Bel.* You know the Time, and we appoint this Place;  
Where, if you please, we'll meet and sign the  
(Peace.



**G**

**Dramatis**



## Dramatis Personæ.

### M E N.

<i>Constant.</i>	<i>Mr. Verbruggen.</i>
<i>Heartfree.</i>	<i>Mr. Hudson.</i>
<i>Sir John Brute.</i>	<i>Mr. Betterton.</i>
<i>Treble, A Singing-Master.</i>	<i>Mr. Bowman.</i>
<i>Rasor, Valet de Chambre to Sir J. B.</i>	<i>Mr. Bowen.</i>
<i>Justice of the Peace.</i>	<i>Mr. Bright.</i>
<i>Lord Rake</i> } <i>Companions to Sir J. B.</i>	
<i>Coll. Bully</i> }	
<i>Constable and Watch.</i>	

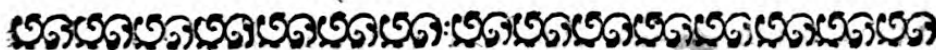
### W O M E N.

<i>Lady Brute.</i>	<i>Mrs. Barry.</i>
<i>Belinda, her Niece.</i>	<i>Mrs. Bracegirdle.</i>
<i>Lady Fancyfull.</i>	<i>Mrs. Bowman.</i>
<i>Madamoiselle.</i>	<i>Mrs. Willis.</i>
<i>Cornet and Pipe, Servants to Lady Fan.</i>	

**T H E**



T H E  
P R O V O K ' D W I F E .



A C T I .

SCENE, *Sir John Brute's House.*

*Enter Sir John, solus.*



H A T cloying Meat is Love—— when Matrimony's the Sauce to it? Two years Marriage has debauch'd my five Senses. Every thing I see, every thing I hear, every thing I feel, every thing I smell, and every thing I taste—— methinks

has Wife in't.

No Boy was ever so weary of his Tutor, no Girl of her Bib, no Nun of doing Penance, or old Maid of being chaste, as I am of being married.

Sure there's a secret Curse entail'd upon the very Name of Wife. My Lady is a young Lady, a fine Lady, a witty Lady, a virtuous Lady —— and yet I hate her. There is but one thing on Earth I loath beyond her: That's Fighting. Would my Courage come

up but to a fourth part of my Ill-Nature, I'd stand buff to her Relations, and thrust her out of doors.

But Marriage has sunk me down to such an Ebb of Resolution, I dare not draw my Sword, tho even to get rid of my Wife. But here she comes.

*Enter Lady Brute.*

L. B. Do you dine at home to-day, Sir *John* ?

Sir *J.* Why, do you expect I should tell you, what I don't know my self ?

L. B. I thought there was no harm in asking you.

Sir *J.* If thinking wrong were an excuse for Impertinence, Women might be justify'd in most things they say or do.

L. B. I'm sorry I've said any thing to displease you.

Sir *J.* Sorrow for things past, is of as little importance to me, as my dining at home or abroad ought to be to you.

L. B. My enquiry was only that I might have provided what you lik'd.

Sir *J.* Six to four you had been in the wrong there again; for what I lik'd yesterday I don't like to-day, and what I like to-day, 'tis odds I mayn't like to-morrow.

L. B. But if I had ask'd you what you lik'd ?

Sir *J.* Why then there would be more asking about it, than the thing is worth.

L. B. I wish I did but know how I might please you.

Sir *J.* Ay, but that sort of Knowledge is not a Wife's Talent.

L. B. Whate'er my Talent is, I'm sure my Will has ever been to make you easy.

Sir *J.* If Women were to have their Wills, the World wou'd be finely govern'd.

L. B. What reason have I given you to use me as you do of late ? It once was otherwise : You married me for Love.

Sir *J.* And you me for Money : So you have your Reward, and I have mine.

+

L.

L. B. What is it that disturbs you?

Sir J. A Parson.

L. B. Why, what has he done to you?

Sir J. He has married me. [Exit Sir John.

*Lady Brute, sola.*

The Devil's in the Fellow, I think—— I was told before I married him, that thus 'twou'd be: But I thought I had Charms enough to govern him; and that wheré there was an Estate, a Woman must needs be happy: so my Vanity has deceiv'd me, and my Ambition has made me uneasy. But some Comfort still; if one would be reveng'd of him, these are good times; a Woman may have a Gallant, and a separate Maintenance too—— The surly Puppy—— yet he's a Fool for't; for hitherto he has been no Monster: But who knows how far he may provoke me? I never lov'd him, yet I have been ever true to him; and that, in spite of all the Attacks of Art and Nature upon a poor weak Woman's Heart, in favour of a tempting Lover.

Methinks so noble a Defence as I have made, shou'd be rewarded with a better Usage—— Or who can tell—— Perhaps a good part of what I suffer from my Husband may be a Judgment upon me for my Cruelty to my Lover—— Lord, with what Pleasure cou'd I indulge that Thought, were there but a possibility of finding Arguments to make it good!—— And how do I know but there may—— Let me see—— What opposes?—— My Matrimonial Vow—— Why, what did I vow? I think I promis'd to be true to my Husband.

Well; and he promis'd to be kind to me.

But he han't kept his Word——

Why then I'm absolv'd from mine—— Ay, that seems clear to me. The Argument's good between the King and the People, why not between the Husband and the Wife? O, but that Condition was not exprest—— No matter, 'twas understood.

Well, by all I see, if I argue the matter a little longer with my self, I shan't find so many Bug-bears in the way,

way, as I thought I shou'd. Lord, what fine Notions of Virtue do we Women take up upon the Credit of old foolish Philosophers! Virtue's its own Reward, Virtue's this, Virtue's that— Virtue's an Afs, and a Gallant's worth forty on't.

*Enter Belinda.*

L. B. Good-morrow, dear Cousin.

*Bel.* Good-morrow, Madam, you look pleas'd this Morning.

L. B. I am so.

*Bel.* With what, pray?

L. B. With my Husband.

*Bel.* Drown Husbands; for yours is a provoking Fellow: As he went out just now, I pray'd him to tell me what time of Day 'twas; and he ask'd me if I took him for the Church-Clock, that was oblig'd to tell all the Parish.

L. B. He has been saying some good obliging things to me too. In short, *Belinda*, he has us'd me so barbarously of late, that I cou'd almost resolve to play the downright Wife—— and cuckold him.

*Bel.* That wou'd be downright indeed.

L. B. Why, after all, there's more to be said for't than you'd imagine, Child. I know, according to the strict Statute Law of Religion, I shou'd do wrong: But if there were a Court of Chancery in Heaven, I'm sure I shou'd cast him.

*Bel.* If there were a House of Lords, you might.

L. B. In either I should infallibly carry my Cause. Why, he is the first Aggressor, not I.

*Bel.* Ay, but you know, we must return Good for Evil.

L. B. That may be a mistake in the Translation—— Prithee be of my opinion, *Belinda*; for I'm positive I'm in the right; and if you'll keep up the Prerogative of a Woman, you'll likewise be positive you are in the right, whenever you do any thing you have a mind to. But I shall play the Fool and jest on, till I make you begin to think I'm in earnest.

*Bel.*

*Bel.* I shan't take the liberty, Madam, to think of any thing that you desire to keep a Secret from me.

*L. B.* Alas, my Dear, I have no Secrets. My Heart cou'd never yet confine my Tongue.

*Bel.* Your Eyes, you mean; for I'm sure I have seen them gadding, when your Tongue has been lockt up safe enough.

*L. B.* My Eyes gadding! Prithee after who, Child?

*Bel.* Why, after one that thinks you hate him, as much as I know you love him.

*L. B.* *Constant*, you mean.

*Bel.* I do so.

*L. B.* Lord, what shou'd put such a thing into your Head?

*Bel.* That which puts things into most Peoples Heads, Observation.

*L. B.* Why what have you observ'd, in the name of wonder?

*Bel.* I have observ'd you blush when you met him; force your self away from him; and then be out of humour with every thing about you: In a word, never was poor Creature so spurr'd on by Desire, and so rein'd in with Fear!

*L. B.* How strong is Fancy!

*Bel.* How weak is Woman!

*L. B.* Prithee, Niece, have a better opinion of your Aunt's Inclination.

*Bel.* Dear Aunt, have a better Opinion of your Niece's Understanding.

*L. B.* You'll make me angry.

*Bel.* You'll make me laugh.

*L. B.* Then you are resolv'd to persist?

*Bel.* Positively.

*L. B.* And all I can say——

*Bel.* Will signify nothing.

*L. B.* Tho I should swear 'twere false——

*Bel.* I shou'd think it true.

*L. B.* Then let us both forgive, [*kissing her*] for we have both offended: I in making a Secret, you in discovering it.

*Bel.* Good-Nature may do much: But you have more reason to forgive one, than I have to pardon r'other.

*L. B.* 'Tis true, *Belinda*, you have given me so many Proofs of your Friendship, that my Reserve has been indeed a Crime: But that you may more easily forgive me, remember, Child, that when our Nature prompts us to a thing our Honour and Religion have forbid us; we wou'd (wer't possible) conceal even from the Soul it self, the knowledge of the Body's Weakness.

*Bel.* Well, I hope, to make your Friend amends, you'll hide nothing from her for the future, tho the Body shou'd still grow weaker and weaker.

*L. B.* No, from this moment I have no more Reserve; and for a proof of my Repentance, I own, *Belinda*, I'm in danger. Merit and Wit assault me from without; Nature and Love sollicit me within; my Husband's barbarous Usage piques me to Revenge; and *Satan* catching at the fair occasion, throws in my way that Vengeance, which of all Vengeance pleases Women best.

*Bel.* 'Tis well *Constant* don't know the Weakness of the Fortifications; for o' my Conscience he'd soon come on to the Assault.

*L. B.* Ay, and I'm afraid carry the Town too. But whatever you may have observ'd, I have dissembled so well as to keep him ignorant. So you see I'm no Coquet, *Belinda*: and if you follow my advice, you'll never be one neither. 'Tis true, Coquetry is one of the main Ingredients in the natural Composition of a Woman, and I, as well as others, cou'd be well enough pleas'd to see a Crowd of young Fellows, ogling, and glancing, and watching all Occasions to do forty foolish officious Things: Nay, shou'd some of 'em push on, even to hanging or drowning: Why—— Faith—— if I shou'd let pure Women alone, I shou'd e'en be but too well pleas'd with't.

*Bel.* I'll swear 'twou'd tickle me strangely.

L. B. But after all, 'tis a vitious Practice in us, to give the least encouragement, but where we design to come to a Conclusion. For 'tis an unreasonable thing to engage a Man in a Disease, which we before-hand resolve we never will apply a Cure to.

Bel. 'Tis true; but then a Woman must abandon one of the supreme Blessings of her Life. For I am fully convinc'd, no Man has half that Pleasure in possessing a Mistress, as a Woman has in jilting a Gallant.

L. B. The happiest Woman then on Earth must be our Neighbour.

Bel. O the impertinent Composition! She has Vanity and Affectation enough to make her a ridiculous Original, in spite of all that Art and Nature ever furnish'd to any of her Sex before her.

L. B. She concludes all Men her Captives; and whatever Course they take, it serves to confirm her in that Opinion.

Bel. If they shun her, she thinks 'tis Modesty, and takes it for a proof of their Passion.

L. B. And if they are rude to her, 'tis Conduct, and done to prevent Town-talk.

Bel. When her Folly makes 'em laugh, she thinks they are pleas'd with her Wit.

L. B. And when her Impertinence makes 'em dull, concludes they are jealous of her Favours.

Bel. All their Actions and their Words, she takes for granted, aim at her.

L. B. And pities all other Women, because she thinks they envy her.

Bel. Pray, out of pity to our selves, let us find a better Subject; for I'm weary of this. Do you think your Husband inclin'd to Jealousy?

L. B. O, no; he does not love me well enough for that.

Lord, how wrong Mens Maxims are! They are seldom jealous of their Wives, unless they are very fond of 'em; whereas they ought to consider the Womens Inclinations, for there depends their Fate.

Well, Men may talk; but they are not so wise as we—— that's certain.



*Bel.* At least in our Affairs.

*L. B.* Nay, I believe we shou'd outdo 'em in the business of the State too : For, methinks, they do and undo, and make but bad Work on't.

*Bel.* Why then don't we get into the Intrigues of Government as well as they ?

*L. B.* Because we have Intrigues of our own, that make us more Sport, Child. And so let's in and consider of 'em. [ *Exeunt.*

### SCENE, *A Dressing-Room.*

*Enter Lady Fancyful, Madamoiselle, and Cornet.*

*L. F.* How do I look this Morning ?

*Cor.* Your Laydship looks very ill truly.

*L. F.* Lard, how ill-natur'd thou art, *Cornet*, to tell me so, tho the thing shou'd be true. Don't you know that I have Humility enough to be but too easily out of Conceit with my self. Hold the Glafs ; I dare swear that will have more manners than you have. *Madamoiselle*, let me have your Opinion too.

*Madam.* My Opinion pe, Matam, dat your Ladyship never look so well in your Life.

*L. F.* Well, the *French* are the prettiest obliging People, they say the most acceptable, well-manner'd things—— and never flatter.

*Madam.* Your Ladyship say great Justice inteed.

*L. F.* Nay, every thing's just in my House but *Cornet*. The very Looking-glass gives her the *Dementi*. But I'm almost afraid it flatters me, it makes me look so very engaging. [ *Looking affectedly in the Glafs.*

*Madam.* Inteed, Matam, your Face pe handsomer den all de Looking-glass in tee World, croyiez moy.

*L. F.* But is it possible my Eyes can be so languishing—— and so very full of Fire ?

*Madam.* Matam, if de Glafs was Burning-glass, I believe your Eyes set de Fire in de House.

*L. F.* You may take that Night-gown, *Madamoiselle* ; get out of the Room, *Cornet* ; I can't endure you. This

*The Provok'd Wife.* 131

This Wench methinks does look so unsufferably ugly.

*Madam.* Every ting look ugly, Matam, dat stand by your Latifhip.

L. F. No really, *Madamoiselle*, methinks you look mighty pretty.

*Madam.* Ah Matam; de Moon have no Eclat, ven de Sun appear.

L. F. O pretty Expression! Have you ever been in Love, *Madamoiselle*?

*Madam.* Ouy, Matam. [sighing.

L. F. And were you belov'd again?

*Madam.* No, Matam. [sighing.

L. F. O ye Gods! What an unfortunate Creature shou'd I be in such a Case! But Nature has made me nice for my own Defence: I'm nice, strangely nice, *Madamoiselle*; I believe were the Merit of whole Mankind bestow'd upon one single Person, I shou'd still think the Fellow wanted something to make it worth my while to take notice of him: and yet I cou'd love; nay fondly love, were it possible to have a thing made on purpose for me: For I'm not cruel, *Madamoiselle*; I'm only nice.

*Madam.* Ah Matam, I wish I was fine Gentleman for your sake. I do all de ting in the World to get leetel way into your Heart. I make Song, I make Verse, I give you de Serenade, I give great many Present to *Madamoiselle*; I no eat, I no sleep, I be lean, I be mad, I hang my self, I drown my self. Ah ma chere Dame, que je vous aimerois. [Embracing her.

L. F. Well, the *French* have strange obliging ways with 'em; you may take those two pair of Gloves, *Madamoiselle*.

*Madam.* Me humbly tanke my sweet Lady.

*Enter Cornet.*

*Cor.* *Madam*, here's a Letter for your Ladyship by the Penny-post.

L. F. Some new Conquest, I'll warrant you. For without Vanity, I look'd extremely clear last Night, when I went to the Park.

O agreeable! Here's a new Song made of me:  
And ready set too. O thou welcome thing! [*kissing it.*]  
Call *Pipe* hither, she shall sing it instantly.

*Enter Pipe.*

Here, sing me this new Song, *Pipe*.

S O N G.

I.

**F**LY, fly, you Happy Shepherds, fly;  
    Avoid *Philira's Charms*;  
The Rigour of her Heart denies  
    The Heaven that's in her Arms.  
Ne'er hope to gaze, and then retire,  
    Nor yielding, to be blest:  
Nature, who form'd her Eyes of Fire,  
    Of Ice compos'd her Breast.

II.

Yet, lovely Maid, this once believe  
    A Slave whose Zeal you move;  
The Gods, alas, your Youth deceive,  
    Their Heav'n consists in Love.  
In spite of all the Thanks you owe,  
    You may reproach 'em this,  
That where they did their Form bestow,  
    They have deny'd their Blifs.

*L. F.* Well there may be Faults, *Madamoiselle*, but the Design is so very obliging, 'twou'd be a matchless Ingratitude in me to discover 'em.

*Madam.* May foy, Matam, I tink de Gentleman's Song tell you de trute. If you never love, you never be happy—— Ah—— que l'aime l'amour moy.

*Enter Servant with another Letter.*

*Serv.* Madam, here's another Letter for your Ladyship.

*L. F.* 'Tis thus I am importun'd every Morning, *Madamoiselle*. Pray how do the French Ladies when they are thus Accablees?  
*Madam.*

*Madam.* Matam, dey never complain. Au contraire, When one *Frense* Laty have got hundred Lover—— Den she do all she can—— to get a hundred more.

*L. F.* Well, strike me dead, I think they have le Gout bon. For 'tis an unutterable pleasure to be ador'd by all the Men, and envy'd by all the Women—— Yet I'll swear I'm concern'd at the Torture I give 'em. Lard, why was I form'd to make the whole Creation uneasy? But let me read my Letter. [Reads.]

“ If you have a mind to hear of your Faults, in-  
“ stead of being prais'd for your Virtues, take the  
“ pains to walk in the Green-walk in *St. James's* with  
“ your Women an hour hence. You'll there meet  
“ one, who hates you for some things, as he cou'd  
“ love you for others, and therefore is willing to en-  
“ deavour your Reformation—— If you come to  
“ the Place I mention, you'll know who I am; if you  
“ don't, you never shall: so take your Choice.

This is strangely familiar, *Madamoiselle*; now have I a provoking Fancy to know who this impudent Fellow is.

*Madam.* Den take your Scarf and your Mask, and go to de Rendezvous. De *Frense* Laty do justement comme ça.

*L. F.* Rendezvous! What, rendezvous with a Man, *Madamoiselle*.

*Madam.* Eh, pourquoi non?

*L. F.* What, and a Man perhaps I never saw in my Life.

*Madam.* Tant mieux: c'est donc quelque chose de nouveau.

*L. F.* Why, how do I know what Designs he may have? He may intend to ravish me, for ought I know.

*Madam.* Ravish?—— Bagatelle. I would fain see one impudent Rogue ravish *Madamoiselle*; Ouy, je le voudrois.

L. F. O but my Reputation, *Mademoiselle*, my Reputation; ah ma chere Reputation.

*Madam.* Matam——— Quand on l' a une fois perdue——— On n'en est plus embarassée.

L. F. Fe *Mademoiselle*, Fe: Reputation is a Jewel.

*Madam.* Qui coute bien chere, Matam.

L. F. Why sure you would not sacrifice your Honour to your Pleasure?

*Madam.* Je suis Philosophe.

L. F. Bless me, how you talk! Why, what if Honour be a Burden, *Mademoiselle*, must it not be borne?

*Madam.* Chaqu'un a sa façon——— Quand quelque chose m' incommode moy——— je m'en defais, Vite.

L. F. Get you gone, you little naughty *Frenchwoman* you, I vow and swear I must turn you out of doors, if you talk thus.

*Madam.* Turn me out of doors!——— turn your self out of doors, and go see what de Gentleman have to say to you——— Tenez. Voila [*giving her her things hastily.*] vostre Escharpe, voila vostre Quoitte, voila vostre Masque, voila tout.

Hey, Mercure, Coquin; Call one Chiar for Matam, and one oder [*calling within*] for me: Va t'en vite.

[*Turning to her Lady, and helping her on hastily with her Things.*]

Alons, Matam; depechez vous donc. Mon Dieu, quelles Scrupules.

L. F. Well for once, *Mademoiselle*, I'll follow your Advice, out of the intemperate Desire I have to know who this ill-bred Fellow is. But I have too much Delicatsse, to make a Practice on't.

*Madam.* Belle chose vraiment que la Delicatsse, lors qu'il s'agit de se divertir—— a ça—— Vous voila equipée partons.

——— He bien? ——— qu' avez vous donc?

L. F. J'ay peur.

*Madam.* Je n'en ay point moy.

L. F. I dare not go.

*Madam.* Demeurez donc.

L. F. Je suis poltrone.

*Madam.* Tant pis pour vous.

L. F. Curiosity's a wicked Devil.

*Madam.* C'est une charmante Sainte.

L. F. It ruin'd our first Parents.

*Madam.* Elle a bien diverti leurs Enfants.

L. F. L'Honneur est contre.

*Madam.* Le Plaisir est pour.

L. F. Must I then go?

*Madam.* Must you go?— must you eat, must you drink, must you sleep, must you live? De Nature bid you do one, de Nature bid you do toder. Vous me ferez enrager.

L. F. But when Reason corrects Nature, *Mademoiselle*—

*Madam.* Elle est donc bien insolente, c'est sa Sœur aisnee.

L. F. Do you then prefer your Nature to your Reason, *Mademoiselle*?

*Madam.* Ouy da.

L. F. Pourquoi?

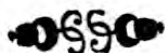
*Madam.* Because my Nature make me merry, my Reason make me mad.

L. F. Ah la mechante Françoise.

*Madam.* Ah la belle Angloise.

[Forcing her Lady off.]

*The End of the First Act.*



A C T



## ACT II.

## SCENE, St. James's Park.

*Enter Lady Fancyful and Madamoifelle.*

*Lady Fan.* WELL, I vow, Madamoifelle, I'm strangely impatient to know who this confident Fellow is.

*Enter Heartfree.*

*Look,* there's *Heartfree*. But sure it can't be him ; he's a profess'd Woman-hater. Yet who knows what my wicked Dyes may have done ?

*Madam.* Il nous approche, Madam.

*Lady Fan.* Yes, 'tis he : now will he be most intolerably Cavalier, tho he should be in love with me.

*Heartf.* Madam, I'm your humble Servant ; I perceive you have more Humility and Good-Nature than I thought you had.

*Lady Fan.* What you attribute to Humility and Good-Nature, Sir, may perhaps be only due to Curiosity. I had a mind to know who 'twas had ill Manners enough to write that Letter. *[Throwing him his Letter.*

*Heartf.* Well, and now I hope you are satisfy'd.

*Lady Fan.* I am so, Sir ; Good-b'w'y t'ye.

*Heartf.* Nay, hold there ; tho you have done your Business, I han't done mine : By your Ladyship's leave, we must have one moment's Prattle together. Have you a mind to be the prettiest Woman about Town, or not ? How she stares upon me ! What ! this passes for an impertinent Question with you now, because you think you are so already.

*Lady Fan.* Pray, Sir, let me ask you a Question in my Turn : By what Right do you pretend to examine me ?

*Heartf.*

*Heartf.* By the same Right that the Strong govern the Weak, because I have you in my power ; for you cannot get so quickly to your Coach, but I shall have time enough to make you hear every thing I have to say to you.

*Lady Fan.* These are strange Liberties you take, Mr. *Heartfree.*

*Heartf.* They are so, Madam, but there's no help for it ; for know that I have a Design upon you.

*Lady Fan.* Upon me, Sir !

*Heartf.* Yes ; and one that will turn to your Glory, and my Comfort, if you will but be a little wiser than you use to be.

*Lady Fan.* Very well, Sir.

*Heartf.* Let me see——Your Vanity, Madam, I take to be about some eight Degrees higher than any Woman's in the Town, let t'other be who she will ; and my Indifference is naturally about the same pitch. Now could you find the way to turn this Indifference into Fire and Flames, methinks your Vanity ought to be satisfy'd ; and this, perhaps, you might bring about upon pretty reasonable Terms.

*L. Fancy.* And pray at what rate would this Indifference be bought off, if one should have so depraved an Appetite to desire it ?

*Heartf.* Why, Madam, to drive a Quaker's Bargain, and make but one word with you, if I do part with it——you must lay me down——your Affectation.

*Lady Fan.* My Affectation, Sir !

*Heartf.* Why, I ask you nothing but what you may very well spare.

*Lady Fan.* You grow rude, Sir. Come, Madamoi-selle, 'tis high time to be gone.

*Madam.* Alons, alons, alons.

*Heartf.* [*stopping them.*] Nay, you may as well stand still ; for hear me you shall, walk which way you please.

*Lady Fan.* What mean you, Sir ?

*Heartf.* I mean to tell you, that you are the most ungrateful Woman upon Earth.

*Lady Fan.* Ungrateful ! To who ?

*Heartf.*



*Heartf.* To Nature.

*Lady Fan.* Why, what has Nature done for me ?

*Heartf.* What you have undone by Art : It made you handsome ; it gave you Beauty to a miracle, a Shape without a Fault, Wit enough to make them relish, and so turn'd you loose to your own Discretion ; which has made such work with you, that you are become the Pity of our Sex, and the Jest of your own. There is not a Feature in your Face, but you have found the way to teach it some affected Convulsion ; your Feet, your Hands, your very Fingers Ends are directed never to move without some ridiculous Air or other ; and your Language is a sutable Trumpet, to draw Peoples Eyes upon the Raree-show.

*Madam.* [*aside.*] Est ce qu'on fais l'amour en Angleterre comme ça.

*Lady Fan.* [*aside.*] Now cou'd I cry for Madness, but that I know he'd laugh at me for it.

*Heartf.* Now do you hate me for telling you the Truth, but that's because you don't believe it is so ; for were you once convinc'd of that, you'd reform for your own sake. But 'tis as hard to persuade a Woman to quit any thing that makes her ridiculous, as 'tis to prevail with a Poet to see a Fault in his own Play.

*Lady Fan.* Every Circumstance of nice Breeding must needs appear ridiculous to one who has so natural an Antipathy to Good-Manners.

*Heartf.* But suppose I could find the means to convince you, that the whole World is of my Opinion, and that those who flatter and commend you, do it to no other intent, but to make you persevere in your Folly, that they may continue in their Mirth.

*Lady Fan.* Sir, tho you and all that World you talk of, shou'd be so impertinently officious, as to think to persuade me I don't know how to behave my self ; I shou'd still have Charity enough for my own Understanding, to believe my self in the right, and all you in the wrong.

*Madam.* Le voila mort.

[*Exeunt Lady Fanciful  
and Mademoiselle.*]

*Heartf.*

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*Heartf.* gazing after her.) There her single Clapper has publish'd the Sense of the whole Sex.

Well, this once I have endeavour'd to wash the Black-moor white; but henceforward I'll sooner undertake to teach Sincerity to a Courtier, Generosity to an Usurer, Honesty to a Lawyer, nay, Humility to a Divine, than Discretion to a Woman I see has once set her Heart upon playing the Fool.

*Enter Constant.*

Morrow, *Constant.*

*Const.* Good-morrow, *Jack*: what are you doing here this Morning?

*Heartf.* Doing! guess if thou canst.

Why I have been endeavouring to persuade my Lady *Fancyful*, that she's the foolishest Woman about Town.

*Const.* A pretty Endeavour truly.

*Heartf.* I have told her in as plain English as I could speak, both what the Town says of her, and what I think of her. In short, I have us'd her as an absolute King would do *Magna Charta*.

*Const.* And how does she take it?

*Heartf.* As Children do Pills; bite them, but can't swallow them.

*Const.* But, prithee, what has put it into your Head, of all Mankind, to turn Reformer?

*Heartf.* Why, one thing was, the Morning hung upon my Hands, I did not know what to do with my self; and another was, that as little as I care for Women, I cou'd not see with patience one that Heaven had taken such wondrous pains about, be so very industrious to make her self the Jack-Pudding of the Creation.

*Const.* Well, now could I almost wish to see my cruel Mistress make the self-same use of what Heaven has done for her, that so I might be cur'd of a Disease that makes me so very uneasy; for Love, Love is the Devil, *Heartfree*.

*Heartf.* And why do you let the Devil govern you?

*Const.* Because I have more Flesh and Blood than Grace and Self-denial. My dear, dear Mistress, 'dsdeath! that so genteel a Woman should be a Saint, when Religion's out of fashion!

*Heartf.*

*Heartf.* Nay, she's much in the wrong truly ; but who knows how far Time and good Example may prevail ?

*Const.* O ! they have plaid their Parts in vain already : 'Tis now two Years since that damned Fellow her Husband invited me to his Wedding : and there was the first time I saw that charming Woman, whom I have lov'd ever since, more than e'er a Martyr did his Soul ; but she is cold, my Friend, still cold as the Northern Star.

*Heartf.* So are all Women by Nature, which makes them so willing to be warm'd.

*Const.* O don't profane the Sex, prithee think them all Angels for her sake, for she's virtuous even to a Fault.

*Heartf.* A Lover's Head is a good accountable thing truly ; he adores his Mistress for being virtuous, and yet is very angry with her because she won't be lewd.

*Const.* Well, the only Relief I expect in my Misery, is to see thee some day or other as deeply engag'd as my self, which will force me to be merry in the midst of all my Misfortunes.

*Heartf.* That Day will never come, be assur'd, *Ned* : Not but that I can pass a night with a Woman, and for the time, perhaps, make my self as good Sport as you can do. Nay, I can court a Woman too, call her Nymph, Angel, Goddess, what you please : but here's the Difference 'twixt you and I ; I persuade a Woman she's an Angel, and she persuades you she's one.

Prithee let me tell you how I avoid falling in love ; that which serves me for Prevention, may chance to serve you for a Cure.

*Const.* Well, use the Ladies moderately then, and I'll hear you.

*Heartf.* That using them moderately undoes us all ; but I'll use them justly, and that you ought to be satisfied with.

I always consider a Woman, not as the Taylor, the Shoemaker, the Tire-woman, the Sempstrefs, and (which is more than all that) the Poet makes her ; but I consider her as pure Nature has contriv'd her, and that more strictly than I should have done our old Grandmother *Eve*,  
had

had I seen her naked in the Garden ; for I consider her turn'd inside out. Her Heart well-examin'd, I find there Pride, Vanity, Covetousness, Indiscretion, but above all things Malice ; Plots eternally a forging, to destroy one another's Reputations, and as honestly to charge the Levity of Mens Tongues with the Scandal ; hourly Debates how to make poor Gentlemen in love with them, with no other intent but to use them like Dogs when they have done ; a constant Desire of doing more Mischief, and an everlasting War wag'd against Truth and Good-Nature.

*Const.* Very well, Sir ; an admirable Composition truly !

*Heartf.* Then for her Outside, I consider it merely as an Outside ; she has a thin Tiffany Covering, over just such stuff as you and I are made on.

As for her Motion, her Mien, her Airs, and all those Tricks, I know they affect you mightily. If you should see your Mistress at a Coronation dragging her Peacock's Train, with all her State and Insolence about her, 'twou'd strike you with all the awful Thoughts that Heaven it self could pretend to from you ; whereas I turn the whole matter into a Jest, and suppose her strutting in the self-same stately manner, with nothing on her but her Stays, and her under scanty quilted Petticoat.

*Const.* Hold thy profane Tongue, for I'll hear no more.

*Heartf.* What, you'll love on then ?

*Const.* Yes, to Eternity.

*Heartf.* Yet you have no hopes at all.

*Const.* None.

*Heartf.* Nay, the Resolution may be discreet enough ; perhaps you have found out some new Philosophy, That Love's like Virtue, its own Reward : So you and your Mistress will be as well content at a distance, as others that have less Learning are in coming together.

*Const.* No ; but if she should prove kind at last, my dear *Heartfree*.

[*Embracing him.*]

*Heartf.* Nay, prithee don't take me for your Mistress, for Lovers are very troublesome.

*Const.*

*Const.* Well, who knows what Time may do ?

*Heartf.* And just now, he was sure Time could do nothing.

*Const.* Yet not one kind Glance in two Years, is somewhat strange.

*Heartf.* Not strange at all ; she don't like you, that's all the Business.

*Const.* Prithee, don't distract me.

*Heartf.* Nay, you are a good handsome young Fellow, she might use you better : Come, will you go see her ? Perhaps she may have chang'd her Mind ; there's some Hopes as long as she's a Woman.

*Const.* O, 'tis in vain to visit her : Sometimes to get a sight of her, I visit that Beast her Husband, but she certainly finds some Pretence to quit the Room as soon as I enter.

*Heartf.* It's much she don't tell him you have made Love to her too, for that's another good-natur'd thing usual amongst Women, in which they have several Ends.

Sometimes 'tis to recommend their Virtue, that they may be lewd with the greater Security.

Sometimes 'tis to make their Husbands fight, in hopes they may be kill'd when their Affairs require it should be so : but most commonly 'tis to engage two Men in a Quarrel, that they may have the Credit of being fought for ; and if the Lover's kill'd in the Business, they cry, *Poor Fellow, he had ill Luck*——and so they go to Cards.

*Const.* Thy Injuries to Women are not to be forgiven. Look to't, if ever thou dost fall into their hands——

*Heartf.* They can't use me worse than they do you, that speak well of 'em.

O ho ! here comes the Knight.

*Enter Sir John Brute.*

*Heartf.* Your humble Servant, Sir *John*.

*Sir John.* Servant, Sir.

*Heartf.* How does all your Family ?

*Sir John.* Pox o' my Family !

*Const.* How does your Lady ? I han't seen her abroad a good while.

Sir

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*Sir John.* Do! I don't know how she does, not I; she was well enough yesterday: I han't been at home to-night.

*Const.* What, were you out of Town?

*Sir John.* Out of Town! no, I was drinking.

*Const.* You are a true *Englishman*; don't know your own Happiness. If I were married to such a Woman, I would not be from her a Night for all the Wine in *France*.

*Sir John.* Not from her!—— Oons——what a time should a Man have of that!

*Heartf.* Why, there's no Division, I hope.

*Sir John.* No; but there's a Conjunction, and that's worse; a Pox of the Parson——Why the Plague don't you two marry? I fancy I look like the Devil to you.

*Heartf.* Why, you don't think you have Horns, do you?

*Sir John.* No, I believe my Wife's Religion will keep her honest.

*Heartf.* And what will make her keep her Religion?

*Sir John.* Persecution; and therefore she shall have it.

*Heartf.* Have a care, Knight, Women are tender things.

*Sir John.* And yet, methinks, 'tis a hard matter to break their Hearts.

*Const.* Fy, fy; you have one of the best Wives in the World, and yet you seem the most uneasy Husband.

*Sir John.* Best Wives!——the Woman's well enough, she has no Vice that I know of, but she's a Wife, and——damn a Wife; if I were married to a Hogshead of Claret, Matrimony would make me hate it.

*Heartf.* Why did you marry then? you were old enough to know your own Mind.

*Sir John.* Why did I marry? I married because I had a mind to lie with her, and she would not let me.

*Heartf.* Why did you not ravish her?

*Sir John.* Yes, and so have hedg'd my self into forty Quarrels with her Relations, besides buying my Pardon: But more than all that, you must know, I was afraid of being damn'd in those days; for I kept sneaking cowardly

ardly Company, Fellows that went to Church, said Grace to their Meat, and had not the least Tincture of Quality about them.

*Heartf.* But I think you have got into a better Gang now.

*Sir John.* Zoons, Sir, my Lord *Rake* and I are Hand and Glove, I believe we may get our Bones broke together to-night; have you a mind to share a Frolick?

*Const.* Not I, truly; my Talent lies to softer Exercises.

*Sir John.* What, a Down-Bed and a Strumpet? A pox of Venery, I say.

Will you come and drink with me this Afternoon?

*Const.* I can't drink to-day, but we'll come and sit an hour with you if you will.

*Sir John.* Phugh, Pox, sit an hour!

Why can't you drink?

*Const.* Because I'm to see my Mistress.

*Sir John.* Who's that?

*Const.* Why, do you use to tell?

*Sir John.* Yes.

*Const.* So won't I.

*Sir John.* Why?

*Const.* Because 'tis a Secret.

*Sir John.* Would my Wife knew it, 'twou'd be no Secret long.

*Const.* Why, do you think she can't keep a Secret?

*Sir John.* No more than she can keep *Lent*.

*Heartf.* Prithce tell it her to try, *Constant*.

*Sir John.* No, prithce, don't, that I mayn't be plagu'd with it.

*Const.* I'll hold you a Guinea you don't make her tell it you.

*Sir John.* I'll hold you a Guinea I do.

*Const.* Which way?

*Sir John.* Why, I'll beg her not to tell it me.

*Heartf.* Nay, if any thing does it, that will.

*Const.* But do you think, Sir——

*Sir John.* Oons, Sir, I think a Woman and a Secret are the two impertinentest Themes in the Universe: Therefore

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Therefore pray let's hear no more of my Wife nor your Mistress. Damn 'em both with all my heart, and every thing else that daggles a Petticoat, except four generous Whores, with *Betty Sands* at the head of 'em, who are drunk with my Lord *Rake* and I ten times in a Fortnight. [Exit Sir John.

*Const.* Here's a dainty Fellow for you! And the veriest Coward too. But his Usage of his Wife makes me ready to stab the Villain.

*Heartf.* Lovers are short-sighted: All their Senses run into that of Feeling. This Proceeding of his is the only thing on Earth can make your Fortune. If any thing can prevail with her to accept of a Gallant, 'tis his ill Usage of her; for Women will do more for Revenge than they'll do for the Gospel.

Prithee take heart, I have great hopes for you; and since I can't bring you quite off of her, I'll endeavour to bring you quite on: for a whining Lover is the damnd'st Companion upon Earth.

*Const.* My dear Friend, flatter me a little more with these Hopes; for whilst they prevail, I have Heaven within me, and could melt with Joy.

*Heartf.* Pray no melting yet: let things go farther first. This Afternoon perhaps we shall make some advance. In the mean while, let's go dine at *Locket's*, and let Hope get you a Stomach. [Exeunt.

SCENE, *Lady Fancyful's House.*

*Enter Lady Fancyful, and Madamoiselle.*

*L. F.* Did you ever see any thing so importune, *Madamoiselle*?

*Madam.* Inteed, Matam, to say de trute, he wanted leetel Good-breeding.

*L. F.* Good-breeding! He wants to be caned, *Madamoiselle*: an insolent Fellow!

And yet let me expose my Weakness, 'tis the only Man on Earth I cou'd resolve to dispense my Favours on, were he but a fine Gentleman. Well; did Men but

H

know



know how deep an Impression a fine Gentleman makes in a Lady's Heart, they wou'd reduce all their Studies to that of Good-breeding alone.

*Enter Cornet.*

*Cor.* Madam, here's Mr. *Treble*. He has brought home the Verses your Ladyship made, and gave him to set.

*L. F.* O let him come in by all means.

Now, *Mademoiselle*, am I going to be unspeakably happy.

*Enter Treble.*

So, Mr. *Treble*, you have set my little Dialogue?

*Treb.* Yes, Madam, and I hope your Ladyship will be pleas'd with it.

*L. F.* O, no doubt on't; for really Mr. *Treble*, you set all things to a wonder: But your Musick is in particular heavenly, when you have my Words to clothe in't.

*Treb.* Your Words themselves, Madam, have so much Musick in 'em, they inspire me.

*L. F.* Nay, now you make me blush, Mr. *Treble*; but pray let's hear what you have done.

*Treb.* You shall, Madam.

A SONG, to be sung between a Man and a Woman.

*M.* **A**H Lovely Nymph, the World's on fire;  
Veil, veil those cruel Eyes:

*W.* The World may then in Flames expire,  
And boast that so it dies.

*M.* But when all Mortals are destroy'd,  
Who then shall sing your Praise?

*W.* Those who are fit to be employ'd:  
The Gods shall Altars raise.

*Treb.* How does your Ladyship like it, Madam?

*L. F.* Rapture, Rapture, Mr. *Treble*, I'm all Rapture.  
O Wit and Art, what Power have you, when join'd! I  
must needs tell you the Birth of this little Dialogue, Mr.  
*Treble.* Its Father was a Dream, and its Mother was  
the

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the Moon. I dreamt that by an unanimous Vote, I was chosen Queen of that pale World: And that the first time I appear'd upon my Throne—— all my Subjects fell in love with me. Just then I wak'd, and seeing Pen, Ink, and Paper lie idle upon the Table, I slid into my Morning-Gown, and writ this *in promptu*.

*Treb.* So I guess the Dialogue, Madam, is suppos'd to be between your Majesty, and your first Minister of State.

*L. F.* Just: He as Minister advises me to trouble my head about the Welfare of my Subjects; which I as Sovereign find a very impertinent Proposal. But is the Town so dull, Mr. *Treble*, it affords us never another new Song?

*Treb.* Madam, I have one in my Pocket, came out but yesterday, if your Ladyship pleases to let Mr. *Pipe* sing it.

*L. F.* By all means. Here, *Pipe*, make what Musick you can of this Song here.

S O N G.

I.

**N**OT an Angel dwells above  
Half so fair as her I love,  
Heaven knows how she'll receive me:  
If she smiles, I'm blest indeed;  
If she frowns, I'm quickly freed;  
Heaven knows she ne'er can grieve me.

II.

None can love her more than I,  
Yet she ne'er shall make me die.  
If my Flame can never warm her;  
Lasting Beauty I'll adore,  
I shall never love her more,  
Cruelty will so deform her.

*L. F.* Very well: This is *Heartfree's* Poetry without question.

*Treb.* Won't your Ladyship please to sing your self this Morning?

*L. F.* O Lord, Mr. *Treble*, my Cold is still so barbarous to refuse me that Pleasure: He, he, hem.

*Treb.* I'm very sorry for it, Madam: Methinks all Mankind shou'd turn Physicians for the Cure on't.

*L. F.* Why truly, to give Mankind their due, there's few that know me, but have offer'd their Remedy.

*Treb.* They have reason, Madam; for I know no body sings so near a Cherubim as your Ladyship

*L. F.* What I do, I owe chiefly to your Skill and Care, Mr. *Treble*. People do flatter me indeed that I have a Voice, and a *Je-ne-sçai-quoy* in the Conduct of it, that will make Musick of any thing. And truly I begin to believe so, since what happen'd t'other night: Wou'd you think it, Mr. *Treble*? -walking pretty late in the Park (for I often walk late in the Park, Mr. *Treble*) a Whim took me to sing *Chevy-Chace*, and wou'd you believe it? Next Morning I had three Copies of Verses, and six Billet-doux at my Levee upon it.

*Treb.* And without all dispute you deserv'd as many more, Madam. Are there any further Commands for your Ladyship's humble Servant?

*L. F.* Nothing more at this time, Mr. *Treble*. But I shall expect you here every Morning for this Month, to sing my little matter there to me. I'll reward you for your pains.

*Treb.* O Lord, Madam—— —

*L. F.* Good-morrow, sweet Mr. *Treble*.

*Treb.* Your Ladyship's most obedient Servant.

[*Exit Treb.*]

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Will your Ladyship please to dine yet?

*L. F.* Yes, let 'em serve. [Exit Servant.]

Sure this *Heartfree* has bewitch'd me *Madamoiselle*. You can't imagine how oddly he mixt himself in my thoughts during my Rapture e'en now. I vow 'tis a thousand pities he is not more polish'd: Don't you think so?

*Madam.*

*Madam.* Matam, I tink it so great pity, dat if I was in your Ladiship place, I take him home in my House, I lock him up in my Closet, and I never let him go till I teach him every ting dat fine Laty expect from fine Gentleman.

*L. F.* Why truly I believe I shou'd soon subdue his Brutality; for without doubt, he has a strange Penchant to grow fond of me, in spite of his Aversion to the Sex, else he wou'd ne'er have taken so much pains about me. Lord, how proud wou'd some poor Creatures be of such a Conquest? But I alas, I don't know how to receive as a Favour, what I take to be so infinitely my due. But what shall I do to new-mould him, *Mademoiselle*? for till then he's my utter aversion.

*Madam.* Matam, you must laugh at him in all de place dat you meet him, and turn into de redicule all he say and all he do.

*L. F.* Why truly, Satire has ever been of wondrous use to reform Ill-manners. Besides, 'tis my particular Talent to ridicule Folks. I can be severe, strangely severe, when I will, *Mademoiselle*—— Give me the Pen and Ink—— I find my self whimsical—— I'll write to him.

—— Or I'll let it alone, and be severe upon him that way. [*Sitting down to write, Rising up again.*]

—— Yet Active Severity is better than Passive. [*Sitting down.*]

—— 'Tis as good let it alone too; for every Lash I give him, perhaps he'll take for a Favour. [*Rising.*]

—— Yet 'tis a thousand pities so much Satire shou'd be lost. [*Sitting.*]

—— But if it shou'd have a wrong effect upon him, 'twou'd distract me. [*Rising.*]

—— Well, I must write tho, after all. [*Sitting.*]

—— Or I'll let it alone, which is the same thing. [*Rising.*]

*Madam.* La voila determinee.

The End of the Second Act.



## A C T III.

SCENE opens. *Sir John, Lady Brute, and Belinda rising from the Table.*

Sir J. **H**ERE; take away the things; I expect Company. But first bring me a Pipe; I'll sinoak. [To a Servant.]

La. B. Lord, Sir *John*, I wonder you won't leave that nasty Custom.

Sir J. Prithce don't be impertinent.

Bel. to Lady B. I wonder who those are he expects this Afternoon?

La. B. I'd give the World to know: Perhaps 'tis *Constant*, he comes here sometimes; if it does prove him, I'm resolved I'll share the Visit.

Bel. We'll send for our Work and sit here.

La. B. He'll choak us with his Tobacco.

Bel. Nothing will choak us when we are doing what we have a mind to. *Lovewell!*

*Enter Lovewell.*

*Lov.* Madam.

La. B. Here; bring my Cousin's Work and mine hither. [Exit Lovew. and re-enters with their Work.]

Sir J. Whu, Pox, can't you work somewhere else?

La. B. We shall be careful not to disturb you, Sir.

Bel. Your Pipe will make you too thoughtful, Uncle, if you were left alone; our Prittle-prattle will cure your Spleen.

Sir J. Will it so, Mrs. Pert? Now I believe it will so increase it, [Sitting and smoking.]

I shall take my own House for a Paper-mill.

La. B. to Bel. *aside.*] Don't let's mind him; let him say what he will.

Sir

Sir J. A Woman's Tongue a Cure for the Spleen—  
 Oons——*aside.*] If a Man had got the Head-ack,  
 they'd be for applying the same Remedy.

La. B. You have done a great deal, *Belinda*, since  
 yesterday.

*Bel.* Yes, I have work'd very hard; how do you like  
 it?

La. B. O, 'tis the prettiest Fringe in the World.  
 Well, Cousin, you have the happiest Fancy. Prithce  
 advise me about altering my Crimson Petticoat.

Sir J. A Pox o' your Petticoat; here's such a Prating,  
 a Man can't digest his own Thoughts for you.

La. B. Don't answer him. [*Aside.*  
 Well, what do you advise me?

*Bel.* Why really I would not alter it at all.  
 Methinks 'tis very pretty as it is.

La. B. Ay, that's true: But you know one grows  
 weary of the prettiest things in the World, when one  
 has had 'em long.

Sir J. Yes, I have taught her that.

*Bel.* Shall we provoke him a little?

La. B. With all my heart.

*Belinda*, Don't you long to be marry'd?

*Bel.* Why, there are some things in it I could like  
 well enough.

La. B. What do you think you shou'd dislike?

*Bel.* My Husband, a hundred to one else.

La. B. O ye wicked Wretch! Sure you don't speak  
 as you think.

*Bel.* Yes, I do: especially if he smoak'd Tobacco.

[*He looks earnestly at 'em.*

La. B. Why that many times takes off worse Smells.

*Bel.* Then he must smell very ill indeed.

La. B. So some Men will, to keep their Wives from  
 coming near 'em.

*Bel.* Then those Wives should cucko'd 'em at a dis-  
 tance.

[*He rises in a fury, throws his Pipe at 'em, and drives  
 'em out. As they run off, Constant and Heartfree  
 enter. Lady Brute runs against Constant.*

Sir J. Oons, get you gone up Stairs, you confederating Strumpet you, or I'll cuckold you with a vengeance.

La. B. O Lord, he'll beat us, he'll beat us. Dear, dear Mr. *Constant*, save us. [Exeunt.

Sir J. I'll cuckold you, with a Pox.

*Const.* Heav'ns! Sir *John*, what's the matter?

Sir J. Sure, if Women had been ready created, the Devil, instead of being kick'd down into Hell, had been marry'd.

*Heartf.* Why, what new Plague have you found now?

Sir J. Why these two Gentlewomen did but hear me say, I expected you here this Afternoon; upon which, they presently resolv'd to take up the Room, o' purpose to plague me and my Friends.

*Const.* Was that all? Why, we shou'd have been glad of their Company.

Sir J. Then I should have been weary of yours: For I can't relish both together. They found fault with my smoaking Tobacco too; and said, Men stunk. But I have a good mind ——— to say something.

*Const.* No, nothing against the Ladies, pray.

Sir J. Split the Ladies. Come, will you sit down? Give us some Wine, Fellow: You won't smoak?

*Const.* No, nor drink neither at this time, I must ask your pardon.

Sir J. What this Mistress of yours runs in your head; I'll warrant it's some such squeamish Minx as my Wife, that's grown so dainty of late, she finds fault even with a dirty Shirt.

*Heartf.* That a Woman may do, and not be very dainty neither.

Sir J. Pox o' the Women; let's drink. Come, you shall take one Glass, tho I send for a Box of Lozenges to sweeten your Mouth after it.

*Const.* Nay, if one Glass will satisfy you, I'll drink it, without putting you to that Expence.

Sir J. Why that's honest. Fill some Wine, Sirrah :  
So, here's to you, Gentlemen—— A Wife's the De-  
vil. To your being both married. [*They drink.*]

*Heartf.* O your most humble Servant, Sir.

Sir J. Well, how do you like my Wine?

*Const.* 'Tis very good indeed.

*Heartf.* 'Tis admirable.

Sir J. Then give us t'other Glafs.

*Const.* No, pray excuse us now : We'll come ano-  
ther time, and then we won't spare it.

Sir J. This one Glafs, and no more. Come, it  
shall be your Mistresses Health : And that's a great Com-  
pliment from me, I assure you.

*Const.* And 'tis a very obliging one to me : So give us  
the Glasses.

Sir J. So : let her live.

[*Sir John coughs in the Glafs.*]

*Heartf.* And be kind.

*Const.* What's the matter? Does it go the wrong  
way?

Sir J. If I had Love enough to be jealous, I shou'd  
take this for an ill Omen : For I never drank my Wife's  
Health in my Life, but I puk'd in the Glafs.

*Const.* O she's too virtuous to make a reasonable  
Man jealous.

Sir J. Pox of her Virtue. If I cou'd but catch her  
Adulterating, I might be divorc'd from her by Law.

*Heartf.* And so pay her a yearly Pension, to be a  
distinguish'd Cuckold.

*Enter Servants.*

Sir, There's my Lord *Rake*, Colonel *Bully*, and some  
other Gentlemen at the *Blue-Posts*, desire your Com-  
pany.

Sir J. Cod's so, we are to consult about playing  
the Devil to-night

*Heartf.* Well, we won't hinder Business.

Sir J. Methinks I don't know how to leave you tho.  
But for once I must make bold. Or look you ; may  
be the Conference mayn't last long : So if you'll wait  
here



here half an hour, or an hour; if I don't come then—— why then—— I won't come at all.

*Heartf. to Const.]* A good modest Proposition truly.

*[Aside.*

*Const.* But let's accept on't however. Who knows what may happen?

*Heartf.* Well, Sir, to shew you how fond we are of your Company, we'll expect your return as long as we can.

Sir J. Nay, may be I mayn't stay at all: But Business, you know, must be done. So your Servant—— Or hark you: If you have a mind to take a frisk with us, I have an Interest with my Lord, I can easily introduce you.

*Const.* We are much beholden to you; but for my part, I'm engag'd another way.

Sir J. What! To your Mistress, I'll warrant. Prithce leave your nasty Punk to entertain her self with her own lewd Thoughts, and make one with us to-night.

*Const.* Sir, 'tis Business that is to employ me.

*Heartf.* And me; and Business must be done, you know.

Sir J. Ay, Womens Business, tho the World were consum'd for't.

*[Exit Sir John.*

*Const.* Farewell, Beast: And now, my dear Friend, wou'd my Mistress be but as complaisant as some Mens Wives, who think it a piece of Good-Breeding to receive the Visits of their Husband's Friends in his Absence.

*Heartf.* Why for your sake I could forgive her, tho she should be so complaisant to receive something else in his absence. But what way shall we invent to see her?

*Const.* O ne'er hope it: Invention will prove as vain as Wishes.

*Enter Lady Brute and Belinda.*

*Heartf.* What do you think now, Friend?

*Const.* I think I shall swoon.

*Heartf.* I'll speak first then, whilst you fetch breath.

*La. B.* We think our selves oblig'd, Gentlemen, to come and return you Thanks for your Knight-Errantry. We were just upon being devour'd by the fiery Dragon.

*Bel.* Did not his Fumes almost knock you down, Gentlemen?

*Heartf.* Truly, Ladies, we did undergo some Hardships; and should have done more, if some greater Heroes than our selves had by had not diverted him.

*Const.* Tho I'm glad of the Service, you are pleas'd to say we have done you; yet I'm sorry we cou'd do it in no other way, than by making our selves privy to what you wou'd perhaps have kept a secret.

*La. B.* For Sir *John's* part, I suppose he design'd it no Secret, since he made so much Noise. And for my self, truly I am not much concern'd, since 'tis fallen only into this Gentleman's hands and yours; who, I have many Reasons to believe, will neither interpret nor report any thing to my disadvantage.

*Const.* Your good Opinion, Madam, was what I fear'd I never could have merited.

*La. B.* Your Fears were vain then, Sir; for I am just to every-body.

*Heartf.* Prithee, *Constant*, what is't you do to get the Ladies good Opinions, for I'm a Novice at it?

*Bel.* Sir, will you give me leave to instruct you?

*Heartf.* Yes, that I will with all my Soul, Madam.

*Bel.* Why then you must never be slovenly, never be out of humour, fare well and cry Roast-meat, smook Tobacco, nor drink but when you are a-dry.

*Heartf.* That's hard.

*Const.* Nay, if you take his Bottle from him, you break his Heart, Madam.

*Bel.* Why, is it possible the Gentleman can love Drinking?

*Heartf.* Only by way of Antidote.

*Bel.* Against what, pray?

*Heartf.* Against Love, Madam.

*La. B.* Are you afraid of being in love, Sir?

*Heartf.* I shou'd, if there were any danger of it.

*La.*

La. B. Pray, why so?

*Heartf.* Because I always had an aversion to being us'd like a Dog.

*Bel.* Why truly, Men in love are seldom us'd better.

La. B. But was you never in love, Sir?

*Heartf.* No, I thank Heav'n, Madam.

*Bel.* Pray where got you your Learning then?

*Heartf.* From other Peoples Expence.

*Bel.* That's being a Spunger, Sir, which is scarce honest: If you'd buy some Experience with your own Money, as 'twould be fairlier got, so 'twould stick longer by you.

*Enter Footman.*

*Foot.* Madam, here's my Lady *Fancyful*, to wait upon your Ladyship.

La. B. Shield me, kind Heaven: What an Inundation of Impertinence is here coming upon us!

*Enter Lady Fancyful, who runs first to Lady Brute, then to Belinda, kissing 'em.*

La. F. My dear Lady *Brute*, and sweet *Belinda*! methinks 'tis an Age since I saw you.

La. B. Yet 'tis but three Days; sure you have pass'd your Time very ill, it seems so long to you.

La. F. Why really, to confess the truth to you, I am so everlastingly fatigu'd with the Addresses of unfortunate Gentlemen, that were it not for the Extravagancy of the Example, I shou'd e'en tear out these wicked Eyes with my own Fingers, to make both my self and Mankind easy. What think you on't, Mr. *Heartfree*, for I take you to be my faithful Adviser?

*Heartf.* Why truly, Madam—— I think—— every Project that is for the Good of Mankind, ought to be encourag'd.

La. F. Then I have your Consent, Sir.

*Heartf.* To do whatever you please, Madam.

La. F. You had a much more limited Complaisance this Morning, Sir. Would you believe it, Ladies? The Gentleman has been so exceeding generous, to tell me of above fifty Faults, in less time than it was well possible for me to commit two of 'em.

*Const.*

*Const.* Why truly, Madam, my Friend there is apt to be something familiar with the Ladies.

*La. F.* He is indeed, Sir; but he's wondrous charitable with it: He has had the Goodness to design a Reformation, ev'n down to my Fingers-ends.

—'Twas thus, I think, Sir, you'd have had 'em stand—  
My Eyes too he did not like:  
How was't you would have directed 'em? Thus I think.

{ *Opening her Fingers  
in an awkward  
manner.*

[*Staring at him.*

—Then there was something amiss in my Gait too: I don't know well how 'twas; but, as I take it, he would have had me walk like him. Pray, Sir, do me the Favour to take a turn or two about the Room, that the Company may see you—— He's sullen, Ladies, and won't. But, to make short, and give you as true an Idea as I can of the matter, I think 'twas much about this Figure in general, he would have moulded me to: But I was an obstinate Woman, and could not resolve to make my self Mistress of his Heart, by growing as aukward as his Fancy.

[*She walks aukwardly about, staring and looking ungainly, then changes on a sudden to the extremity of her usual Affectation.*

*Heartf.* Just thus Women do, when they think we are in love with 'em, or when they are so with us.

[*Here Constant and Lady B. talk together apart.*

*La. F.* 'Twould however be less Vanity for me to conclude the former, than you the latter, Sir.

*Heartf.* Madam, all I shall presume to conclude, is, That if I were in love, you'd find the means to make me soon weary on't.

*La. F.* Not by Over-fondness, upon my word, Sir. But pray let's stop here; for you are so much govern'd by Instinct, I know you'll grow brutish at last.

*Bel. Aside.]* Now I'm sure she's fond of him: I'll try to make her jealous.

Well, for my part, I should be glad to find some-body would be so free with me, that I might know my Faults, and mend 'em.

*La.*

*La. F.* Then pray let me recommend this Gentleman to you: I have known him some time, and will be Surety for him, That upon a very limited Encouragement on your side, you shall find an extended Impudence on his.

*Heartf.* I thank, you Madam, for your Recommendation: But hating Idleness, I'm unwilling to enter into a Place where I believe there would be nothing to do. I was fond of serving your Ladyship, because I knew you'd find me constant Employment.

*La. F.* I told you he'd be rude, *Belinda.*

*Bel.* O, a little Bluntness is a sign of Honesty, which makes me always ready to pardon it. So, Sir, if you have no other Exceptions to my Service, but the fear of being idle in it, you may venture to list your self: I shall find you Work, I warrant you.

*Heartf.* Upon those Terms I engage, Madam; and this (with your leave) I take for Earnest.

[Offering to kiss her Hand.

*Bel.* Hold there, Sir; I'm none of your Earnest-givers. But if I'm well serv'd, I give good Wages, and pay punctually.

[*Heartf. and Bel. seem to continue talking familiarly.*

*La. F. Aside.]* I don't like this jesting between 'em—— Methinks the Fool begins to look as if he were in earnest—— but then he must be a Fool indeed.

——Lard, what a difference there is between me and her.

[Looking at *Bel.* scornfully.

How I shou'd despise such a thing, if I were a Man!

——What a Nose she has —— What a Chin —— What a Neck —— Then her Eyes —— And the worst kissing Lips in the Universe —— No, no, he can never like her, that's positive —— Yet I can't suffer 'em together any longer.

*Mr. Heartfree,* Do you know that you and I must have no Quarrel for all this? I can't forbear being a little severe now and then: But Women, you know, may be allowed any thing.

*Heartf.* Up to a certain Age, Madam.

*La.*

La. F. Which I'm not yet past, I hope.

Heartf. *aside.*] Nor never will, I dare swear.

La. F. *to Lady B.* Come, Madam, will your Ladyship be Witness to our Reconciliation?

La. B. You agree then at last.

Heartf. *slightingly.*] We forgive.

La. F. *aside.*] That was a cold ill-natur'd Reply.

La. B. Then there's no Challenges sent between you?

Heartf. Not from me, I promise. [*Aside to Constant.*] But that's more than I'll do for her, for I know she can as well be damn'd as forbear writing to me.

Const. That I believe. But I think we had best be going, lest she should suspect something, and be malicious.

Heartf. With all my heart.

Const. Ladies, we are your humble Servants. I see Sir John is quite engag'd, 'twou'd be in vain to expect him. Come Heartfree. [*Exit.*

Heartf. Ladies, your Servant. [*To Belinda.*] I hope, Madam, you won't forget our Bargain; I'm to say what I please to you. [*Exit Heartfree.*

Bel. Liberty of Speech entire, Sir.

La. F. *aside.*] Very pretty truly——But how the Blockhead went out: Languishing at her; and not a Look toward me——Well, Churchmen may talk, but Miracles are not ceas'd. For 'tis more than natural, such a rude Fellow as he, and such a little Impertinent as she, shou'd be capable of making a Woman of my Sphere uneasy.

But I can bear her sight no longer——methinks she's grown ten times uglier than Cornet.

I must home, and study Revenge.

[*To Lady B.*] Madam, your humble Servant; I must take my leave.

La. B. What, going already, Madam?

La. F. I must beg you'll excuse me this once; for really I have eighteen Visits to return this Afternoon: So you see I am importun'd by the Women as well as the Men.

Bel. *aside.*] And she's quits with them both.

La.

La. F. *going.*] Nay, you shan't go one step out of the Room.

La. B. Indeed I'll wait upon you down.

La. F. No, sweet Lady *Brute*, you know I swoon at Ceremony.

La. B. Pray give me leave.

La. F. You know I won't.

La. B. Indeed I must.

La. F. Indeed you shan't.

La. B. Indeed I will.

La. F. Indeed you shan't.

La. B. Indeed I will.

La. F. Indeed you shan't. Indeed, indeed, indeed you shan't. [*Exit Lady Fan. running. They follow. Re-enter Lady Brute, sola.*]

This impertinent Woman has put me out of humour for a Fortnight—— What an agreeable Moment has her foolish Visit interrupted—— Lord, how like a Torrent Love flows into the Heart, when once the Sluce of Desire is open'd! Good Gods! What a pleasure there is, in doing what we should not do!

*Re-enter Constant.*

Ha! here again?

*Const.* Tho' the renewing my Visit may seem a little irregular, I hope I shall obtain your Pardon for it, Madam, when you know I only left the Room, left the Lady who was here shou'd have been as malicious in her Remarks, as she's foolish in her Conduct.

La. B. He who has Discretion enough to be tender of a Woman's Reputation, carries a Virtue about him may atone for a great many Faults.

*Const.* If it has a Title to atone for any, its Pretensions must needs be strongest, where the Crime is Love. I therefore hope I shall be forgiven the Attempt I have made upon your Heart, since my Enterprize has been a Secret to all the World but your self.

La. B. Secrecy indeed in Sins of this kind, is an Argument of weight to lessen the Punishment; but nothing's a Plea, for a Pardon entire, without a sincere Repentance.

*Const.*

*Const.* If Sincerity in Repentance consists in Sorrow for offending, no Cloyster ever inclos'd so true a Penitent as I should be. But I hope it cannot be reckon'd an Offence to Love, where 'tis a Duty to adore.

*La. F.* 'Tis an Offence, a great one, where it wou'd rob a Woman of all she ought to be ador'd for, her Virtue.

*Const.* Virtue!—Virtue, alas, is no more like the thing that's call'd so, than 'tis like Vice it self. Virtue consists in Goodness, Honour, Gratitude, Sincerity, and Pity; and not in peevish, snarling, strait-lac'd Chastity. True Virtue, wherefoe'er it moves, still carries an intrinsic Worth about it, and is in every Place, and in each Sex, of equal Value. So is not Continnence, you see: That Phantom of Honour, which Men in every Age have so contemn'd, they have thrown it amongst the Women to scrabble for.

*L. B.* If it be a thing of so very little Value, why do you so earnestly recommend it to your Wives and Daughters?

*Const.* We recommend it to our Wives, Madam, because we wou'd keep 'em to our selves; and to our Daughters, because we wou'd dispose of 'em to others.

*L. B.* 'Tis then of some importance, it seems, since you can't dispose of them without it.

*Const.* That Importance, Madam, lies in the Humour of the Country, not in the Nature of the Thing.

*La. B.* How do you prove that, Sir?

*Const.* From the Wisdom of a neighbouring Nation in a contrary Practice. In Monarchies things go by Whimsy, but Commonwealths weigh all things in the Scale of Reason.

*La. B.* I hope we are not so very light a People, to bring up Fashions without some ground.

*Const.* Pray what does your Ladyship think of a powder'd Coat for deep Mourning?

*La. B.* I think, Sir, your Sophistry has all the Effect that you can reasonably expect it should have; it puzzles, but don't convince.

*Const.* I'm sorry for it.

*La. B.* I'm sorry to hear you say so.

*Const.*



*Const.* Pray why?

*La. B.* Because if you expected more from it, you have a worse Opinion of my Understanding than I desire you should have.

*Const. aside.]* I comprehend her: She would have me set a Value upon her Chastity, that I might think myself the more oblig'd to her when she makes me a Present of it.

*To her.]* I beg you will believe I did but rally, Madam; I know you judge too well of Right and Wrong, to be deceiv'd by Arguments like those. I hope you'll have so favourable an Opinion of my Understanding too, to believe the thing call'd Virtue has worth enough with me, to pass for an eternal Obligation where'er 'tis sacrific'd.

*La. B.* It is, I think, so great a one, as nothing can repay.

*Const.* Yes; the making the Man you love your everlasting Debtor.

*La. B.* When Debtors once have borrow'd all we have to lend, they are very apt to grow shy of their Creditors Company.

*Const.* That, Madam, is only when they are forc'd to borrow of Usurers, and not of a generous Friend: Let us chuse our Creditors, and we are seldom so ungrateful to shun 'em.

*La. B.* What think you of Sir *John*, Sir? I was his free Choice.

*Const.* I think he's married, Madam.

*La. B.* Does Marriage then exclude Men from your Rule of Constancy?

*Const.* It does. Constancy's a brave, free, haughty, generous Agent, that cannot buckle to the Chains of Wedlock. There's a poor fordid Slavery in Marriage, that turns the flowing Tide of Honour, and sinks us to the lowest Ebb of Infamy. 'Tis a corrupted Soil; Ill-Nature, Avarice, Sloth, Cowardice, and Dirt are all its Product.

*La. B.* Have you no Exceptions to this general Rule, as well as to t'other?

*Const.*

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*Const.* Yes ; I would (after all) be an Exception to it my self, if you were free in Power and Will to make me so.

*La. B.* Compliments are well plac'd, where 'tis impossible to lay hold on 'em.

*Const.* I wou'd to Heaven 'twere possible for you to lay hold on mine, that you might see it is no Compliment at all. But since you are already dispos'd of beyond Redemption, to one who does not know the Value of the Jewel you have put into his hands, I hope you wou'd not think him greatly wrong'd, tho it should sometimes be look'd on by a Friend, who knows how to esteem it as he ought.

*La. B.* If looking on't alone would serve his turn, the wrong perhaps might not be very great.

*Const.* Why, what if he should wear it now and then a day, so he gave good Security to bring it home again at night ?

*La. B.* Small Security I fancy might serve for that. One might venture to take his word.

*Const.* Then where's the Injury to the Owner ?

*La. B.* 'Tis Injury to him if he think it one. For if Happiness be seated in the Mind, Unhappiness must be so too.

*Const.* Here I close with you, Madam, and draw my conclusive Argument from your own Position : If the Injury lie in the Fancy, there needs nothing but Secrecy to prevent the Wrong.

*La. B.* [*going.*] A surer way to prevent it, is to hear no more Arguments in its behalf.

*Const.* [*following her.*] But, Madam —

*La. B.* But, Sir, 'tis my turn to be discreet now, and not suffer too long a Visit.

*Const.* [*catching her Hand.*] By Heaven you shall not stir, till you give me hopes that I shall see you again at some more convenient Time and Place,

*La. B.* I give you just hopes enough — [*breaking from him*] to get loose from you ; and that's all I can afford you at this time. [*Exit running.*]

Constant

Constant *solus.*

Now by all that's great and good, she's a charming Woman. In what Extrasy of Joy she has left me! For she gave me Hope; did she not say she gave me Hope? — Hope! Ay; what Hope — enough to make me let her go — Why that's enough in Conscience. Or, no matter how 'twas spoke; Hope was the Word; it came from her, and it was said to me.

*Enter Heartfree.*

Ha, *Heartfree!* Thou hast done me noble Service in prattling to the young Gentlewoman without there; come to my Atms, thou venerable Bawd, and let me squeeze thee (*Embracing him eagerly*) as a new Pair of Stays does a fat Country Girl, when she's carried to Court to stand for a Maid of Honour.

*Heartf.* Why, what the Devil's all this Rapture for?

*Const.* Rapture! There's ground for Rapture, Man; there's Hopes, my *Heartfree*; Hopes, my Friend.

*Heartf.* Hopes! of what?

*Const.* Why, Hopes that my Lady and I together (for 'tis more than one body's Work) should make Sir *John* a Cuckold.

*Heartf.* Prithee, what did she say to thee?

*Const.* Say? what did she not say? she said that — says she — she said — Zoons, I don't know what she said: But she look'd as if she said every thing I'd have her; and so if thou'lt go to the Tavern, I'll treat thee with any thing that Gold can buy: I'll give all my Silver amongst the Drawers, make a Bonfire before the Door, say the Plenipo's have sign'd the Peace, and the Bank of *England's* grown honest. [ *Exeunt.*

SCENE opens; *Lord Rake, Sir John, &c. at a Table, drinking.*

*All.* Huzza!

*Ld R.* Come, Boys, charge again — So — Confusion to all Order. Here's Liberty of Conscience.

*All.* Huzza!

*Ld R.* I'll sing you a Song I made this morning to this purpose. Sir

Sir John. 'Tis wicked, I hope.

Col. B. Don't my Lord tell you he made it?

Sir John. Well then, let's ha't.

Lord Rake sings.

I.

WHAT a Pother of late  
Have they kept in the State  
About setting our Consciences free?  
A Bottle has more  
Dispensations in store,  
Than the King and the State can decree.

II.

When my Head's full of Wine,  
I o'erflow with Design,  
And know no Penal Laws that can curb me:  
Whate'er I devise,  
Seems good in my Eyes,  
And Religion ne'er dares to disturb me.

III.

No saucy Remorse  
Intrudes in my Course,  
Nor impertinent Notions of Evil;  
So there's Claret in store,  
In peace I've my Whore,  
And in peace I jog on to the Devil.

All sing. *So there's Claret, &c.*

Ld R. (Rep.) *And in Peace I jog on to the Devil.*

Ld R. Well, how do you like it, Gentlemen?

All. O, admirable!

Sir John. I wou'd not give a Fig for a Song that is not full of Sin and Impudence.

Ld R. Then my Muse is to your Taste.

But drink away; the Night steals upon us; we shall want time to be lewd in. Hey, Page, fally out, Sirrah, and see what's doing in the Camp; we'll beat up their Quarters presently.

Page. I'll bring your Lordship an exact account.

[Exit Page.]

Ld R. Now let the Spirit of Clary go round.  
Fill me a Brimmer. Here's to our Forlorn Hope.  
Courage, Knight; Victory attends you.

Sir John. And Laurels shall crown me; drink away,  
and be damn'd.

Ld R. Again, Boys; t'other Glas, and damn Morality.

Sir John. [drunk,] Ay ——— damn Morality ———  
and damn the Watch. And let the Constable be married.

All. Huzza!

Re-enter Page.

Ld R. How are the Streets inhabited, Sirrah?

Page. My Lord, it's Sunday-night, they are full of  
drunken Citizens.

Ld R. Along then, Boys, we shall have a Feast.

Col. B. Along, noble Knight.

Sir John. Ay ——— along *Bully*; and he that says Sir  
*John Brute* is not as drunk and as religious as the drunkenest  
Citizen of them all ——— is a Lyar, and the  
Son of a Whore.

Col. B. Why, that was bravely spoke, and like a free-born  
*Englishman*.

Sir John. What's that to you, Sir, whether I am an  
*Englishman* or a *Frenchman*?

Col. B. Zoons, you are not angry, Sir?

Sir John. Zoons, I am angry, Sir ——— for if I'm a  
free-born *Englishman*, what have you to do, even to  
talk of my Privileges?

Ld R. Why, prithee, Knight, don't quarrel here,  
leave private Animosities to be decided by Day-light, let  
the Night be employ'd against the publick Enemy.

Sir John. My Lord, I respect you because you are a  
Man of Quality: But I'll make that Fellow know, I am  
within a Hair's-breadth as absolute by my Privileges, as  
the King of *France* is by his Prerogative. He by his  
Prerogative takes Money where it is not his due; I by  
my

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my Privilege refuse paying it where I owe it. Liberty and Property, and *Old England*, Huzza!

*All.* Huzza!

[*Ex. Sir John reeling, all following him.*]

SCENE, *A Bed-Chamber.*

*Enter Lady Brute and Belinda.*

*La. B.* Sure it's late, *Belinda*; I begin to be sleepy.

*Bel.* Yes, 'tis near Twelve. Will you go to Bed?

*La. B.* To Bed, my Dear? And by that time I am fallen into a sweet Sleep (or perhaps a sweet Dream, which is better and better) *Sir John* will come home roaring drunk, and be overjoy'd he finds me in a Condition to be disturb'd.

*Bel.* O you need not fear him, he's in for all night. The Servants say he is gone to drink with my Lord *Rake*.

*La. B.* Nay, 'tis not very likely, indeed, such suitable Company should part presently. What Hogs Men turn, *Belinda*, when they grow weary of Women?

*Bel.* And what Owls they are, whilst they are fond of 'em?

*La. B.* But that we may forgive well enough, because they are so upon our accounts.

*Bel.* We ought to do so indeed, but 'tis a hard matter. For when a Man is really in love, he looks so unsufferably silly, that tho' a Woman lik'd him well enough before, she has then much ado to endure the Sight of him: And this I take to be the Reason why Lovers are so generally ill used.

*La. B.* Well, I own now, I'm well enough pleas'd to see a Man look like an Ass for me.

*Bel.* Ay, I'm pleas'd he shou'd look like an Ass too — that is, I'm pleas'd with my self for making him look so.

*La. B.* Nay, truly, I think if he'd find some other way to express his Passion, 'twou'd be more to his advantage.

*Bel.*

*Bel.* Yes; for then a Woman might like his Passion, and him too.

*La. B.* Yet, *Belinda*, after all, a Woman's Life would be but a dull Business, if 'twere not for Men; and Men that can look like Asses too. We shou'd never blame Fate for the shortness of our Days; our time would hang wretchedly upon our hands.

*Bel.* Why, truly, they do help us off with a good share on't: For were there no Men in the World, o'my Conscience, I shou'd be no longer a dressing than I'm a saying my Prayers; nay, tho it were Sunday: For you know one may go to Church without Stays on.

*La. B.* But don't you think Emulation might do something? For every Woman you see desires to be finer than her Neighbour.

*Bel.* That's only that the Men may like her better than her Neighbour. No; if there were no Men, adieu fine Petticoats, we shou'd be weary of wearing 'em.

*La. B.* And adieu Plays, we should be weary of seeing 'em.

*Bel.* Adieu *Hide-Park*, the Dust wou'd choke us.

*La. B.* Adieu *St. James's*, walking wou'd tire us.

*Bel.* Adieu *London*, the Smoke wou'd stifle us.

*La. B.* And adieu going to Church, for Religion wou'd ne'er prevail with us.

*Both.* Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

*Bel.* Our Confession is so very hearty, sure we merit Absolution.

*La. B.* Not unless we go thro with't, and confess all. So, prithee, for the ease of our Consciences, let's hide nothing.

*Bel.* Agreed.

*La. B.* Why then I confess, that I love to sit in the Forefront of a Box; for if one sits behind, there's two Acts gone perhaps before one's found out. And when I am there, if I perceive the Men whispering and looking upon me, you must know I cannot for my Life forbear thinking they talk to my advantage. And that sets a thousand little tickling Vanities on foot——

*Bel.* Just my Case for all the World; but go on.

*La.*

*La. B.* I watch with Impatience for the next Jest in the Play, that I might laugh and shew my white Teeth. If the Poet has been dull, and the Jest be long a coming, I pretend to whisper one to my Friend, and from thence fall into a little small Discourse, in which I take occasion to shew my Face in all Humours, brisk, pleas'd, serious, melancholy, languishing—Not that what we say to one another causes any of these Alterations. But—

*Bel.* Don't trouble your self to explain: For if I'm not mistaken, you and I have had some of these necessary Dialogues before now, with the same Intention.

*La. B.* Why, I'll swear, *Belinda*, some People do give strange agreeable Airs to their Faces in speaking. Tell me true—Did you never practise in the Glass?

*Bel.* Why, did you?

*La. B.* Yes, Faith, many a time.

*Bel.* And I too, I own it; both how to speak my self, and how to look when others speak. But my Glass and I could never yet agree what Face I should make, when they come blurt out with a nasty thing in a Play: For all the Men presently look upon the Women, that's certain; so laugh we must not, tho' our Stays burst for't, because that's telling Truth, and owning we understand the Jest. And to look serious is so dull, when the whole House is a laughing.

*La. B.* Besides, that looking serious does really betray our Knowledge in the matter, as much as laughing with the Company wou'd do: For if we did not understand the thing, we shou'd naturally do like other People.

*Bel.* For my part I always take that occasion to blow my Nose.

*La. B.* You must blow your Nose half off then at some Plays.

*Bel.* Why don't some Reformer or other beat the Poet for't?

*La. B.* Because he is not so sure of our private Approbation, as of our publick Thanks. Well, sure there is not upon Earth so impertinent a thing as Women's Modesty.

*Bel.* Yes; Mens Fantasque, that obliges us to it.



If we quit our Modesty, they say we lose our Charms ; and yet they know that very Modesty is Affectation, and rail at our Hypocrisy.

*La. B.* Thus one would think 'twere a hard matter to please 'em, Niece : yet our kind Mother Nature has given us something that makes amends for all. Let our Weakness be what it will, Mankind will still be weaker ; and whilst there is a World, 'tis Woman that will govern it.

But prithee one word of poor *Constant* before we go to bed, if it be but to furnish matter for Dreams : I dare swear he's talking of me now, or thinking of me at least, tho it be in the middle of his Prayers.

*Bel.* So he ought, I think ; for you were pleas'd to make him a good round Advance to-day, Madam.

*La. B.* Why, I have e'en plagu'd him enough to satisfy any reasonable Woman : He has besieg'd me these two years to no purpose.

*Bel.* And if he besieg'd you two Years more, he'd be well enough paid, so he had the plundering of you at last.

*La. B.* That may be ; but I'm afraid the Town won't be able to hold out much longer : for, to confess the Truth to you, *Belinda*, the Garison begins to grow mutinous.

*Bel.* Then the sooner you capitulate, the better.

*La. B.* Yet, methinks, I would fain stay a little longer to see you fix'd too, that we might start together, and see who cou'd love longest. What, think you, if *Heart-free* shou'd have a month's mind to you ?

*Bel.* Why Faith I cou'd almost be in love with him for despising that foolish affected Lady *Fancyful* ; but I'm afraid he's too cold ever to warm himself by my Fire.

*La. B.* Then he deserves to be froze to death. Wou'd I were a Man, for your sake, dear Rogue. [*Kissing her.*]

*Bel.* You'd wish your self a Woman again for your own, or the Men are mistaken.

But if I cou'd make a Conquest of this Son of *Bacchus*, and rival his Bottle, what shou'd I do with him ?

He

He has no Fortune, I can't marry him; and sure you wou'd not have me commit Fornication.

La. B. Why, if you did, Child, 'twou'd be but a good-friendly part; if 'twere only to keep me in countenance whilst I commit—— you know what.

Bel. Well, if I can't resolve to serve you that way, I may perhaps serve some other, as much to your Satisfaction. But pray how shall we contrive to see these Blades again quickly?

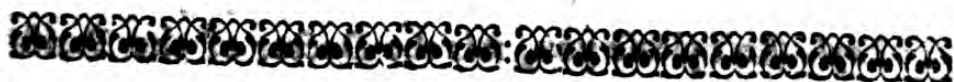
La. B. We must e'en have recourse to the old way; make 'em an Appointment 'twixt Jest and Earnest, 'twill look like a Frolick, and that you know's a very good thing to save a Woman's Blushes.

Bel. You advise well; but where shall it be?

La. B. In *Spring-Garden*. But they shan't know their Women, till their Women pull off their Masques; for a Surprize is the most agreeable thing in the World: And I find my self in a very good Humour, ready to do 'em any good turn I can think on.

Bel. Then pray write 'em the necessary Billet, without farther delay.

La. B. Let's go into your Chamber then, and whilst you say your Prayers, I'll do it, Child. [Exeunt.]



## ACT IV.

### SCENE, Covent-Garden.

*Enter Lord Rake, Sir John, &c. with Swords drawn.*

Ld R. Is the Dog dead?

Bully. No, damn him, I heard him wheeze.

Ld R. How the Witch his Wife howl'd?

Bully. Ay, she'll alarm the Watch presently.

Ld R. Appear, Knight, then; come you have a good Cause to fight for, there's a Man murder'd.

Sir *John*. Is there? Then let his Ghost be satisfy'd, for I'll sacrifice a Constable to it presently, and burn his Body upon his wooden Chair.

*Enter a Taylor, with a Bundle under his Arm.*

*Bully*. How now; what have we got here? a Thief.

*Taylor*. No, an't please you, I'm no Thief.

Ld *R*. That we'll see presently: Here; let the General examine him.

Sir *John*. Ay, ay, let me examine him, and I'll lay a hundred Pound I find him guilty in spite of his Teeth — for he looks — like a — sneaking Rascal.

Come, Sirrah, without Equivocation or mental Reservation, tell me of what Opinion you are, and what Calling; for by them — I shall guess at your Morals.

*Tayl*. An't please you, I'm a Dissenting Journeyman Taylor.

Sir *John*. Then, Sirrah, you love Lying by your Religion, and Theft by your Trade: And so, that your Punishment may be suitable to your Crimes — I'll have you first gagg'd — and then hang'd.

*Tayl*. Pray, good worthy Gentlemen, don't abuse me; indeed I'm an honest Man, and a good Workman, tho I say it, that shou'd not say it.

Sir *John*. No words, Sirrah, but attend your Fate.

Ld *R*. Let me see what's in that Bundle.

*Tayl*. An't please you, it is the Doctor of the Parish's Gown.

Ld *R*. The Doctor's Gown! — Hark you, Knight, you won't stick at abusing the Clergy, will you?

Sir *John*. No, I'm drunk, and I'll abuse any thing — but my Wife; and her I name — with Reverence.

Ld *R*. Then you shall wear this Gown, whilst you charge the Watch: That tho the Blows fall upon you, the Scandal may light upon the Church.

Sir *John*. A generous Design — by all the Gods — give it me.

[*Takes the Gown, and puts it on.*]

*Tayl*. O dear Gentlemen, I shall be quite undone, if you take the Gown.

Sir *John*. Retire, Sirrah; and since you carry off your Skin — go home, and be happy.

*Tayl*.

*Tayl.* [*pausing.*] I think I had e'en as good follow the Gentleman's friendly Advice; for if I dispute any longer, who knows but the Whim may take him to case me? These Courtiers are fuller of Tricks than they are of Money; they'll sooner cut a Man's Throat, than pay his Bill. [*Exit Taylor.*]

*Sir John.* So, how d'ye like my Shapes now?

*Ld R.* This will do to a Miracle; he looks like a Bishop going to the Holy War. But to your Arms, Gentlemen, the Enemy appears.

*Enter Constable and Watch.*

*Watchm.* Stand! Who goes there? Come before the Constable.

*Sir John.* The Constable's a Rascal——and you are the Son of a Whore.

*Watchm.* A good civil Answer for a Parson, truly!

*Const.* Methinks, Sir, a Man of your Coat might set a better Example.

*Sir John.* Sirrah, I'll make you know——there are Men of my Coat can set as bad Examples——as you can do, you Dog you.

[*Sir John strikes the Constable. They knock him down, disarm him, and seize him. Lord R. &c. run away*]

*Const.* So, we have secur'd the Parson however.

*Sir John.* Blood, and Blood——and Blood.

*Watchm.* Lord have mercy upon us! How the wicked Wretch raves of Blood. I'll warrant he has been murdering some body to-night.

*Sir John.* Sirrah, there's nothing got by Murder but a Halter: My Talent lies towards Drunkenness and Simony.

*Watchm.* Why that now was spoke like a Man of Parts, Neighbours; it's pity he shou'd be so disguis'd.

*Sir John.* You lye——I'm not disguis'd; for I am drunk barefac'd.

*Watchm.* Look you there again——This is a mad Parson, Mr. Constable; I'll lay a Pot of Ale upon's Head, he's a good Preacher.

*Const.* Come, Sir, out of Respect to your Calling, I shan't put you into the Round-house; but we must secure you in our Drawing-Room till Morning, that you may do no Mischief. So, come along.

*Sir John.* You may put me where you will, Sirrah, now you have overcome me——But if I can't do Mischief, I'll think of Mischief——in spite of your Teeth, you Dog you. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE, *A Bed-Chamber.*

*Enter Heartfree solus.*

What the Plague ails me?——Love? No, I thank you for that, my Heart's Rock still——

Yet 'tis *Belinda* that disturbs me; that's positive. —Well, what of all that? Must I love her for being troublesome? at that rate I might love all the Women I meet, I gad. But hold!——tho I don't love her for disturbing me, yet she may disturb me, because I love her——Ay, that may be, faith. I have dreamt of her, that's certain——

Well, so I have of my Mother; therefore what's that to the purpose? Ay, but *Belinda* runs in my Mind waking——And so does many a damn'd thing, that I don't care a Farthing for——Methinks tho, I would fain be talking to her, and yet I have no Business——

Well, am I the first Man, that has had a Mind to do an impertinent thing?

*Enter Constant.*

*Const.* How now, *Heartfree*? What makes you up and dress'd so soon? I thought none but Lovers quarrel'd with their Beds; I expected to have found you snoaring, as I us'd to do.

*Heartf.* Why faith, Friend, 'tis the Care I have of your Affairs, that makes me so thoughtful; I have been studying all Night, how to bring your matter about with *Belinda*.

*Const.* With *Belinda*!

*Heartf.*

*Heartf.* With my Lady, I mean: And faith I have mighty hopes on't. Sure you must be very well satisfy'd with her Behaviour to you yesterday?

*Const.* So well, that nothing but a Lover's Fears can make me doubt of Success. But what can this sudden Change proceed from?

*Heartf.* Why, you saw her Husband beat her, did you not?

*Const.* That's true: A Husband is scarce to be borne upon any terms, much less when he fights with his Wife. Methinks she shou'd e'en have cuckolded him upon the very spot, to shew that after the Battle she was master of the Field.

*Heartf.* A Council of War of Women wou'd infallibly have advis'd her to't. But, I confess, so agreeable a Woman as *Belinda* deserves better Usage.

*Const.* *Belinda* again!

*Heartf.* My Lady, I mean: What a Pox makes me blunder so to-day? [*Aside.*] A Plague of this treacherous Tongue.

*Const.* Prithce look upon me seriously, *Heartfree*—— Now answer me directly: Is it my Lady, or *Belinda*, employs your careful Thoughts thus?

*Heartf.* My Lady, or *Belinda*!

*Const.* In Love; by this Light, in Love.

*Heartf.* In Love!

*Const.* Nay, ne'er deny it; for thou'lt do it so awkwardly, 'twill but make the Jest sit heavier about thee. My dear Friend, I give thee much Joy.

*Heartf.* Why prithce, you won't persuade me to it, will you?

*Const.* That she's Mistress of your Tongue, that's plain; and I know you are so honest a Fellow, your Tongue and Heart always go together.

But how? but how the Devil? Pha, ha, ha, ha——

*Heartf.* Hey day: Why sure you don't believe it in earnest?

*Const.* Yes I do, because I see you deny it in jest.

*Heartf.* Nay, but look you *Ned*—— a—— deny in jest—— a—— gadzooks, you know I say——

a—— when a Man denies a thing in jest—— a——

*Const.* Pha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

*Heartf.* Nay, then we shall have it: What, because a Man stumbles at a word: Did you never make a Blunder?

*Const.* Yes, for I am in Love, I own it.

*Heartf.* Then, so am I——

Now laugh till thy Soul's glutted with Mirth.

[*Embracing him.*

But, dear *Constant*, don't tell the Town on't.

*Const.* Nay then, 'twere almost pity to laugh at thee, after so honest a Confession.

But tell us a little, *Jack*, by what new-invented Arms, has this mighty Stroke been given?

*Heartf.* E'en by that unaccountable Weapon, call'd, *Je-ne-scaj-quoy*: For every thing that can come within the Verge of Beauty, I have seen it with Indifference.

*Const.* So in few Words then; the *Je-ne-scaj-quoy* has been too hard for the quilted Petticoat.

*Heartf.* I gad, I think the *Je-ne-scaj-quoy*, is in the quilted Petticoat; at least 'tis certain, I ne'er think on't without—— a—— a *Je-ne-scaj-quoy* in every Part about me.

*Const.* Well, but have all your Remedies lost their Vertue? have you turn'd her In-side out yet?

*Heartf.* I dare not so much as think on't.

*Const.* But don't the two Years Fatigue I have had, discourage you?

*Heartf.* Yes: I dread what I foresee; yet cannot quit the Enterprize. Like some Soldiers, whose Courage dwells more in their Honour, than their Nature: On they go, tho the Body trembles at what the Soul makes it undertake.

*Const.* Nay, if you expect your Mistress will use you, as your Profanations against her Sex deserve, you tremble justly.

But how do you intend to proceed, Friend?

*Heartf.* Thou know'st I'm but a Novice; be friendly and advise me.

*Const.*

*Const.* Why look you then ; I'd have you— Sere-  
nade and a—— write a Song—— Go to Church ;  
Look like a Fool—— Be very Officious ; Ogle, Write  
and Lead out : And who knows, but in a Year or two's  
time, you may be—— call'd a troublesome Puppy, and  
sent about your Business.

*Heartf.* That's hard.

*Const.* Yet thus it oft falls out with Lovers, Sir.

*Heartf.* Pox on me for making one of the Num-  
ber.

*Const.* Have a care : Say no Saucy things ; 'twill but  
augment your Crime ; and if your Mistress hears on't,  
increase your Punishment.

*Heartf.* Prithee say something then to encourage me,  
you know I help'd you in your Distress.

*Const.* Why then to encourage you to Perseverance,  
that you may be throughly ill us'd for your Offences ;  
I'll put you in mind, That even the coyest Ladies of 'em  
all, are made up of Desires, as well as we ; and tho'  
they do hold out a long time, they will capitulate at last.  
For that thundering Engineer, Nature, do's make such  
havock in the Town, they must surrender at long run,  
or perish in their own Flames.

*Enter a Footman.*

Sir, There's a Porter without with a Letter ; he de-  
sires to give it into your own hands.

*Const.* Call him in.

*Enter Porter.*

*Const.* What fo ! Is it thee ?

*Porter.* An't please you, Sir, I was order'd to deliver  
this into your own hands, by two well-shap'd Ladies,  
at the *New-Exchange*. I was at your Honour's Lodg-  
ings, and your Servants sent me hither.

*Const.* 'Tis well. Are you to carry any Answer ?

*Porter.* No, my noble Master. They gave me my  
Orders, and whip, they were gone, like a Maiden-head  
at Fifteen.

*Const.* Very well ; there.

[Gives him Money.]

*Porter.* God bless your Honour.

[Exit Porter.]



*Const.* Now let's see, what honest trusty *Jo* has brought us.

*Reads.*]

*If you and your Play-fellow can spare time from your Business and Devotions; don't fail to be at Spring-Garden about Eight in the Evening. You'll find nothing there but Women, so you need bring no other Arms than what you usually carry about you.*

So, Play-fellow: Here's something to stay your Stomach, till your Mistress's Dish is ready for you.

*Heartf.* Some of our old batter'd Acquaintance. I won't go, not I.

*Const.* Nay, that you can't avoid: There's Honour in the Case; 'tis a Challenge, and I want a Second.

*Heartf.* I doubt I shall be but a very uselefs one to you; for I'm so dishearten'd by this Wound *Belinda* has given me, I don't think I shall have Courage enough to draw my Sword.

*Const.* O, if that be all, come along; I'll warrant you find Sword enough for such Enemies as we have to deal withal. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Constable, &c. with Sir John.*

*Const.* Come along, Sir; I thought to have let you slip this Morning, because you were a Minister; but you are as drunk and as abusive as ever. We'll see what the Justice of the Peace will say to you.

*Sir J.* And you shall see what I'll say to the Justice of the Peace, Sirrah. [*They knock at the Door.*

*Enter Servant.*

*Const.* Pray acquaint his Worship, we have got an unruly Parson here: We are unwilling to expose him, but don't know what to do with him.

*Serv.* I'll acquaint my Master. [*Exit Servant.*

*Sir J.* You—— Constable—— What damn'd Justice is this?

*Const.* One that will take care of you, I warrant you.

*Enter*

Enter Justice.

Just. Well, Mr. Constable, what's the Disorder here?

Const. An't please your Worship——

Sir J. Let me speak, and be damn'd : I'm a Divine, and can unfold Mysteries better than you can do.

Just. Sadness, Sadness ; a Minister so over-taken ! Pray, Sir, give the Constable leave to speak, and I'll hear you very patiently ; I assure you Sir, I will.

Sir J. Sir—— You are a very Civil Magistrate : Your most humble Servant.

Const. An't please your Worship then ; he has attempted to beat the Watch to-night, and swore ——

Sir J. You lye.

Just. Hold, pray Sir, a little.

Sir J. Sir, your very humble Servant.

Const. Indeed Sir, he came at us without any Provocation, call'd us Whores and Rogues, and laid us on with a great Quarter-staff. He was in my Lord Rake's Company : They have been playing the Devil to-night.

Just. Hem—— Hem—— Pray Sir—— May you be Chaplain to my Lord ?

Sir J. Sir—— I presume—— I may if I will.

Just. My meaning, Sir, is—— Are you so ?

Sir J. Sir —— You mean very well.

Just. He hem—— hem —— Under favour, Sir, pray answer me directly.

Sir J. Under favour, Sir—— Do you use to answer directly when you are drunk ?

Just. Good lack, good lack : Here's nothing to be got from him. Pray Sir, may I crave your Name ?

Sir J. Sir—— My Name's—— [He hiccops, Hiccop, Sir.

Just. Hiccop ? Doctor Hiccop. I have known a great many Country Parsons of that Name, especially down in the Fenns.

Pray where do you live, Sir ?

Sir J. Here—— and there, Sir.

Just. Why, what a strange Man is this ? Where do you preach, Sir ? Have you any Cure ?

Sir

Sir J. Sir — I have ——— a very good Cure——  
for a Clap, at your Service.

*Just.* Lord have Mercy upon us.

Sir J. *Aside.*] This Fellow does ask so many impertinent Questions, I believe, I gad, 'tis the Justice's Wife, in the Justice's Clothes.

*Just.* Mr. Constable, I vow and protest, I don't know what to do with him.

*Const.* Truly he has been but a troublesome Guest to us all Night.

*Just.* I think, I had e'en best let him go about his Business, for I'm unwilling to expose him.

*Const.* E'en what your Worship thinks fit.

Sir J. Sir — not to interrupt Mr. Constable, I have a small Favour to ask.

*Just.* Sir, I open both my Ears to you.

Sir J. Sir, your very humble Servant. I have a little urgent Business calls upon me; and therefore I desire the Favour of you to bring Matters to a Conclusion.

*Just.* Sir, if I were sure that Business were not to commit more Disorders, I wou'd release you.

Sir J. None — — By my Priesthood.

*Just.* Then, Mr. Constable, you may discharge him.

Sir J. Sir, your very humble Servant. If you please to accept of a Bottle——

*Just.* I thank you kindly, Sir; but I never drink in a Morning. Good-buy to ye, Sir, good-buy to ye.

Sir J. Good-buy t'ye, good Sir. [*Exit Justice.*

So—— now, Mr. Constable, Shall you and I go pick up a Whore together?

*Const.* No, thank you, Sir; my Wife's enough to satisfy any reasonable Man.

Sir J. *Aside.*] He, he, he, he, he—— the Fool is married then. Well, you won't go?

*Const.* Not I, truly.

Sir J. Then I'll go by my self; and you and your Wife may be damn'd. [*Exit Sir John.*

*Constable gazing after him.]*

Why God-a-mercy Parson!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE,

SCENE, Spring-Garden.

Constant and Heartfree cross the Stage. As they go off,  
Enter Lady Fancyful and Madamoiselle mask'd, and  
dogging 'em.

Const. So : I think we are about the time appointed ;  
Let us walk up this way. [Exeunt.

La. Fan. Good : Thus far I have dogg'd 'em without  
being discover'd. 'Tis infallibly some Intrigue that  
brings them to Spring-Garden. How my poor Heart  
is torn and wrackt with Fear and Jealousy ! Yet let it be  
any thing but that Flirt Belinda, and I'll try to bear it.  
But if it prove her, all that's Woman in me shall be  
employ'd to destroy her.

[Exeunt after Constant and Heartfree.

Re-enter Constant and Heartfree. Lady Fancyful  
and Madamoiselle still following at a distance.

Const. I see no Females yet, that have any thing to  
say to us. I'm afraid we are banter'd.

Heartf. I wish we were ; for I'm in no Humour to  
make either them or my self merry.

Const. Nay, I'm sure you'll make them merry enough,  
if I tell 'em why you are dull. But prithee, why so hea-  
vy and sad, before you begin to be ill us'd ?

Heartf. For the same Reason, perhaps, that you are  
so brisk and well pleas'd ; because both Pains and Plea-  
sures are generally more considerable in Prospect, than  
when they come to pass.

Enter Lady Brute and Belinda, mask'd, and poorly  
dress'd.

Const. How now, who are these ? Not our Game, I  
hope.

Heartf. If they are, we are e'en well enough serv'd,  
to come a hunting here, when we had so much better  
Game in Chase elsewhere.

La. Fan. to Madamoiselle.] So, those are their Ladies  
without doubt. But I'm afraid that Doily Stuff is not  
worn

worn for want of better Clothes. They are the very Shape and Size of *Belinda* and her Aunt.

*Madam.* So day be inteed, Matam.

*La. Fan.* We'll slip into this close Arbor, where we may hear all they say.

[*Exeunt Lady Fancyful and Madamoiselle.*]

*La. B.* What are you afraid of us, Gentlemen?

*Heartf.* Why truly, I think we may, if Appearance don't lye.

*Bel.* Do you always find Women what they appear to be, Sir.

*Heartf.* No, forsooth; but I seldom find 'em better than they appear to be.

*Bel.* Then the Outside's best, you think?

*Heartf.* 'Tis the honestest.

*Const.* Have a care, *Heartfree*; you are relapsing again.

*La. B.* Why, does the Gentleman use to rail at Women?

*Const.* He has done formerly.

*Bel.* I suppose he had very good Cause for't. They did not use you so well, as you thought you deserv'd, Sir.

*La. B.* They made themselves merry at your Expence, Sir.

*Bel.* Laugh'd when you sigh'd.

*La. B.* Slept while you were waking.

*Bel.* Had your Porter beat.

*La. B.* And threw your Billet-doux in the Fire.

*Heartf.* Hey day, I shall do more than rail presently.

*Bel.* Why, you won't beat us, will you?

*Heartf.* I don't know but I may.

*Const.* What the Devil's coming here? Sir *John* in a Gown? ———

And drunk I'faith.

*Enter Sir John.*

Sir *J.* What a Pox ——— here's *Constant*, *Heart-free* ——— and two Whores I gad ——— O you covetous  
tous

*The Provok'd Wife.* 183

tous Rogues! what, have you never a spare Punk for your Friend—— But I'll share with you.

[*He seizes both the Women.*

*Heartf.* Why, what the Plague have you been doing, Knight?

*Sir J.* Why, I have been beating the Watch, and scandalizing the Clergy.

*Heartf.* A very good Account, truly.

*Sir J.* And what do you think I'll do next?

*Const.* Nay, that no Man can guess.

*Sir J.* Why, if you'll let me sup with you, I'll treat both your Strumpets.

*La. B. aside.]* O Lord, we are undone!

*Heartf.* No, we can't sup together, because we have some Affairs elsewhere. But if you'll accept of these two Ladies, we'll be so complaisant to you, to resign our Right in 'em.

*Bel. aside.]* Lord, what shall we do?

*Sir J.* Let me see, their Clothes are such damn'd Clothes, they won't pawn for the Reckoning.

*Heartf.* Sir John, your Servant. Rapture attend you.

*Const.* Adieu Ladies, make much of the Gentleman.

*La. B.* Why sure you won't leave us in the hands of a drunken Fellow to abuse us.

*Sir J.* Who do you call a drunken Fellow, you Slut you? I'm a Man of Quality; the King has made me a Knight. [*Heartf. runs off.*

*Heartf.* Ay, ay, you are in good hands; Adieu, Adieu.

*La. B.* The Devil's hands: Let me go, or I'll—— For Heaven's sake protect us.

[*She breaks from him, runs to Constant, twitching off her Mask, and clapping it on again.*

*Sir J.* I'll Devil you, you Jade you. I'll demolish your ugly Face.

*Const.* Hold a litle, Knight, she swoons.

*Sir J.* I'll swoon her.

*Const.* Hey, *Heartfree.*

*Re-enter Heartfree. Belinda runs to him, and shews her Face.*

*Heartf.* O Heavens! My dear Creature, stand there a little.

*Const.* Pull him off, *Fick.*

*Heartf.* Hold, mighty Man; look you, Sir, we did but jest with you. These are Ladies of our Acquaintance, that we had a mind to frighten a little, but now you must leave us.

*Sir F.* Oons, I won't leave you, not I.

*Heartf.* Nay, but you must though; and therefore make no words on't.

*Sir F.* Then you are a couple of damn'd uncivil Fellows. And I hope your Punks will give you sauceto your Mutton. *[Exit Sir John.]*

*La. B.* Oh, I shall never come to my self again, I'm so frightned.

*Const.* 'Twas a narrow 'scape indeed.

*Bel.* Women must needs have Frolicks, you see, whatever they cost 'em.

*Heartf.* This might have prov'd a dear one tho.

*La. B.* You are the more oblig'd to us, for the Risque we run upon your accounts.

*Const.* And I hope you'll acknowledge something due to our Knight-Errantry, Ladies. This is a second time we have deliver'd you.

*La. B.* 'Tis true; and since we see Fate has design'd you for our Guardians, 'twill make us the more willing to trust our selves in your hands. But you must not have the worse Opinion of us for our innocent Frolick.

*Heartf.* Ladies, you may command our Opinions in every thing that is to your advantage.

*Bel.* Then, Sir, I command you to be of Opinion, That Women are sometimes better than they appear to be. *[Lady Brute and Constant talk apart.]*

*Heartf.* Madam, you have made a Convert of me in every thing. I'm grown a Fool: I cou'd be fond of a Woman.

*Bel.* I thank you, Sir, in the Name of the whole Sex.

*Heartf.*

*Heartf.* Which Sex nothing but your self cou'd ever have aton'd for.

*Bel.* Now has my Vanity a devilish Itch, to know in what my Merit consists.

*Heartf.* In your Humility, Madam, that keeps you ignorant it consists at all.

*Bel.* One other Compliment, with that serious Face, and I hate you for ever after.

*Heartf.* Some Women love to be abus'd: Is that it you wou'd be at?

*Bel.* No, not that neither: but I'd have Men talk plainly what's fit for Women to hear; without putting 'em either to a real, or an affected Blush.

*Heartf.* Why then, in as plain Terms as I can find to express my self, I cou'd love you even to——— Matrimony it self a-most, I-gad.

*Bel.* Just as Sir *John* did her Ladyship there.

What think you? Don't you believe one Month's time might bring you down to the same Indifference, only clad in a little better Manners, perhaps? Well, you Men are unaccountable things, mad till you have your Mistresses, and then stark mad till you are rid of 'em again. Tell me, honestly, is not your Patience put to a much severer Trial after Possession, than before?

*Heartf.* With a great many, I must confess, it is, to our eternal Scandal; but I——— dear Creature, do but try me.

*Bel.* That's the surest way indeed, to know, but not the safest.

*To Lady B.]* Madam, are not you for taking a turn in the Great Walk? It's almost dark, no body will know us.

*La. B.* really I find my self something idle, *Belinda*; besides, I dote upon this little odd private Corner. But don't let my lazy Fancy confine you.

*Const. aside.]* So, she wou'd be left alone with me, that's well.

*Bel.* Well, we'll take one turn, and come to you again.



*To Heartf.*] Come, Sir, shall we go pry into the Secrets of the Garden? Who knows what Discoveries we may make?

*Heartf.* Madam, I'm at your Service.

*Const. to Heartf. aside.*] Don't make too much haste back; for d'ye hear—— I may be busy.

*Heartf.* Enough. [*Exit Belinda and Heartfree.*]

*La. B.* Sure you think me scandalously free, Mr. *Constant.* I'm afraid I shall lose your good Opinion of me.

*Const.* My good Opinion, Madam, is like your Cruelty, never to be remov'd.

*La. B.* But if I should remove my Cruelty, then there's an end of your good Opinion.

*Const.* There is not so strict an Alliance between 'em neither. 'Tis certain I shou'd love you then better (if that be possible) than I do now; and where I love, I always esteem.

*La. B.* Indeed, I doubt you much: Why, suppose you had a Wife, and she should entertain a Gallant.

*Const.* If I gave her just Cause, how cou'd I justly condemn her?

*La. B.* Ah; but you'd differ widely about just Causes.

*Const.* But Blows can bear no dispute.

*La. B.* Nor Ill-Manners much, truly.

*Const.* Then no Woman upon Earth has so just a Cause as you have.

*La. B.* O, but a faithful Wife, is a beautiful Character.

*Const.* To a deserving Husband, I confess it is.

*La. B.* But can his Faults release my Duty?

*Const.* In Equity without doubt. And where Laws dispense with Equity, Equity should dispense with Laws.

*La. B.* Pray let's leave this Dispute; for you Men have as much Witchcraft in your Arguments, as Women have in their Eyes.

*Const.* But whilst you attack me with your Charms, 'tis but reasonable I assault you with mine.

*La.*

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*La. B.* The Case is not the same. What Mischief we do, we can't help, and therefore are to be forgiven.

*Const.* Beauty soon obtains Pardon, for the Pain that it gives, when it applies the Balm of Compassion to the Wound: But a fine Face, and a hard Heart, is almost as bad as an ugly Face and a soft one; both very troublesome to many a poor Gentlemen.

*La. B.* Yes, and to many a poor Gentlewoman too, I can assure you. But pray, which of 'em is it, that most afflicts you?

*Const.* Your Glass and Conscience will inform you, Madam. But for Heaven's sake (for now I must be serious) if Pity or if Gratitude can move you:

[*Taking her Hand.*

If Constancy and Truth have Power to tempt you: If Love, if Adoration can affect you, give me at least some Hopes, that Time may do, what you perhaps mean never to perform; 'twill ease my Sufferings, tho' not quench my Flame.

*L. B.* Your Sufferings eas'd, your Flame wou'd soon abate: And that I wou'd preserve, not quench it, Sir.

*Const.* Wou'd you preserve it, nourish it with Favours; for that's the Food, it naturally requires.

*La. B.* Yet on that natural Food, 'twou'd surfeit soon, shou'd I resolve to grant all you wou'd ask.

*Const.* And in refusing all, you starve it. Forgive me therefore, if since my Hunger rages, I at last grow wild, and in my Frenzy force at least this from you.

[*Kissing her Hand.*

Or if you'd have my Flame soar higher still, then grant me this, and this, and this, and Thousands more; [*Kissing first her Hand, then her Neck*] *Aside.*] For now's the time, she melts into Compassion.

*La. B. Aside.*] Poor Coward Virtue, how it shuns the Battel. O Heavens! let me go.

*Const.* Ay, go, ay: Where shall we go, my Charming Angel—— into this private Arbour—— Nay, let's lose no time—— Moments are precious.

*La. B.* And Lovers wild. Pray let us stop here; at least for this time. *Const.*

*Const.* 'Tis impossible: He that has Power over you, can have none over himself.

[*As he is forcing her into the Arbour, Lady Fancyful and Madamoiselle bolt out upon them, and run over the Stage.*]

*La. B.* Ah; I'm lost.

*La. Fan.* Fe, fe, fe, fe, fe.

*Madam.* Fe, fe, fe, fe, fe.

*Const.* Death and Furies, who are these?

*La. B.* O Heavens! I'm out of my Wits: if they knew me, I am ruin'd.

*Const.* Don't be frightned; Ten thousand to one they are Strangers to you.

*La. B.* Whatever they are, I won't stay here a moment longer.

*Const.* Whither will you go?

*La. B.* Home, as if the Devil were in me. Lord, where's this *Belinda* now?

*Enter Belinda and Heartfree.*

O! it's well you are come: I'm so frightned my Hair stands an end. Let's be gone, for Heaven's sake.

*Bel.* Lord, what's the matter?

*La. B.* The Devil's the Matter, we are discovered. Here's a couple of Women have done the most impertinent thing. Away, away, away, away, away.

[*Exit running.*]

*Re-enter Lady Fancyful and Madamoiselle.*

*La. Fan.* Well *Madamoiselle*, 'tis a prodigious thing, how Women can suffer filthy Fellows to grow so familiar with 'em.

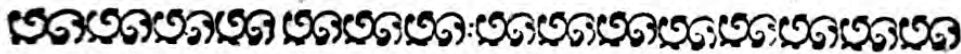
*Madam.* Ah Matam, il n'y a rien de si Naturel.

*La. Fan.* Fe, fe, fe. But oh my Heart! O Jealousy! O Torture! I'm upon the rack. What shall I do? My Lover's lost, I ne'er shall see him mine.

*Pausing*——] But I may be reveng'd; and that's the same thing. Ah sweet Revenge! Thou welcome Thought, thou healing Balsam to my wounded Soul. Be but propitious on this one Occasion, I'll place my Heaven in thee, for all my Life to come.

To Woman how indulgent Nature's kind ;  
No Blast of Fortune long disturbs her Mind :  
Compliance to her Fate supports her still ;  
If Love won't make her happy—— Mischief will.

[*Exeunt.*]



A C T V.

SCENE, *Lady Fancyful's House.*

*Enter Lady Fancyful and Madamoiselle.*

*La. Fan.* WELL, *Madamoiselle* ; did you dog  
the filthy Things ?

*Madam.* O que ouy, Matam.

*La. Fan.* And where are they ?

*Madam.* Au Logis.

*La. Fan.* What, Men and all ?

*Madam.* Tous ensemble.

*La. Fan.* O Confidence ! What, carry their Fellows  
to their own House ?

*Madam.* C'est que le Mar n'y est pas.

*La. Fan.* No, so I believe, truly. But he shall  
be there, and quickly too, if I can find him out.  
Well, 'tis a prodigious thing, to see when Men and  
Women get together, how they fortify one another in  
their Impudence. But if that drunken Fool, her Hus-  
band, be to be found in e'er a Tavern in Town, I'll  
send him amongst 'em : I'll spoil their Sport.

*Madam.* En verite, Matam, ce seroit damage.

*La. Fan.* 'Tis in vain to oppose it, *Madamoiselle* ;  
therefore never go about it. For I am the steddiefst  
Creature in the World—— when I have determin'd  
to do Mischief. So, Come along.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE,

SCENE, *Sir John Brute's House.*

*Enter Constant, Heartfree, Lady Brute, Belinda, and Lovewell.*

*La. B.* But are you sure you don't mistake, *Lovewell*?

*Lov.* Madam, I saw 'em all go into the Tavern together, and my Master was so drunk he cou'd scarce stand.

*La. B.* Then Gentlemen, I believe we may venture to let you stay, and play at Cards with us, an hour or two: for they'll scarce part till Morning.

*Bel.* I think 'tis a pity they shou'd ever part.

*Const.* The Company that's here, Madam.

*La. B.* Then, Sir, the Company that's here, must remember to part it self, in time.

*Const.* Madam, we don't intend to forfeit your future Favours, by indiscreet Usage of this. The moment you give us the Signal, we shan't fail to make our Retreat.

*La. B.* Upon those Condition then, let us sit down to Cards.

*Enter Lovewell.*

O Lord, Madam, here's my Master just staggering in upon you; he has been quarrellom yonder, and they have kick'd him out of the Company.

*La. B.* Into the Closet, Gentlemen, for Heaven's sake; I'll wheedle him to Bed, if possible.

*[Const. and Heartf. run into the Closet.*

*Enter Sir John, all dirt and bloody.*

*La. B.* Ah ——— ah ——— he's all over Blood.

*Sir J.* What the Plague does the Woman ——— squall for? Did you never see a Man in Pickle before?

*La. B.* Lord, where have you been?

*Sir J.* I have been at ——— Cuffs.

*La. B.* I fear that is not all. I hope you are not wounded.

*Sir J.* Sound as a Roach, Wife.

*La.*

La. B. I'm mighty glad to hear it.

Sir J. You know—— I think you lye.

La. B. You do me wrong to think so. For Heaven's my Witness, I had rather see my own Blood trickle down, than yours.

Sir J. Then will I be crucify'd.

La. B. 'Tis a hard Fate, I shou'd not be believ'd.

Sir J. 'Tis a damn'd Atheistical Age, Wife.

La. B. I am sure I have given you a thousand tender Proofs, how great my Care is of you.

But, spite of all your cruel Thoughts, I'll still persist, and at this moment, if I can, persuade you to lie down, and sleep a little.

Sir J. Why—— do you think I am drunk—— you Slut, you?

La. B. Heaven forbid, I shou'd : But I'm afraid you are feverish. Pray let me feel your Pulse.

Sir J. Stand off, and be damn'd.

La. B. Why, I see your Distemper in your very Eyes. You are all on fire. Pray go to Bed ; let me intreat you.

Sir J. —— Come kiss me, then.

*Lady B. kissing him.*] There : Now go. [*Aside.*] He stinks like Poison.

Sir J. I see it goes damnably against your Stomach——

And therefore—— Kiss me again.

La. B. Nay, now you fool me.

Sir J. Do't, I say.

La. B. *aside.*] Ah Lord have Mercy upon me. Well ; there : now will you go ?

Sir J. Now, Wife, you shall see my Gratitude. You give me two Kisses—— I'll give you—— two Hundred.

[*Kisses and tumbles her.*]

La. B. O Lord : Pray Sir *John*, be quiet. Heavens, what a pickle am I in ?

*Bel. Aside*] If I were in her Pickle, I'd call my Gallant out of the Closet, and he shou'd cudgel him soundly.

Sir J. So, now you being as dirty and as nasty as my self, we may go pig together. But first I must have a Cup of your Cold-Tea, Wife.

[*Going to the Closet.*]

La. B. O, I'm ruin'd !  
There's none there, my Dear.

Sir J. I'll warrant you, I'll find some, my Dear.

La. B. You can't open the Door, the Lock's spoil'd ; I have been turning and turning the Key this half hour to no purpose. I'll send for the Smith to-morrow.

Sir J. There's ne'er a Smith in *Europe* can open a Door with more Expedition than I can do—— As for Example.

—— Pou. [*He bursts open the Door with his Foot.*]  
—— How now ?

What the Devil have we got here ?——

*Constant*—— *Heartfree*—— And two Whores again, I gad—— This is the worst Cold-Tea—— that ever I met with in my Life.——

*Enter Constant and Heartfree.*

La. B. *Aside.*] O Lord, what will become of us ?

Sir J. Gentlemen—— I am your very humble Servant—— I give you many Thanks—— I see you take care of my Family—— I shall do all I can to return the Obligation.

*Const.* Sir, how oddly soever this Business may appear to you, you wou'd have no cause to be uneasy, if you knew the Truth of all things ; your Lady is the most virtuous Woman in the World, and nothing has past, but an innocent Frolick.

*Heartf.* Nothing else, upon my Honour, Sir.

Sir J. You are both very Civil Gentlemen—— And my Wife, there, is a very Civil Gentlewoman ; therefore I don't doubt but many Civil things have past between you. Your very humble Servant.

La. B. [*Aside to Const.*] Pray be gone ; He's so drunk he can't hurt us to-night, and to-morrow Morning you shall hear from us.

*Const.* I'll obey you, Madam.

Sir,

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Sir, when you are cool, you'll understand Reason better. So then I shall take the pains to inform you. If not—— I wear a Sword, Sir, and so good by to you.

Come along, *Heartfree*.

Sir J. Wear a Sword, Sir—— And what of all that, Sir?——

He comes to my House ; Eats my Meat ; Lies with my Wife ; Dishonours my Family ; Gets a Bastard to inherit my Estate—— And when I ask a civil Account of all this—— Sir, says he, I wear a Sword—— Wear a Sword, Sir? Yes Sir, says he, I wear a Sword—— It may be a good Answer at Cross-purposes ; but 'tis a damn'd one to a Man in my whimsical Circumstance—— Sir, says he, I wear a Sword!

To *Lady B.*] And what do you wear now? ha! tell me.

[*Sitting down in a great Chair.*

What? you are modest, and can't——

Why then I'll tell you, you Slut you.

You wear—— an impudent lewd Face——

A damn'd designing Heart—— And a Tail—— and a Tail full of——

[*He falls fast asleep snoring.*

*La. B.* So ; Thanks to kind Heaven, he's fast for some Hours.

*Bel.* 'Tis well he is so, that we may have time to lay our Story handsomly ; for we must lye like the Devil, to bring our selves off.

*La. B.* What shall we say, *Belinda*?

*Bel. Mus'g.*]—— I'll tell you : It must all light up on *Heartfree* and I. We'll say he has courted me some time, but for Reasons unknown to us, has ever been very earnest the thing might be kept from Sir *John*. That therefore hearing him upon the Stairs, he run into the Closer, tho' against our Will, and *Constant* with him, to prevent Jealousy. And to give this a good impudent Face of Truth, (that I may deliver you from the Trouble you are in) I'll e'en (if he pleases) marry him.

*La. B.* I'm beholden to you, Cousin ; but that wou'd be carrying the Jest a little too far for your own sake : You know he's a younger Brother, and has nothing.



*Bel.* 'Tis true : But I like him, and have Fortune enough to keep above Extremity. I can't say, I wou'd live with him in a Cell, upon Love and Bread and Butter : But I had rather have the Man I love, and a middle State of Life, than that Gentleman in the Chair, there, and twice your Ladyship's Splendour.

*La. B.* In truth, Niece, you are in the right on't : for I am very uneasy with my Ambition. But perhaps, had I married as you'll do, I might have been as ill us'd.

*Bel.* Some Risque, I do confels, there always is : But if a Man has the least Spark, either of Honour or Good-Nature, he can never use a Woman ill, that loves him, and makes his Fortune both. Yet I must own to you, some little Struggling I still have, with this reazing Ambition of ours. For Pride, you know, is as natural to a Woman, as 'tis to a Saint. I can't help being fond of this Rogue ; and yet it goes to my Heart to think I must never whisk to *Hide-Park*, with above a Pair of Horses ; have no Coronet upon my Coach, nor a Page to carry up my Train. But above all—— that Business of Place—— Well ; taking Place is a Noble Prerogative.

*La. B.* Especially after a Quarrel.

*Bel.* Or of a Rival. But pray say no more on't, for fear I change my Mind.

For o' my Conscience, were't not for your Affair in the ballance, I shou'd go near to pick up some odious Man of Quality yet, and only take poor *Heartfree* for a Galant.

*La. B.* Then him you must have, however things go ?

*Bel.* Yes.

*La. B.* Why we may pretend what we will ; but 'tis a hard matter to live without the Man we love.

*Bel.* Especially when we are married to the Man we hate.

Pray tell me : Do the Men of the Town ever believe us virtuous, when they see us do so ?

*La. B.* O, no ; Nor indeed hardly, let us do what we will.

They

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They most of 'em think, there is no such thing as Virtue, consider'd in the strictest Notions of it: And therefore when you hear 'em say, Such a one is a Woman of Reputation, they only mean she's a Woman of Discretion. For they consider, we have no more Religion than they have, nor so much Morality; and between you and I, *Belinda*, I'm afraid the want of Inclination seldom protects any of us.

*Bel.* But what think you of the fear of being found out?

*La. B.* I think that never kept any Woman virtuous long. We are not such Cowards neither. No: Let us once pass Fifteen, and we have too good an Opinion of our own Cunning, to believe the World can penetrate into what we wou'd keep a Secret. And so in short we cannot reasonably blame the Men for judging of us by themselves.

*Bel.* But sure we are not so wicked as they are after all?

*La. B.* We are as wicked, Child, but our Vice lies another way: Men have more Courage than we, so they commit more bold impudent Sins. They quarrel, fight, swear, drink, blaspheme, and the like: Whereas we, being Cowards, only backbite, tell lyes, cheat at Cards, and so forth. But 'tis late: Let's end our Discourse for to-night, and out of an excess of Charity, take a small Care of that nasty Drunken Thing there— Do but look at him, *Belinda*.

*Bel.* Ah—— 'tis a savoury Dish.

*La. B.* As savoury as 'tis, I'm cloy'd with't. Prithce call the Butler to take it away.

*Bel.* Call the Butler?— Call the Scavenger.  
*To a Servant within.*] Who's there? Call *Rasor*! Let him take away his Master, scour him clean with a little Soap and Sand, and so put him to Bed.

*La. B.* Come *Belinda*, I'll e'en lie with you to-night; and in the Morning we'll send for our Gentlemen to set this Matter even.

*Bel.* With all my heart.

*La. B.* Good Night, my Dear. [*Making a low Curtsey.*

*Both.* Ha, ha, ha.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Rafter.*

My Lady there's a Wag—— My Master there's a Cuckold. Marriage is a slippery thing—— Women have deprav'd Appetites—— My Lady's a Wag ; I have heard all ; I have seen all ; I understand all ; and I'll tell all ; for my little *Frenchwoman* loves News dearly. This Story'll gain her Heart, or nothing will.

*To his Master.*] Come, Sir, your Head's too full of Fumes at present, to make room for your Jealousy ; but I reckon we shall have rare work with you, when your Pate's empty. Come to your Kennel, you Cuckoldly drunken Sot you.

[*Carries him out upon his Back.*]

## SCENE, *Lady Fancyful's House.*

*Enter Lady Fancyful and Madamoiselle.*

*La. Fan.* But, why did not you tell me before, *Madamoiselle*, that *Rafter* and you were fond ?

*Madam.* De Modesty hinder me, *Matam.*

*La. Fan.* Why truly Modesty does often hinder us from doing things we have an extravagant mind to. But does he love you well enough yet, to do any thing you bid him ? Do you think, to oblige you, he wou'd speak Scandal ?

*Madam.* *Matam*, to oblige your Ladyship, he shall speak Blasphemy.

*La. Fan.* Why then, *Madamoiselle*, I'll tell you what you shall do. You shall engage him to tell his Master, all that pass at *Spring-Garden* : I have a mind he shou'd know what a Wife and a Niece he has got.

*Madam.* Il le fera, *Matam.*

*Enter a Footman, who speaks to Madamoiselle apart.*

*Foot.* *Madamoiselle*, yonder's *Mr. Rafter* desires to speak with you.

*Madam.* Tell him, I come presently.

[*Exit Footman.*]

*Rafter* be dare, *Matam.*

*La.*

*La. Fan.* That's Fortunate : Well, I'll leave you together. And if you find him stubborn, *Madamoiselle*—hark you—don't refuse him a few little reasonable Liberties, to put him into humour.

*Madam.* Laissez moy faire. [*Exit Lady Fancyful.*  
[*Rasor* peeps in ; and seeing *Lady Fancyful* gone, runs to *Madamoiselle*, takes her about the Neck, and kisses her.]

*Madam.* How now, Confidence !

*Rasor.* How now, Modesty !

*Madam.* Who make you so familiar, Sirrah ?

*Rasor.* My Impudence, Huffy.

*Madam.* Stand off, Rogue-face.

*Rasor.* Ah——— *Madamoiselle*——— great News at our House.

*Madam.* Why what be de matter ?

*Rasor.* The Matter ?—— why, Uptails All's the matter.

*Madam.* Tu te mocque de moy.

*Rasor.* Now do you long to know the Particulars : The Time when : The Place where : The Manner how. But I won't tell you a word more.

*Madam.* Nay, den dou kill me, *Rasor*.

*Rasor.* Come, kifs me, then.

[*Clapping his hands behind him.*

*Madam.* Nay, pridee tell me.

*Rasor.* Good by to ye.

*Madam.* Hold, hold : I will kifs dee. [*Going.*  
[*Kissing him.*

*Rasor.* So, that's civil : Why now, my pretty Pall ; my Goldfinch ; my little Waterwagtail——— you must know that——— Come, kifs me again.

*Madam.* I won't kifs dee no more.

*Rasor.* Good b'wy to ye.

*Madam.* Doucement ; Dare : es tu content ?

[*Kissing him.*

*Rasor.* So : Now I'll tell thee-all.

Why the News is, That Cuckoldom in Folio, is newly printed ; and Matrimony in Quarto, is just going into the Prefs. Will you buy any Books, *Madamoiselle* ?

*Madam.* Tu parle comme un Librair, de Devil no understand dee.

*Rasor.* Why then, that I may make my self intelligible to a Waiting-Woman, I'll speak like a Valet de Chambre. My Lady has cuckolded my Master.

*Madam.* Bon.

*Rasor.* Which we take very ill from her hands, I can tell her that.

We can't yet prove Matter of Fact upon her.

*Madam.* N'importe.

*Rasor.* But we can prove, that Matter of Fact had like to have been upon her.

*Madam.* Ouy da.

*Rasor.* For we have such bloody Circumstances.

*Madam.* Sans doute.

*Rasor.* That any Man of Parts may draw tickling Conclusions from 'em.

*Madam.* Fort bien.

*Rasor.* We have found a couple of tight well-built Gentlemen, stuf into her Ladyship's Closet.

*Madam.* Le Diable.

*Rasor.* And I, in my particular Person, have discover'd a most damnable Plot, how to persuade my poor Master, that all this Hide and Seek, this *Will-in-the-Whisp*, has no other meaning than a Christian Marriage for sweet Mrs. *Belinda*.

*Madam.* Une Marriage? — Ah les Droless.

*Rasor.* Don't you interrupt me, Hussy; 'tis agreed, I say. And my innocent Lady, to riggle her self out at the Back-door of the Business, turns Marriage-Bawd to her Niece, and resolves to deliver up her fair Body, to be tumbled and mumbled, by that young liquorish Whipster, *Heartfree*. Now are you satisfy'd?

*Madam.* No.

*Rasor.* Right Woman; always gaping for more.

*Madam.* Dis be all den, dat dou know?

*Rasor.* All? Ay, and a great deal too, I think.

*Madam.* Dou be fool, dou know noting.

Ecoute mon pauvre *Rasor*.

Dou sees des two Eyes? — Des two Eyes have see de Devil.

*Rasor.* The Woman's mad.

*Madam.*

Madam. In Spring-Garden, dat Rogue Constant meet dy Lady.

Rasor. Bon.

Madam.——I'll tell dee no more.

Rasor. Nay, prithee, my Swan.

Madam. Come, kifs me den.

[Clapping her hands behind her as he had done before.]

Rasor. I won't kifs you, not I.

Madam. Adieu.

Rasor. Hold—— Now proceed.

[Gives her a hearty Kifs.

Madam. A ca—— I hide my self in one cunning place, where I hear all, and see all. First dy drunken Master come mal a propos; but de Sot no know his own dear Wife, so he leave her to her Sport ——

Den de game begin.

De Lover say soft ting :

De Lady look upon de Ground.

He take her by de Hand :

She turn her Head on oder way.

Den he squeeze very hard :

Den she pull——very softly.

Den he take her in his Arm :

Den she give him leetel pat.

Den he kifs her Tettons :

Den she say——Pish, nay fec.

Den he tremble :

Den she—— sigh.

Den he pull her into de Arbour :

Den she pinch him.

Rasor. Ay, but not so hard, you Baggage you.

Madam. Den he grow bold :

She grow weak.

He tro her down,

Il tombe dessu,

Le Diable assist,

Il emport tout :

Stand off, Sirrah.

{ Rasor struggles with her, as if he wou'd throw her down.

Rasor. You have set me a fire, you Jade you.

Madam. Den go to de River and quench dy self.

*Rasor.* What an unnatural Harlot 'tis!

*Madam. Rasor.* [Looking languishing on him.]

*Rasor. Mademoiselle.*

*Madam.* Dou no love me?

*Rasor.* Not love thee!—— More than a *Frenchman* does Soup.

*Madam.* Den dou will refuse nothing dat I bid dee?

*Rasor.* Don't bid me be damn'd then.

*Madam.* No, only tell dy Master, all I have tell dee of dy Laty.

*Rasor.* Why, you little malicious Strumpet, you; shou'd you like to be serv'd so?

*Madam.* Dou dispute den?—— Adieu.

*Rasor.* Hold—— But why wilt thou make me be such a Rogue, my Dear?

*Madam.* Voila un vrai Anglois! il est amoureux, et cependant il veut raisonner. Vat en au Diable.

*Rasor.* Hold once more: In hopes thou'lt give me up thy Body, I resign thee up my Soul.

*Madam.* Bon: ecoute donc:—  
if dou fail me—— I never  
see dee more—— if thou obey  
me——

{ She takes him a-  
bout the Neck,  
and gives him a  
smacking kiss.

*Je m' abandonne a toy.*

[Exit Mademoiselle.]

*Rasor.* licking his Lips.]

Not be a Rogue?—— *Amor vincit Omnia.* [Exit Rasor.]

*Enter Lady Fanciful and Mademoiselle.*

*La. Fan.* Marry, say ye? Will the two things marry?

*Madam.* On le va faire, Matam.

*La. Fan.* Look you, *Mademoiselle*, in short, I can't bear it—— No; I find I can't—— If once I see 'em a-bed-together, I shall have ten thousand Thoughts in my Head will make me run distracted. Therefore run and call *Rasor* back immediately, for something must be done to stop this impertinent Wedding. If I can defer it but four and twenty Hours, I'll make such work about Town, with that little pert Slut's Reputation, he shall as soon marry a Witch.

*Madamois.* [Aside.] La Voila bien intentionee.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE,

SCENE, Constant's Lodgings.

*Enter Constant and Heartfree.*

*Const.* But what dost thou think will come of this Business?

*Heartf.* 'Tis easier to think what will not come on't.

*Const.* What's that?

*Heartf.* A Challenge. I know the Knight too well for that: His dear Body will always prevail upon his noble Soul to be quiet.

*Const.* But tho' he dare not challenge me, perhaps he may venture to challenge his Wife.

*Heartf.* Not if you whisper him in the Ear, you won't have him do't, and there's no other way left that I see. For as drunk as he was, he'll remember you and I were where we shou'd not be; and I don't think him quite Blockhead enough yet, to be persuaded we were got into his Wife's Closet only to peep in her Prayer-book.

*Enter Servant with a Letter.*

*Serv.* Sir, Here's a Letter, a Porter brought it.

*Const.* O ho, here's Instructions for us.

*Reads.]*

*The Accident that has happen'd has touch'd our Invention to the quick. We wou'd fain come off, without your help; but find that's impossible. In a word, the whole Business must be thrown upon a Matrimonial Intrigue, between your Friend and mine. But if the Parties are not fond enough, to go quite through with the matter; 'tis sufficient for our turn, they own the Design. We'll find Pretences enough, to break the Match. Adieu.*

— Well, Woman for Invention! How long wou'd my Blockhead have been a producing this.

— Hey, Heartfree: what musing, Man? Prithee be cheerful. What say'st thou, Friend, to this Matrimonial Remedy?

K 5

*Heartf.*



*Heartf.* Why I say, it's worse than the Disease.

*Const.* Here's a Fellow for you : There's Beauty and Money on her Side, and Love up to the Ears on his ; and yet ———

*Heartf.* And yet, I think, I may reasonably be allow'd to boggle at marrying the Niece, in the very Moment that you are debauching the Aunt.

*Const.* Why truly, there may be something in that. But have not you a good Opinion enough of your own Parts, to believe you cou'd keep a Wife to your self ?

*Heartf.* I shou'd have, if I had a good Opinion enough of hers, to believe she cou'd do as much by me. For to do 'em right, after all, the Wife seldom rambles, till the Husband shews her the way.

*Const.* 'Tis true ; a Man of real Worth, scarce ever is a Cuckold, but by his own Fault. Women are not naturally lewd, there must be something to urge 'em to it. They'll cuckold a Churl, out of Revenge ; a Fool, because they despise him ; a Beast, because they loath him. But when they make bold with a Man they once had a well-grounded Value for, 'tis because they first see themselves neglected by him.

*Heartf.* Nay, were I well assur'd, that I shou'd never grow Sir *John*, I ne'er shou'd fear *Belinda*'d play my Lady. But our Weakness, thou know'st, my Friend, consists in that very Change, we so impudently throw upon (indeed) a steddier and more generous Sex.

*Const.* Why Faith we are a little impudent in that matter, that's the truth on't. But this is wonderful, to see you grown so warm an Advocate for those (but t'other day) you took so much pains to abuse.

*Heartf.* All Revolutions run into Extremes, the Bigot makes the boldest Atheist ; and the coyest Saint, the most extravagant Strumpet. But prithee advise me in this Good and Evil, this Life and Death, this Blessing and Cursing, that is set before me. Shall I marry ——— or die a Maid ?

*Const.* Why Faith, *Heartfree*, Matrimony is like an Army going to engage. Love's the forlorn Hope, which is soon cut off ; the Marriage-Knot is the main Body,

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Body, which may stand buff a long long time ; and Repentance is the Rear-Guard, which rarely gives ground, as long as the main Battel has a Being.

*Heartf.* Conclusion then ; you advise me to whore on, as you do.

*Const.* That's not concluded yet. For tho Marriage be a Lottery, in which there are a wondrous many Blanks ; yet there is one inestimable Lot, in which the only Heaven on Earth is written. Wou'd your kind Fate but guide your Hand to that, though I were wrapt in all that Luxury it self could clothe me with, I still shou'd envy you.

*Heartf.* And justly too : For to be capable of loving one, doubtless is better than to possess a Thousand. But how far that Capacity's in me, alas, I know not.

*Const.* But you wou'd know ?

*Heartf.* I wou'd so.

*Constant.* Matrimony will inform you.

Come, one Flight of Resolution carries you to the Land of Experience ; where, in a very moderate time, you'll know the Capacity of your Soul and your body both, or I'm mistaken. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E, *Sir John Brute's House.*

*Enter Lady Brute and Belinda.*

*Bel.* Well, Madam, what Answer have you from 'em ?

*La. B.* That they'll be here this Moment. I fancy 'twill end in a Wedding : I'm sure he's a Fool if it don't. Ten thousand Pound, and such a Lass as you are, is no contemptible Offer to a younger Brother. But are not you under strange Agitations ? Prithee how does your Pulse beat ?

*Bel.* High and low, I have much a-do to be valiant : sure it must feel very strange to go to bed to a Man ?

*La. B.* Um — it does feel a little odd at first, but it will soon grow easy to you.

*Enter*

*Enter Constant and Heartfree.*

**La. B.** Good-morrow, Gentlemen: How have you slept after your Adventure?

**Heartf.** Some careful Thoughts, Ladies, on your accounts, have kept us waking.

**Bel.** And some careful Thoughts on your own, I believe, have hindred you from sleeping. Pray how does this Matrimonial Project relish with you?

**Heartf.** Why Faith e'en as storming Towns does with Soldiers, where the Hopes of delicious Plunder banishes the Fear of being knock'd on the head.

**Bel.** Is it then possible after all, that you dare think of downright lawful Wedlock?

**Heartf.** Madam, you have made me so fool-hardy, I dare do any thing.

**Bel.** Then, Sir, I challenge you; and Matrimony's the Spot where I expect you.

**Heartf.** 'Tis enough; I'll not fail.

[*Aside.*] So, now I am in for *Hobbes's* Voyage; a great Leap in the Dark.

**La. B.** Well, Gentlemen, this Matter being concluded then, have you got your Lessons ready? For Sir *John* is grown such an Atheist of late, he'll believe nothing upon easy Terms.

**Const.** We'll find ways to extend his Faith, Madam. But pray how do you find him this Morning?

**La. B.** Most lamentably morose, chewing the Cud after last Night's Discovery; of which however he had but a confus'd Notion e'en now. But I'm afraid the Valet de Chambre has told him all, for they are very busy together at this moment. When I told him of *Belinda's* Marriage, I had no other Answer but a Grunt: From which, you may draw what Conclusions you think fit.

But to your Notes, Gentlemen, he's here.

*Enter Sir John and Rasor.*

**Const.** Good-morrow, Sir.

**Heartf.** Good-morrow, Sir *John*. I'm very sorry my Indiscretion shou'd cause so much Disorder in your Family.

†

*Const.*

*Const.* Disorders generally come from Indiscretions, Sir; 'tis no strange thing at all.

*La. B.* I hope, my Dear, you are satisfied there was no wrong intended you.

*Sir J.* None, my Dove.

*Bel.* If not, I hope my Consent to marry Mr. *Heart-free* will convince you. For as little as I know of Amours, Sir, I can assure you, one Intrigue is enough to bring four People together, without further mischief.

*Sir J.* And I know too, that Intrigues tend to Procreation of more kinds than one. One Intrigue will beget another as soon as beget a Son or a Daughter.

*Const.* I am very sorry, Sir, to see you still seem unsatisfy'd with a Lady, whose more than common Virtue, I am sure, were she my Wife, shou'd meet a better Usage.

*Sir J.* Sir, if her Conduct has put a trick upon her Virtue, her Virtue's the Bubble, but her Husband's the Loser.

*Const.* Sir, You have receiv'd a sufficient Answer already, to justify both her Conduct and mine. You'll pardon me for meddling in your Family-Affairs; but I perceive I am the Man you are jealous of, and therefore it concerns me.

*Sir J.* Wou'd it did not concern me, and then I shou'd not care who it concern'd.

*Const.* Well, Sir, if Truth and Reason won't content you, I know but one way more, which, if you think fit, you may take.

*Sir J.* Lord, Sir, you are very hasty: If I had been found at Prayers in your Wife's Closet, I shou'd have allow'd you twice as much time to come to your self in.

*Const.* Nay, Sir, if Time be all you want; we have no Quarrel.

*Heartf.* I told you how the Sword wou'd work upon him.

[*Sir John muses.*

*Const.* Let him muse; however, I'll lay fifty Pound our Foreman brings us in, Not Guilty.

*Sir J. Aside.]* 'Tis well—— 'tis very well—— In spite of that young Jade's Matrimonial Intrigue, I am  
a

a downright stinking Cuckold—— Here they are——  
 Boo—— [*Putting his Hand to his Forehead.*  
 Methinks I could butt with a Bull.

What the Plague did I marry her for? I knew she did not like me; if she had, she wou'd have lain with me; for I wou'd have done so, because I lik'd her: But that's past, and I have her. And now, what shall I do with her?—— If I put my Horns into my Pocket, she'll grow insolent—— If I don't, that Goat there, that Stallion, is ready to whip me through the Guts—— The Debate then is reduc'd to this; Shall I die a Hero? or live a Rascal?—— Why, wiser Men than I have long since concluded, that a living Dog is better than a dead Lion.——

[*To Const. and Heartf.*] Gentlemen, now my Wine and my Passion are governable, I must own, I have never observ'd any thing in my Wife's Course of Life, to back me in my Jealousy of her: but Jealousy's a mark of Love; so she need not trouble her head about it, as long as I make no more words on't.

*Lady Fancyful enters disguis'd, and addresses to Belinda apart.*

*Constant.* I'm glad to see your Reason rule at last. Give me your Hand: I hope you'll look upon me as you are wont.

*Sir F.* Your humble Servant. [*Aside.*] A wheedling Son of a Whore.

*Heartf.* And that I may be sure you are Friends with me too, pray give me your Consent to wed your Niece.

*Sir F.* Sir, you have it with all my heart: Damn me if you han't. [*Aside.*] 'Tis time to get rid of her: A young pert Pimp; she'll make an incomparable Bawd in a little time.

*Enter a Servant, who gives Heartfree a Letter.*

*Bel.* Heartfree your Husband, say you? 'tis impossible.

*La. Fan.* Wou'd to kind Heaven it were: but 'tis too true; and in the World there lives not such a Wretch. I'm young; and either I have been flatter'd by my Friends, as well as Glafs, or Nature has been kind

kind and generous to me. I had a Fortune too was greater far than he could ever hope for; but with my Heart I am robb'd of all the rest. I'm slighted and I'm beggar'd both at once; I have scarce a bare Subsistence from the Villain, yet dare complain to none; for he has sworn, if e'er 'tis known I am his Wife, he'll murder me. [Weeping.]

*Bel.* The Traytor!

*La. Fan.* I accidentally was told he courted you; Charity soon prevail'd upon me to prevent your Misery: And as you see, I'm still so generous even to him, as not to suffer he should do a thing, for which the Law might take away his Life. [Weeping.]

*Bel.* Poor Creature! how I pity her!

*(They continue talking aside.)*

*Heartf. (aside.)* Death and Damnation!— Let me read it again. *(Reads.)* *Tho I have a particular Reason not to let you know who I am till I see you; yet you'll easily believe 'tis a faithful Friend that gives you this Advice—I have lain with Belinda (Good!)— I have a Child by her (Better and Better!) which is now at Nurse; (Heaven be prais'd!) and I think the Foundation laid for another; (Ha!— Old Truepenny!)— No Rack could have tortur'd this Story from me; but Friendship has done it. I heard of your Design to marry her, and cou'd not see you abus'd. Make use of my Advice, but keep my Secret till I ask you for't again. Adieu.* *(Exit Lady Fancyful.)*

*Const. to B.]* Come, Madam, shall we send for the Parson? I doubt here's no Business for the Lawyer: Younger Brothers have nothing to settle but their Hearts, and that I believe my Friend here has already done very faithfully.

*Bel. [scornfully.]* Are you sure, Sir, there are no old Mortgages upon it?

*Heartf. [coldly.]* If you think there are, Madam, it mayn't be amiss to defer the Marriage till you are sure they are paid off.

*Bel. aside.]* How the gall'd Horse kicks!

*[To Heartf.]* We'll defer it as long as you please, Sir.

*Heart.*

*Heartf.* The more time we take to consider on't, Madam, the less apt we shall be to commit Oversight; therefore, if you please, we'll put it off for just nine Months.

*Bel.* Guilty Consciences make Men Cowards; I don't wonder you want time to resolve.

*Heartf.* And they make Women desperate; I don't wonder you were so quickly determin'd.

*Bel.* What does the Fellow mean?

*Heartf.* What does the Lady mean?

*Sir John.* Zoons, what do you both mean?

[*Heart. and Bel. walk chafing about.*

*Raf. aside.*) Here is so much Sport going to be spoil'd, it makes me ready to weep again. A pox o' this impertinent Lady *Fancyful*, and her Plots, and her *French-woman* too; she's a whimsical, ill-natur'd Bitch, and when I have got my Bones broke in her Service, 'tis ten to one but my Recompence is a Clap; I hear them tittering without still. I cod, I'll e'en go lug them both in by the Ears, and discover the Plot, to secure my Pardon.

(*Exit Raf.*)

*Const.* Prithee explain, *Heartfree.*

*Heartf.* A fair Deliverance; thank my Stars and my Friend.

*Bel.* 'Tis well it went no farther; a base Fellow!

*La. B.* What can be the Meaning of all this?

*Bel.* What's his Meaning, I don't know; but mine is, that if I had married him—I had had no Husband.

*Heartf.* And what's her Meaning, I don't know; but mine is, that if I had married her—I had had Wife enough.

*Sir John.* Your People of Wit have got such cramp ways of expressing themselves, they seldom comprehend one another. Pox take you both, will you speak that you may be understood?

*Enter Raf. in Sackcloth, pulling in Lady Fancyful and Madamoiselle.*

*Raf.* If they won't, here comes an Interpreter.

*La. B.* Heavens! what have we here?

*Raf.*

*Raf.* A Villain——but a repenting Villain. Stuff which Saints in all Ages have been made of.

*All. Rasor!*

*La. B.* What means this sudden Metamorphose?

*Raf.* Nothing; without my Pardon.

*La. B.* What Pardon do you want?

*Raf. Imprimis,* Your Ladyship's; for a damnable Lye made upon your spotless Virtue, and set to the Tune of *Spring-Garden.*

*To Sir John.]* Next, at my generous Master's Feet I bend, for interrupting his more noble Thoughts with Phantoms of disgraceful Cuckoldom.

*To Const.]* Thirdly, I to this Gentleman apply, for making him the Hero of my Romance.

*To Heartf.]* Fourthly, your Pardon, noble Sir, I ask, for clandestinely marrying you, without either bidding of Banns, Bishop's Licence, Friends Consent——or your own Knowledge.

*To Bel.]* And, lastly, to my good young Lady's Clemency I come, for pretending the Corn was sow'd in the Ground, before ever the Plow had been in the Field.

*Sir John (aside.)* So that after all, 'tis a moot Point, whether I am a Cuckold or not.

*Bel.* Well, Sir, upon condition you confess all, I'll pardon you my self, and try to obtain as much from the rest of the Company. But I must know then who 'tis has put you upon all this Mischief?

*Raf.* Sathan, and his Equipage; Woman tempted me, Lust weaken'd me——and so the Devil overcame me; as fell *Adam*, so fell I.

*Bel.* Then pray, *Mr. Adam*, will you make us acquainted with your *Eve*?

*Raf. to Madam.]* Unmask, for the honour of *France.*

*All. Mademoiselle!*

*Madamoif.* Me ask ten thousand Pardon of all de good Company.

*Sir John.* Why this Mystery thickens instead of clearing up.

*To Raf.]* You Son of a Whore you, put us out of our pain.

*Raf.*



*The Provok'd Wife.*

*Raf.* One moment brings Sunshine.

*Shewing Madamois.*] 'Tis true, this is the Woman that tempted me, but this is the Serpent that tempted the Woman; and if my Prayers might be heard, her Punishment for so doing should be like the Serpent's of old.

*Pulls off Lady F's Mask.*] She should lie upon her Face all the days of her Life.

*All.* Lady Fancyful!

*Bel.* Impertinent!

*La. B.* Ridiculous!

*All.* Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

*Bel.* I hope your Ladyship will give me leave to wish you Joy, since you have own'd your Marriage your self.

*To Heartf.*] I vow 'twas strangely wicked in you to think of another Wife, when you had one already so charming as her Ladyship.

*All.* Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

*La. Fan. aside.*] Confusion seize 'em, as it seizes me!

*Madamois.* Que le Diable e toute ce Maraut de Rafor.

*Bel.* Your Ladyship seems disorder'd: A breeding Qualm, perhaps, Mr. *Heartfree*: Your Bottle of Hungary Water to your Lady. Why, Madam, he stands as unconcern'd, as if he were your Husband in earnest.

*La. Fan.* Your Mirth's as nauseous as your self, *Belinda*; you think you triumph over a Rival now: Helas! ma pauvre fille. Where'er I'm Rival, there's no Cause for Mirth. No, my poor Wretch, 'tis from another Principle I have acted. I knew that thing there wou'd make so perverse a Husband, and you so impertinent a Wife, that lest your mutual Plagues shou'd make you both run mad, I charitably would have broke the March. He! he! he! he! he!

[*Exit laughing affectedly, Madamois. following her.*

*Madamois.* He! he! he! he! he!

*All.* Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

*Sir John aside.*] Why now this Woman will be married to somebody too.

*Bel.* Poor Creature! what a Passion she's in; but I forgive her.

*Heartf.* Since you have so much Goodness for her, I hope you'll pardon my Offence too, Madam. *Bel.*

*The Provok'd Wife.* 211

*Bel.* There will be no great difficulty in that, since I am guilty of an equal Fault.

*Heartf.* Then Pardons being past on all sides, pray let's to Church to conclude the Day's Work.

*Const.* But before you go, let me treat you pray with a Song a new-married Lady made within this Week; it may be of use to you both.

S O N G.

I.

**W**HEN yielding first to Damon's Flame,  
I sunk into his Arms;  
He swore he'd ever be the same,  
Then rifled all my Charms.  
But fond of what h'ad long desir'd,  
Too greedy of his Prey,  
My Shepherd's Flame, alas! expir'd  
Before the Verge of Day.

II.

My Innocence in Lovers Wars,  
Reproach'd his quick Defeat;  
Confus'd, asham'd, and bath'd in Tears,  
I mourn'd his cold Retreat.  
At length, Ah Shepherdess! cry'd he,  
Wou'd you my Fire renew,  
Alas, you must retreat like me,  
I'm lost if you pursue.

*Heartf.* So, Madam; now had the Parson but done his Business——

*Bel.* You'd be half weary of your Bargain.

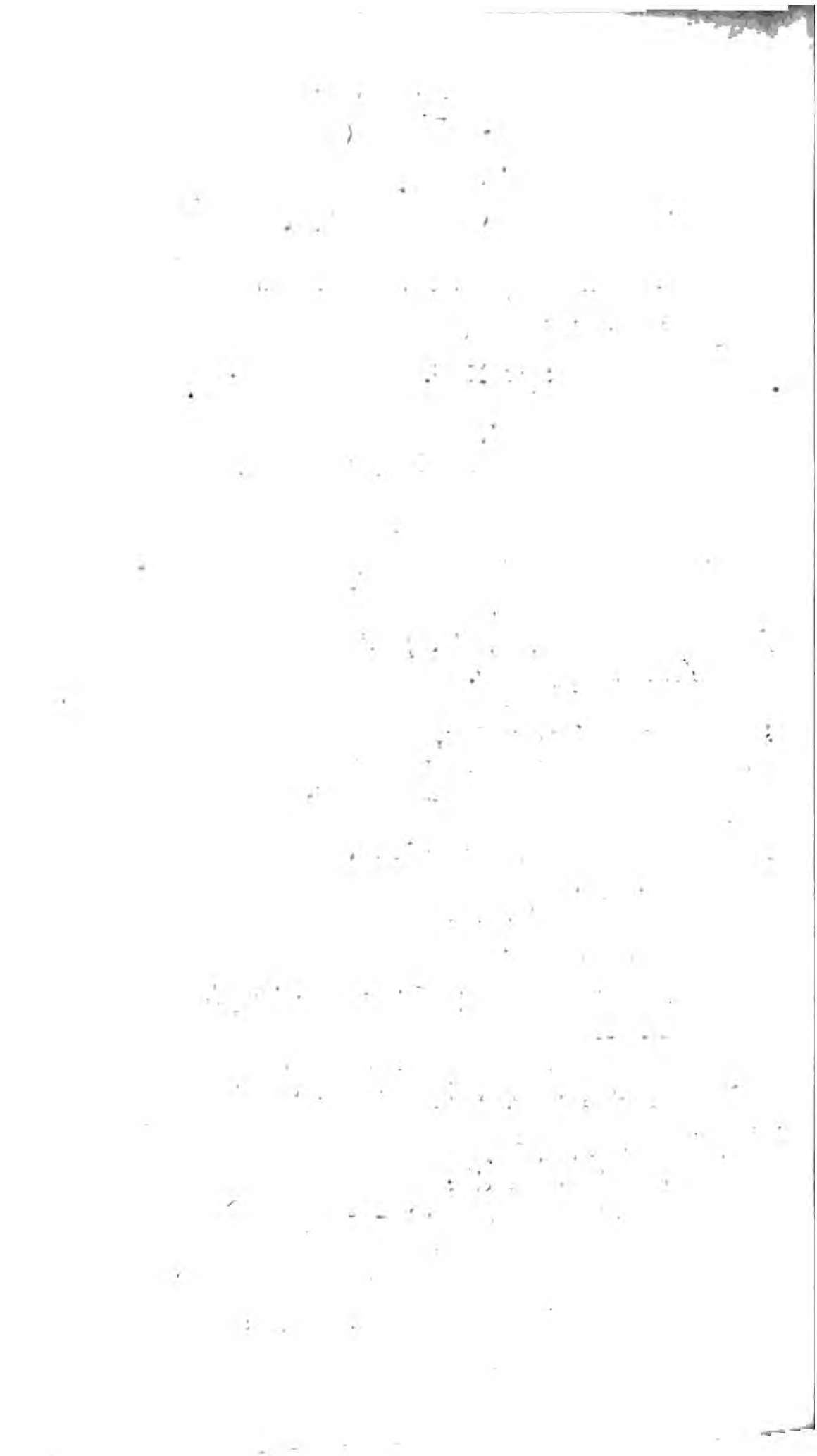
*Heartf.* No, sure, I might dispense with one night's Lodging.

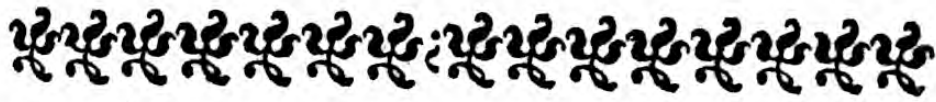
*Bel.* I'm ready to try, Sir.

*Heartf.* Then let's to Church:

And if it be our Chance to disagree——

*Bel.* Take heed——the surly Husband's Fate you see.





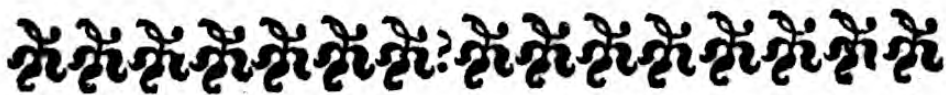
*E S O P;*

A

**COMEDY:**

As it is Acted at the

Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane.*



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# P R E F A C E.



O speak for a Play, if it can't speak for it self, is vain ; and if it can, 'tis needless. For one of these Reasons (I can't yet tell which, for 'tis now but the second Day of acting) I resolve to say nothing for *Esop*, tho I know he'd be glad of help ;

for let the best happen that can, his Journey's up Hill, with a dead *English* weight at the Tail of him.

At *Paris* indeed he scrambled up something faster (for 'twas up Hill there too) than I'm afraid he will do here : The *French* having more Mercury in their Heads, and less Beef and Pudding in their Bellies. Our Solidity may set hard, what their Folly makes easy : for Fools I own they are, you know we have found them so in the Conduct of the War ; I wish we may do so in the Management of the Peace : but that's neither *Esop's* Business, nor mine.

This Play, Gentlemen (or one not much unlike it) was writ in *French* about six Years since by one Monsieur *Boursaut* ; 'twas play'd at *Paris* by the *French* Comedians, and this was its Fate :

The first Day it appear'd, 'twas routed (People seldom being fond of what they don't understand, their own sweet Persons excepted.) The second (by the help of some

some bold Knight-Errants) it rally'd ; the third it advanc'd ; the fourth it gave a vigorous Attack ; and the fifth put all the Feathers in Town to the scamper, pursuing them on to the fourteenth, and then they cry'd out Quarter.

'Tis not reasonable to expect *Esop* should gain so great a Victory here, since 'tis possible by fooling with his Sword, I may have turn'd the Edge on't. For I confess in the Translation I have not at all stuck to the Original ; nay, I have gone farther, I have wholly added the fifth Act, and crowded a Country Gentleman into the fourth, for which I ask Monsieur *Boursaut's* pardon with all my heart, but doubt I never shall obtain it for bringing him into such Company. Tho' after all, had I been so complaisant to have waited on his Play word for word, 'tis possible even that might not have ensur'd the Success of it : For tho' it swam in *France*, it might have sunk in *England* : Their Country abounds in Cork, ours in Lead.



PRO.



# P R O L O G U E.



*Allants, we never yet produc'd a Play  
With greater Fears than this we act to-day ;  
Barren of all the Graces of the Stage,  
Barren of all that entertains this Age.*

*No Hero, no Romance, no Plot, no Show,  
No Rape, no Bawdy, no Intrigue, no Beau :  
There's nothing in't with which we use to please ye ;  
With downright dull Instruction w'are to tease ye :  
The Stage turns Pulpit, and the World's so fickle,  
The Play-House in a Whim turns Conventicle.  
But Preaching here must prove a hungry Trade,  
The Patentees will find so, I'm afraid :  
For tho' with Heavenly Zeal you all abound,  
As by your Lives and Morals may be found ;  
Tho' every Female here o'erflows with Grace,  
And chaste Diana's written in her Face ;  
Tho' Maids renounce the Sweets of Fornication,  
And one lewd Wife's not left in all the Nation ;  
Tho' Men grow true, and the foul Fiend desy ;  
Tho' Tradesmen cheat no more, nor Lawyers lye ;  
Tho' not one Spot be found on Levi's Tribe,  
Nor one soft Courtier that will touch a Bribe ;  
Yet in the midst of such religious Days,  
Sermons have never borne the Price of Plays.*

L

Dramatis



## Dramatis Personæ.

### M E N.

*Esop*, Mr. Cibber.  
*Learchus*, Governor of *Syzicus*. Mr. Dogget.  
*Oronces*, in love with *Euphronia*. Mr. Harland.

### W O M E N.

*Euphronia*, Daughter to *Learchus*, in love with *Oronces*. } Mrs. Temple.  
*Doris*, her Nurse. Mrs. Verbruggen.

People who come to *Esop*, upon several Occasions,  
independent one of another.

Two Country Tradesmen. { Mr. Pinkethman, and  
Mr. Smeton.  
*Roger*, a Country Bumkin. Mr. Haynes.  
*Quaint*, a Herald. Mr. Pinkethman.  
*Fruitful*, an Inn-keeper. Mr. Smeton.  
A Country Gentleman. Mr. Pinkethman.  
A Priest, Musicians, &c.  
*Hortensia*, an affected learned } Mrs. Kent.  
Lady.  
*Aminta*, a lewd Mother. Mrs. Willis.  
*Forge-Will*, a Scrivener's Widow. Mrs. Finch.  
*Fruitful*, Wife to the Inn-keeper. Mrs. Powell.

E S O P.




*E S O P.*



**ACT I. SCENE I.**

*Learchus's House.*

*Enter Learchus, Euphronia, and Doris.*

*Lear.*  T length I am blest with the sight of the World's Wonder, the Delight of Mankind, the incomparable *Esop*. You had time to observe him last Night, Daughter, as he sat at Supper with me.

Tell me how you like him, Child; is he not a charming Person?

*Euph.* Charming!

*Lear.* What say'st thee to him, *Doris*? Thou art a good Judge, a Wench of a nice Palate.

*Dor.* You wou'd not have me flatter, Sir?

*Lear.* No, speak thy Thoughts boldly.

*Dor.* Boldly, you say?

*Lear.* Boldly, I say.

*Dor.* Why then, Sir, my Opinion of the Gentleman is, that he's uglier than an old Beau.

*Lear.* How! Impudence.

*Dor.* Nay, if you are angry, Sir, second Thoughts are best; he's as proper as a Pike-man, holds up his Head like a Dancing-Master, has the Shape of a Barb, the Face of an Angel, the Voice of a Cherubim, the Smell of a Civet-Cat——

*Lear.* In short, thou art Fool enough not to be pleas'd with him.

*Dor.* Excuse me for that, Sir, I have Wit enough to make my self merry with him——

*Lear.* If his Body's deform'd, his Soul is beautiful: Wou'd to kind Heaven, as he is, my Daughter cou'd but find the means to please him.

*Euph.* To what end, dear Father?

*Lear.* That he might be your Husband, dear Daughter.

*Euph.* My Husband? Shield me kind Heaven——

*Dor.* Psha! he has a mind to make us laugh, that's all.

*Lear.* *Eso*p then is not worth her Care, in thy Opinion.

*Dor.* Why truly, Sir, I'm always for making suitable Matches, and don't much approve of breeding Monsters. I wou'd have nothing marry a Baboon, but what has been got by a Monkey.

*Lear.* How dar'st thou liken so incomparable a Man to so contemptible a Beast?

*Dor.* Ah, the Inconstancy of this World! Out of sight, out of mind. Your little Monkey is scarce cold in his Grave, and you have already forgot what you us'd so much to admire: Do but call him to remembrance, Sir, in his red Coat, new Gloves, little Hat, and clean Linen; then discharge your Conscience, utter the Truth from your Heart, and tell us whether he was not the prettier Gentleman of the two——By my Virginity, Sir (tho that's but a slippery Oath, you'll say) had they made love to me together, *Eso*p! should have worn the Willow.

*Lear.* Since nothing but an Animal will please thee, 'tis pity my Monkey had not that Virginity thou hast sworn by. But I, whom Wisdom charms, even in the homeliest

homeliest Dress, can never think the much-deserving *Esof* unworthy of my Daughter.

*Dor.* Now, in the name of Wonder, what is't you so admire in him ?

*Lear.* Hark, and thou shalt know; but you, *Euphronia*, Be you more especially attentive.

'Tis true he's plain ; but that's, my Girl, a Trifle.

All manly Beauty's seated in the Soul ;

And that of *Esof*, Envy's self must own

Outshines whate'er the World has yet produc'd.

*Cræsus*, the prosperous Favourite of Heaven ;

*Cræsus*, the happiest Potentate on Earth ;

Whose Treasure (tho immense) is the least part

Of what he holds from Providence's Care,

Leans on his Shoulder as his grand Support,

Admires his Wisdom, doats upon his Truth,

And makes him Pilot to Imperial Sway.

But in this elevated Post of Power,

What's his Employ? Where does he point his Thoughts ?

To live in Splendour, Luxury, and Ease,

Do endless Mischiefs, by neglecting Good,

And build his Family on others Ruins ?

No :

He serves the Prince, and serves the People too ;

Is useful to the Rich, and helps the Poor ;

There's nothing stands neglected, but himself. ]

With constant Pain, and yet with constant Joy,

From place to place throughout the Realm he goes,

With useful Lessons, form'd to every Rank :

The People learn Obedience from his Tongue,

The Magistrate is guided in Command,

The Prince is minded of a Father's Care ;

The Subject's taught the Duty of a Child.

And as 'tis dangerous to be bold with Truth,

He often calls for Fable to his Aid,

Where under abject Names of Beasts and Birds,

Virtue shines out, and Vice is cloth'd in Shame.

And thus by inoffensive Wisdom's Force,

He conquers Folly wheresoe'er he moves :

This is his Portraite.

*Dor.* A very good Picture of a very ill Face !

*Lear.* Well, Daughter ; what, not a word ? Is it possible any thing that I am Father of can be untouch'd with so much Merit ?

*Euph.* My Duty may make all things possible : But *Efop* is so ugly, Sir.

*Lear.* His Soul has so much Beauty in't, your Reason ought to blind your Eyes : Besides, my Interest is concern'd ; his Power alarms me. I know throughout the Kingdom he's the Scourge of evil Magistrates, turns out Governors when they turn Tyrants, breaks Officers for false Musters ; excludes Judges from giving Sentence, when they have been absent during the Tryal ; hangs Lawyers when they take Fees on both sides ; forbids Physicians to take Money of those they don't cure. 'Tis true, my Innocence ought to banish my Fears : But my Government, Child, is too delicious a Morfel, not to set many a frail mouth a watering : Who knows what Accusations Envy may produce ? But all wou'd be secure, if thou could'st touch the Heart of *Efop*. Let me blow up thy Ambition, Girl ; the fire of that will make thy Eyes sparkle at him. (*She sighs.*)

—What's that Sigh for now ? Ha !

A young Husband, by my Conscience : Ah, Daughter, had'st thou a young Husband, he'd make thee sigh indeed. I'll tell thee what he's compos'd of. He has a Wig full of Pulvilio, a Pocket full of Dice, a Heart full of Treason, a Mouth full of Lyes, a Belly full of Drink, a Carcass full of Plasters, a Tail full of Pox, and a Head full of——nothing. There's his Picture ; wear it at thy Heart if thou can'st. But here comes one of greater Worth.

*Enter Efop.*

*Lear.* Good morning to my noble Lord ; your Excellency——

*Efop.* Softly, good Governor : I'm a poor Wanderer from place to place ; too weak to train the weight of Grandeur with me ! The name of Excellency's not for me.

*Lear.* My noble Lord, 'tis due to your Employ ; your Predecessors all—— *Efop.*

*Efop.* My Predecessors all deserv'd it, Sir, they were great Men in Wisdom, Birth, and Service; whilst I, a poor, unknown, decrepit Wretch, mounted aloft for Fortune's Pastime, expect each moment to conclude the Farce, by sinking to the Mud from whence I sprung.

*Lear.* Great *Cræsus's* Gratitude will still support you; his Coffers all are open to your Will, your future Fortune's wholly in your power.

*Efop.* But 'tis a Power that I shall ne'er employ.

*Lear.* Why so, my Lord?

*Efop.* I'll tell you, Sir.

*A hungry Goat, who had not eat  
Some Nights and Days—(for want of Meat)  
Was kindly brought at last,  
By Providence's Care,  
To better Cheer,  
After a more than penitential Fast.*

*He found a Barn well stor'd with Grain,  
To enter in requir'd some Pain;  
But a delicious Bait  
Makes the way easy, tho the Pass is strait.*

*Our Guest observing various Meats,  
He put on a good modish Face,  
He takes his Place,  
He ne'er says Grace,  
But where he likes, he there falls to and eats.*

*At length with jaded Teeth and Faws,  
He made a Pause,  
And finding still some room,  
Fell to as he had done before,  
For time to come laid in his Store;  
And when his Guts cou'd hold no more,  
He thought of going home.*

*But here he met the Glutton's Curse;  
He found his Belly grown so great,  
'Twas vain to think of a Retreat,  
Till he had render'd all he'd eat,  
And well he far'd no worse.*

To the Application, Governor.

*Lear.* 'Tis easy to be made, my Lord.

*Efop.* I'm glad on't. Truth can never be too clear.  
[*Seeing Euph.*] Is this young Damsel your fair Daughter,  
Sir?

*Lear.* 'Tis my Daughter, my good Lord: Fair too,  
if she appears such in the Eyes of the unerring *Efop.*

*Efop going up to salute her.*] I never saw so beautiful  
a Creature.

*Lear. aside.*] Now's the time; kiss, soft Girl, and  
fire him.

*Efop gazing at her.*] How partial's Nature 'twixt her  
Form and mine!

*Lear. aside.*] Look, look, look, how he gazes at her!  
——*Cupid's* hard at work, I see that already. Slap;  
there he hits him—if the Wench would but do her part.  
But see, see, how the perverse young Baggage stands  
biting her Thumbs, and won't give him one kind  
Glance——Ah the fullen Jade! Had it been a hand-  
some strong Dog of five and twenty, she'd a fall'n a co-  
quetting on't, with every Inch about her. But may be  
it's I that spoil Sport, I'll make a pretence to leave them  
together. Will your Lordship please to drink any Cof-  
fee this Morning?

*Efop.* With all my heart, Governor.

*Lear.* Your Lordship will give me leave to go and or-  
der it my self; for unless I am by, 'tis never perfect.

*Efop.* Provided you leave me this fair Maid in Hostage  
for your Return, I consent.

*Lear.* My good Lord does my Daughter too much  
Honour.

Ah that the Wench wou'd but do her part (*Aside, going off.*  
——Hark you, Huffy——

[*Turning back to Euphronia aside.*  
——You can give your self Airs sometimes, you know  
you can. Do you remember what work you made with  
your self at Church t'other day? Play your Tricks over  
again once more for my pleasure, and let me have a good  
account of this Statesman, or, d'ye hear? —— You  
shall die a Maid; go chew upon that; go. (*Exit Lear.*

*Efop.*

*Efop.* Here I am left, fair Damsel, too much expos'd to your Charms, not to fall your Victim.

*Euph.* Your Fall will then be due to your own Weakness, Sir; for Heaven's my Witness, I neither endeavour nor wish to wound you.

*Efop.* I understand you, Lady; your Heart's already dispos'd of, 'tis seldom otherways at your Age.

*Euph.* My Heart dispos'd of!

*Dor.* Nay, never mince the matter, Madam. The Gentleman looks like a civil Gentleman, e'en confess the Truth to him: He has a good Interest with your Father, and no doubt will employ it to break the Heathenish Match he proposes to you.

*To Efop.* Yes, Sir, my young Lady has been in love these two years, and that with as pretty a Fellow as ever entred a Virgin's Heart; tall, strait, young, vigorous, good Clothes, long Perriwig, clean Linen; in brief, he has every thing that's necessary to set a young Lady a longing, and to stay it when he has done: But her Father, whose Ambition makes him turn Fool in his old Age, comes with a back Stroke upon us, and spoils all our Sport. Wou'd you believe it, Sir! He has propos'd to her to-day the most confounded ugly Fellow: Look, if the very Thoughts of him don't set the poor thing a crying? And you, Sir, have so much power with the old Gentleman, that one word from you would set us all right again. If he will have her a Wife, in the name of *Venus* let him provide her a handsome Husband, and not throw her into the Paws of a thing that Nature in a merry Humour has made half Man, half Monkey.

*Efop.* Pray what's this Monster's Name, Lady?

*Euph.* No matter for his Name, Sir, my Father will know who you mean at first word.

*Efop.* But you shou'd not always chuse by the Outside alone; believe me, fair Damsel, a fine Perriwig keeps many a Fool's Head from the Weather: have a care of your young Gallant.

*Dor.* There's no Danger, I have examin'd him; his Inside's as good as his out; I say he has Wit, and I think I know.



*Euph.* Nay, she says true; he's even a Miracle of Wit and Beauty: Did you but see him, you'd be your self my Rival.

*Efop.* Then you are resolv'd against the Monster.

*Dor.* Fy, Sir, fy, I wonder you'll put her in mind of that foul frightful thing: We shall have her dream of nothing all night but Bats and Owls, and Toads and Hedghogs, and then we shall have such a squeaking and squalling with her, the whole House will be in an Up-roar: Therefore, pray Sir, name him no more, but use your Interest with her Father that she may never hear of him again.

*Efop.* But if I should be so generous to save you from the old Gallant, what shall I say for your young one?

*Euph.* O, Sir, you may venture to enlarge upon his Perfections; you need not fear saying too much in his Praise.

*Dor.* And pray, Sir, be as copious upon the Defects of t'other; you need not fear out-running the Text there neither, say the worst you can.

*Euph.* You may say the first is the most graceful Man that *Asia* ever brought forth.

*Dor.* And you may say the latter is the most deform'd Monster that Copulation ever produc'd.

*Euph.* Tell him that *Oronces* (for that is his dear Name) has all the Virtues that compose a perfect Hero.

*Dor.* And tell him that *Pigmy* has all the Vices that go to equip an Attorney.

*Euph.* That to one I could be true to the last moment of my Life.

*Dor.* That for t'other she'd cuckold him the very day of her Marriage.

This, Sir, in few words, is the Theme you are desir'd to preach upon.

*Efop.* I never yet had one that furnish'd me with more matter.

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* My Lord, there's a Lady below desires to speak with your Honour.

*Efop.* What Lady?

*Ser.*

*Ser.* It's my Lady—my Lady—[To Doris.] The Lady there, the wise Lady, the great Scholar, that no body can understand.

*Dor.* O ho, is it she? Pray let's withdraw, and oblige her, Madam; she's ready to swoon at the insipid sight of one of her own Sex.

*Euph.* You'll excuse us, Sir, we leave you to wiser Company.

[*Exeunt Euph. and Dor.*]

*Enter Hortensia.*

*Hort.* The Deeds, who from *Atropos's* Breast preserves the Names of Heroes and their Actions, proclaims your Fame throughout this mighty Orb, and—

*Efop aside.*) Shield me, my Stars! what have you sent me here? For pity's sake, good Lady, be more humane: My Capacity is too heavy to mount to your Stile: If you wou'd have me know what you mean, please to come down to my Understanding.

*Hort.* I've something in my Nature soars too high  
For vulgar Flight, I own;  
But *Efop's* Sphere must needs be within Call;  
*Efop* and I may sure converse together:  
I know he's modest, but I likewise know  
His Intellects are categorical.

*Efop.* Now, by my Faith, Lady, I don't know what *Intellect* is; and methinks *categorical* sounds as if you call'd me Names. Pray speak that you may be understood; Language was design'd for it, indeed it was.

*Hort.* Of vulgar Things, in vulgar Phrase we talk;  
But when of *Efop* we must speak,  
The Theme's too lofty for an humble Stile:  
*Efop* is sure no common Character.

*Efop.* No, truly, I am something particular. Yet, if I am not mistaken, what I have extraordinary about me, may be describ'd in very homely Language. Here was a young Gentlewoman but just now pencil'd me out to a hair, I thought, and yet I vow to God the learned'st word I heard her make use of, was *Monster*.

*Hort.* That was a Woman, Sir, a very Woman; her Cogitations all were on the outward Man;  
But I strike deeper, 'tis the Mind I view.

The

The Soul's the worthy Object of my Care ;  
 The Soul, that Sample of Divinity, that glorious  
 Ray of Heavenly Light. The Soul, that awful  
 Throne of Thought, that sacred Seat of Contemplation.  
 The Soul, that noble Source of Wisdom,  
 That Fountain of Comfort,  
 That Spring of Joy, that happy Token of eternal  
 Life ; the Soul, that——

*Esop.* Pray, Lady, are you married ?

*Hort.* Why that Question, Sir ?

*Esop.* Only that I might wait upon your Husband to  
 wish him Joy.

*Hort.* When People of my Composition would mar-  
 ry, they first find something of their own Species to  
 join with ; I never could resolve to take a thing of com-  
 mon Fabrick to my Bed, lest when his brutish Inclina-  
 tion prompt him, he shou'd make me Mother to a  
 Form like his own.

*Esop.* Methinks a Lady so extremely nice, should be  
 much at a loss who to converse with.

*Hort.* I keep my Chamber, and converse with my  
 self ; 'tis better being alone, than to mis-ally one's Con-  
 versation :

**M**n are scandalous, and **W**omen are insipid,  
 Discourse without Figure makes me sick at my Soul :  
**O** the Charms of a Metaphor !  
 What Harmony there is in the words of Erudition ;  
 The Musick of them is inimaginable.

*Esop.* Will you hear a Fable, Lady ?

*Hort.* Willingly, Sir, the Apologue pleases me when  
 the Application of it is just.

*Esop.* It is, I'll answer for it.

*Once on a time, a Nightingale*

*To Changes prone ;*

*Unconstant, fickle, whimsical,*

*(A Female one)*

*Who sung like others of her kind,*

*Hearing a well-taught Linnets Airs,*

*Had other matters in her mind,*

To imitate him she prepares,  
Her Fancy strait was on the Wing :

I fly, quoth she,  
As well as he ;  
I don't know why  
I should not try  
As well as he to sing.

From that day forth she chang'd her Note,  
She spoil'd her Voice, she strain'd her Throat :  
She did, as learned Women do,

Till every thing  
That heard her sing,  
Wou'd run away from her—as I—from you.

(Exit Esop running.)

Hortensia sola.

How grossly does this poor World suffer it self to be  
impos'd upon?—Esop, a Man of Sense—Ha! ha!  
ha! ha! ha! Alas, poor Wretch: I shou'd not have  
known him but by his Deformity, his Soul's as nauseous  
to my Understanding, as his odious Body to my Sense of  
Feeling. Well,

'Mongst all the Wits that are allow'd to shine,  
Methinks there's nothing yet approaches mine :  
Sure I was sent the homely Age to adorn ;  
What Star, I know not, rul'd when I was born,  
But every thing, besides my self, 's my Scorn.

(Exit.)

## A C T II.

Enter Euphronia and Doris.

Dor. **W**Hat in the name of Jove's the matter with  
you ?

Speak, for Heaven's sake.

Euph. Oh! what shall I do? Doris, I'm undone.

Dor.

*Dor.* What ravish'd?

*Euph.* No, ten times worse! Ten times worse! Unlace me, or I shall swoon.

*Dor.* Unlace you? Why you are not thereabouts, I hope?

*Euph.* No, no; worse still; worse than all that.

*Dor.* Nay, then it's bad indeed. [*Dor. unlaces her.*  
There: How d'ye do now?

*Euph.* So; it's going over.

*Dor.* Courage, pluck up your Spirits: Well; now what's the matter?

*Euph.* The matter! Thou sha't hear. Know that -- that Cheat—— *Eso*——

*Dor.* Like enough; speak: What has he done? That ugly ill-boding Cyclops.

*Euph.* Why instead of keeping his Promise, and speaking for *Oronces*; he has not said one word, but what has been for himself. And by my Father's Order, before to-morrow Noon he's to marry me.

*Dor.* He marry you!——

*Euph.* Am I in the wrong to be in this despair? Tell me, *Doris*, if I am to blame?

*Dor.* To blame! No, by my troth. That ugly, old, treacherous piece of Vermin: That melancholy Mixture of Impotence and Desire: does his Mouth stand to a young Partridge: Ah the old Goat. And your Father! He downright doats at last then.

*Euph.* Ah, *Doris*; what a Husband does he give me? And what a Lover does he rob me of? Thou know'st 'em both; think of *Oronces*, and think of *Eso*.

*Dor. Spitting.]* A foul Monster. And yet now I think on't, I'm almost as angry at t'other too: Methinks he makes but a slow Voyage on't for a Man in Love: 'tis now above two Months since he went to *Lesbos*, to pack up the old Bones of his dead Father; sure he might have made a little more haste.

*Enter Oronces.*

*Euph.* Oh! my Heart; what do I see?

*Dor.* Talk of the Devil, and he's at your Elbow.

*Or.*

Or. My dear Soul.

[*Euph. runs and leaps about his Neck.*

*Euph.* Why wou'd you stay so long from me?

Or. 'Twas not my Fault indeed; the Winds——

*Dor.* The Winds! Will the Winds blow you your Mistress again? We have had Winds too, and Waves into the bargain, Storms and Tempests, Sea-Monsters, and the Devil and all. She struggled as long as she cou'd, but a Woman can do no more than she can do; when her Breath was gone, down she sunk.

Or. What's the meaning of all this?

*Dor.* There's meaning and mumping too: Your Mistress is married; that's all.

Or. Death and Furies——

*Euph. clinging about him.]* Don't you frighten him too much neither, *Doris.*

No, my Dear, I'm not yet executed, tho I'm condemn'd.

Or. Condemn'd? To what? Speak! Quick!

*Dor.* To be married.

Or. Married? When? How? Where? To what? To whom?

*Dor.* *Efop, Efop, Efop, Efop, Efop.*

Or. Fiends and Spectres! What! That piece of Deformity! That Monster! That Crump!

*Dor.* The same, Sir, the same. I find he knows him.

You might have come home sooner.

Or. Dear *Euphronia*, ease me from my pain. Swear that you neither have, nor will consent.

I know this comes from your ambitious Father;

But you're too generous, too true to leave me:

Millions of Kingdoms ne'er wou'd shake my Faith,

And I believe your Constancy as firm.

*Euph.* You do me Justice, you shall find you do: For Racks and Tortures, Crowns, and Scepters join'd, shall neither fright me from my Truth, nor tempt me to be false. On this you may depend.

*Dor.* Wou'd to the Lord you wou'd find some other place to make your fine Speeches in. Don't you know that

that your dear Friend *Efop's* coming to receive his Visits here?

In this great downy Chair, your pretty little Husband Elect is to sit and hear all the Complaints of the Town: One of Wisdom's chief Recompences, being to be constantly troubled with the business of Fools.

Pray, Madam, will you take the Gentleman by the Hand, and lead him into your Chamber; and when you are there, don't lie whining, and crying, and sighing, and wishing——

*Aside.*] If he had not been more modest than wife, he might have set such a mark upon the Goods before now, that ne'er a Merchant of 'em all wou'd have bought 'em out of his hands. But young Fellows are always in the wrong: Either so impudent they are nauseous, or so modest they are useless.

Go, pray get you gone together.

*Euph.* But if my Father catch us, we are ruin'd.

*Dor.* By my Conscience this Love will make us all turn Fools. Before your Father can open the Door, can't he slip down the Back-stairs? I'm sure he may, if you don't hold him; but that's the old Trade. Ah—— Well, get you gone however—— Hark—— I hear the old Baboon cough; away!

[*Exit Or. and Euph. running.*

Here he comes with his ugly Beak before him. Ah—— a luscious Bedfellow, by my troth!

*Enter Learchus and Efop.*

*Lear.* Well, *Doris*; what news from my Daughter? Is she prudent?

*Dor.* Yes, very prudent.

*Lear.* What says she? What does she do?

*Dor.* Do? What shou'd she do? Tears her Cornet; bites her Thumbs; throws her Fan in the Fire; thinks it's dark Night at Noon-day; dreams of Monsters and Hobgoblins; raves in her Sleep of forc'd Marriage and Cuckoldom: Cries, *Avant Deformity*; then wakens a sudden, with fifty Arguments at her Fingers ends, to prove the Lawfulness of Rebellion in a Child, when a Parent turns Tyrant.

*Lear.*

*Lear.* Very fine ! but all this shan't serve her turn.  
I have said the word, and will be obey'd ———  
My Lord does her honour.

*Dor. Aside.]* Yes, and that's all he can do to her.

*To Lear.]* But I can't blame the Gentleman after all ;  
he loves my Mistress, because she's handsome ; and she  
hates him, because he's ugly.

I never saw two People more in the right in my Life.

*To Esop.]* You'll pardon me, Sir, I'm somewhat free.

*Esop.* Why, a Ceremony wou'd but take up time.  
But, Governour, methinks I have an admirable Advocate  
about your Daughter.

*Lear.* Out of the Room, Impudence : be gone, I  
say.

*Dor.* So I will : But you'll be as much in the wrong  
when I'm gone, as when I'm here. And your Con-  
science, I hope, will talk as pertly to you as I can do.

*Esop.* If she treats me thus before my Face, I may  
conclude I'm finely handled behind my Back.

*Dor.* I say the Truth here ; and I can say no worse  
any where. [Exit Doris.]

*Lear.* I hope your Lordship won't be concern'd at  
what this prating Wench bleats out ; my Daughter will  
be govern'd, she's bred up to Obedience. There may  
be some small difficulty in weaning her from her young  
Lover : But 'twon't be the first time she has been wean'd  
from a Breast, my Lord.

*Esop.* Does she love him fondly, Sir ?

*Lear.* Foolishly, my Lord.

*Esop.* And he her ?

*Lear.* The same.

*Esop.* Is he young ?

*Lear.* Yes, and vigorous.

*Esop.* Rich ?

*Lear.* So, so.

*Esop.* Well-born ?

*Lear.* He has good Blood in his Veins.

*Esop.* Has he Wit ?

*Lear.* He had, before he was in love.

*Esop.* And handsome with all this ?

*Lear.*



*Lear.* Or else we shou'd not have half so much trouble with him.

*Efop.* Why do you then make her quit him for me? All the World knows I am neither young, noble, nor rich: And as for my Beauty—— Look you, Governour, I'm honest. But when Children cry, they tell 'em, *Efop's* a coming. Pray, Sir, what is it makes you so earnest to force your Daughter?

*Lear.* Am I then to count for nothing the favour you are in at Court? Father-in-law to the Great *Efop*! What may not I aspire to? My foolish Daughter perhaps mayn't be so well pleas'd with't, but we wise Parents usually weigh our Childrens Happiness in the Scale of our own Inclinations.

*Efop.* Well, Governour, let it be your Care then to make her consent.

*Lear.* This moment, my Lord, I reduce her either to Obedience, or to Dust and Ashes. [*Exit Lear.*

*Efop.* Adieu. Now let in the People Who come for Audience.

[*Efop sits in his Chair, reading of Papers.  
Enter two ordinary Tradesmen.*

1 *Tra.* There he is, Neighbour: Do but look at him.

2 *Tra.* Ay; One may know him: He's well mark't.

But dos't hear me? What Title must we give him? for if we fail in that point, d'ye see me, we shall never get our business done. Courtiers love Titles almost as well as they do Money, and that's a bold word now.

1 *Tra.* Why I think we had best call him, his Grandeur.

2 *Tra.* That will do; thou hast hit on't. Hold still, let me speak. May it please your Grandeur——

*Efop.* There I interrupt you, Friend, I have a weak Body that will ne'er be able to bear that Title.

2 *Tra.* D'ye hear that, Neighbour? What shall we call him now?

1 *Tra.* Why, call him, call him, his Excellency: Try what that will do.

2 *Tra.*

2. *Tra.* May it please your Excellency——

*Efop.* Excellency's a long word, it takes up too much time in business : Tell me what you'd have in few words.

2. *Tra.* Neighbour, this Man will never give Ten thousand Pounds to be made a Lord. But what shall I say to him now ? He puts me quite out of my play.

1 *Tra.* Why e'en talk to him as we do to one another.

2 *Tra.* Shall I ? Why so I will then. Hem ! Neighbour;

We want a new Governour, Neighbour.

*Efop.* A new Governour, Friend ?

2 *Tra.* Ay, Friend.

*Efop.* Why what's the matter with your old one ?

2 *Tra.* What's the matter !

Why he grows rich ; that's the matter :

And he that's rich, can't be innocent ; that's all.

*Efop.* Does he use any of you harshly ?

Or punish you without a fault ?

2 *Tra.* No, but he grows as rich as a Miser ; His Purse is so cramb'd, it's ready to burst again.

*Efop.* When 'tis full 'twill hold no more ;

A new Governour will have an empty one.

2 *Tra.* 'Fore Gad, Neighbour, the little Gentleman's in the right on't.

1 *Tra.* Why truly I don't know but he may :

For now it comes in my Head,

It cost me more Money to fat my Hog,

Than to keep him fat when he was so.

Prithee tell him we'll keep our old Governour.

2 *Tra.* I'll do't. Why, look you, Sir, d'ye see me ; Having seriously consider'd of the matter, My Neighbour *Hobson*, and I here, we are content to jog on a little longer with him we have : But if you'd do us another Courtesy, you might.

*Efop.* What's that, Friend ?

2 *Tra.*

2 *Tra.* Why that's this: Our King *Cræsus* is a very good Prince, as a Man may say: But—a—but—Taxes are high, an't please you; and—a—poor Men want Money, d'ye see me: It's very hard, as we think, that the Poor shou'd work to maintain the Rich. If there were no Taxes, we shou'd do pretty well.

1 *Tra.* Taxes indeed are very burdensome.

*Esop.* I'll tell you a Story, Countrymen.

Once on a time, the Hands and Feet,  
 As Mutineers, grew mighty great;  
 They met, caball'd, and talk't of Treason,  
 They swore by Jove they knew no Reason  
 The Belly shou'd have all the Meat,  
 It was a damn'd notorious Cheat, } (eat.  
 They did the Work, and—Death and Hell, they'd  
 The Belly who ador'd good Chear,  
 Had like t'have dy'd away for fear:  
 Quoth he, good Folks, you little know }  
 What 'tis you are about to do;  
 If I am starv'd, what will become of you?  
 We neither know nor care, cry'd they,  
 But this we will be bold to say,  
 We'll see you damn'd  
 Before we'll work,  
 And you receive the Pay.  
 With that the Hands to Pocket went  
 Full Wrist-band deep,  
 The Legs and Feet fell fast asleep:  
 Their Liberty they had redeem'd,  
 And all except the Belly seem'd  
 Extremely well content.  
 But mark what follow'd; 'twas not long  
 Before the right became the wrong,  
 The Mutineers were grown so weak,  
 They found 'twas more than time to squeak:  
 They call for Work, but 'twas too late.

*The Stomach (like an aged Maid,  
Shrunk up, for want of human Aid)  
The common Debt of Nature paid,  
And with its Destiny entrain'd their Fate.*

}

*Efop.* What think you of this story, Friends, ha?  
Come you look like wise Men; I'm sure you understand  
what's for your good; in giving part of what you have,  
you secure all the rest: if the King had no Money,  
there cou'd be no Army; and if there were no Army,  
your Enemies wou'd be amongst you: One day's Pil-  
lage wou'd be worse than twenty Years Taxes! What  
say you! Is't not so?

*2 Tra.* By my troth I think he's in the right on't  
again.

Who'd think that little Hump-back of his  
Shou'd have so much Brains in't, Neighbour?

*Efop.* Well, honest Men, is there any thing else that  
I can serve you in?

*1 Tra.* D'ye hear that, *Humphry*?—Why that was  
civil now.

But Courtiers seldom want Good-breeding;  
Let's give the Devil his due.

Why, to tell you the truth, honest Gentleman, we had a  
whole Budget full of Grievances to complain of. But  
I think--a--Ha, Neighbour?

We had e'en as good let 'em alone.

*1 Tra.* Why good feath I think so too, for by all I  
can see, we are like to make no great hond on't. Be-  
sides, between thee and me, I begin to daubr, whether  
aur Grievances do us such a plaguy deal of Mischief as  
we fancy.

*2 Tra.* Or put Case they did, *Humphry*; I'fe afraid,  
he that goes to a Courtier, in hope to get fairly rid of  
'em, may be said (in aur Country Dialect) to take the  
wrong Sow by the Ear. But here's Neighbour Roger,  
he's a Wit, let's leave him to him. [Exeunt.

*Enter Roger, a Country Bumkin, looks seriously upon  
Efop; then bursts out a laughing.*

*Rog.* Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha: Did ever Mon behold the  
like?—Ha,

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

*Efop.* Haft thou any business with me, Friend?

*Rog.* Yes, by my troth, have I;  
But if *Roger* were to be hang'd up for't,  
Look you now, he could not hold laughing:  
What I have in my Mind, out it comes: But bar that;  
I'fe on honest Lad as well as another.

*Efop.* My Time's dearer to me than yours, Friend;  
Have you any thing to say to me?

*Rog.* Gadswookers, do People use to ask for Folks  
when they have nothing to say to 'em?  
I'fe tell you my business.

*Efop.* Let's hear it.

*Rog.* I have, as you see, a little Wit.

*Efop.* True.

*Rog.* I live in a Village hard by, and I'fe the best  
Man in it, tho I say it that shou'd not say it. I have  
good Drink in my Cellar, and good Corn in my Barn;  
I have Cows and Oxen, Hogs and Sheep, Cocks and  
Hens, and Geese and Turkeys: but the truth will out,  
and so let it out. I'fe e'en tir'd of being call'd plain  
*Roger*. I has a Leathern Purse, and in that Purse there's  
many a fair Half-Crown, with the King's sweet Face up-  
on it, God blefs him; and with this Money I have a  
mind to bind my self Prentice to a Courtier: It's a good  
Trade, as I have heard say; there's Money stirring: Let  
a Lad be but diligent, and do what he's bid, he shall  
be let into the Secret, and share part of the Profits; I  
have not liv'd to these Years for nothing: Those that  
will swim, must go into deep Water: I'fe get our  
Wife *Joan* to be the Queen's Chamber-maid; and  
then—— Crack says me I; and forget all my Acquain-  
tance.

But to come to the business. You who are the King's  
great Favourite, I desire you'll be pleas'd to sell me some  
of your Friendship, that I may get a Court-Place.  
Come, you shall chuse me one your self; you look  
like a shrewd Man; by the Mass you do.

*Efop.* I chuse thee a Place!

*Rog.*

*Rog.* Yes : I would willingly have it such a sort of a Place, as wou'd cost little, and bring in a great deal ; in a word, much Profit, and nothing to do.

*Efop.* But you must name what Post you think wou'd suit your Humour .

*Rog.* Why I'se pratty indifferent as to that : Secretary of State, or Butler ; twenty Shillings more, twenty Shillings less, is not the thing I stand upon. I'se no Hagler, Godswokars ; and he that says I am—— 'Zbud he lyes : There's my Humour now.

*Efop.* But hark you, Friend, you say you are well as you are, why then do you desire to change ?

*Rog.* Why what a question now is there for a Man of your Parts ? I'm well, d'ye see me ; and what of all that ? I desire to be better : There's an Answer for you. [*Aside.*] Let *Roger* alone with him.

*Efop.* Very well : This is reasoning ; and I love a Man should reason with me. But let us enquire a little whether your Reasons are good or not. You say at home you want for nothing.

*Rog.* Nothing, 'fore *George*.

*Efop.* You have good Drink ?

*Rog.* 'Zbud the best i'th' Parish. [*Singing.*] And dawne it merrily goes, my Lad, and dawne it merrily goes.

*Efop.* You eat heartily ?

*Rog.* I have a noble Stomach.

*Efop.* You sleep well ?

*Rog.* Just as I drink, till I can sleep no longer.

*Efop.* You have some honest Neighbours ?

*Rog.* Honest ! 'Zbud we are all so, the Tawne raund, we live like Breether ; when one can sarve another, he does it with all his Heart and Guts ; when we have any thing that's good, we eat it together, Holydays and Sundays we play at Nine-pins, tumble upon the Grass with wholesome young Maids, laugh till we split, daunce till we are weary, eat till we burst, drink till we are sleepy, then swap into Bed, and Snore till we rise to Breakfast.

*Esop.* And all this thou wou'd'st leave to go to Court,  
I'll tell thee what once happen'd.

*A Mouse, who long had liv'd at Court,*  
(Yet ne'er the better Christian for't)  
*Walking one day to see some Country Sport,*  
He met a home-bred Village-Mouse,  
*Who with an awkward Speech and Bow,*  
That savour'd much of Cart and Plow,  
*Made a shift, I know not how,*  
T' invite him to his House.

Quoth he, my Lord, I doubt you'll find  
Our Country Fare of homely kind ;  
But by my Troth, you're welcome to't,  
Y' have that, and Breed, and Cheese to boot :  
And so they sat and din'd.

*Rog.* Very well.

*Esop.* The Courtier cou'd have eat at least  
As much as any Household Priest,  
But thought himself oblig'd in Feeding,  
To show the difference of Town-breeding ;  
He pick'd and cull'd, and turn'd the Meat,  
He champt and chew'd, and cou'd not eat :  
No toothless Woman at Four-score,  
Was ever seen to mumble more.  
He made a thousand ugly Faces,  
Which (as sometimes in Ladies cases)  
Were all design'd for Airs and Graces.

*Rog.* Ha, ha.

*Esop.* At last he from the Table rose,  
He pickt his Teeth, and blow'd his Nose,  
And with an easy Negligence,  
As tho he lately came from France,  
He made a careless sliding Bow :  
Fore Gad, quoth he, I don't know how  
I shall return your friendly Treat ;  
But if you'll take a bit of Meat  
In Town with me,  
You there shall see  
How we poor Courtiers eat.

*Rog.*

Rog. Tit for tat; that was friendly.

Esop. *There needed no more Invitation  
To e'er a Country Squire i'th' Nation :  
Exactly to the time he came,  
Punctual, as Woman, when she meets  
A Man between a pair of Sheets,  
As good a Stomach, and as little Shame.*

Rog. Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho.

Esop. *To say the Truth, he found good Chear,  
With Wine, instead of Ale and Beer :  
But just as they sat down to eat,  
Comes bouncing in a hungry Cat.*

Rog. O Lord, O Lord, O Lord!

Esop. *The nimble Courtier skipt from Table,  
The Squire leapt too, as he was able:  
It can't be said that they were beat,  
It was no more than a Retreat ;  
Which when an Army, not to fight  
By Day-light, runs away by Night,  
Was ever judg'd a great and glorious Feat.*

Rog. Ever, ever, ever.

Esop. *The Cat retir'd, our Guests return,  
The Danger past becomes their Scorn,  
They fall to Eating as before,  
The Butler rumbles at the Door.*

Rog. Good Lord!

Esop. *To Boot and Saddle again they found.*

Rog. Ta ra, tan tan ta ra, ra ra tan ta ra.

Esop. *They frown, as they wou'd stand their  
But (like some of our Friends) they found (Ground,  
'Twas safer much to scour.*

Rog. Tantive, Tantive, Tantive, &c.

Esop. *At length the Squire, who hated Arms,  
Was so perplext with these Alarms,  
He rose up in a kind of Heat :  
Udzwooks, quoth he, with all your Meat,  
I will maintain, a Dish of Pease,  
A Radish, and a Slice of Cheese,  
With a good Desert of Ease,  
Is much a better Treat.*



However,  
 Since every Man shou'd have his due,  
 I own, Sir, I'm oblig'd to you  
 For your Intentions at your Board :  
 But Pox upon your Courtly Crew————

Rog. Amen, I pray the Lord. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!  
 Now the De'el cuckold me if this Story be not worth a  
 Sermon. Give me your Hond, Sir.

————If it had na' been for your friendly Advice, I  
 was going to be Fool enough, to be Secretary of State.

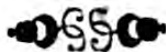
Efop. Well, go thy ways home, and be wiser for the  
 future.

Rog. And so I will : For that same Maufe, your  
 Friend, was a witty Person, Gadsbudlikins ; and so our  
 Wife Joan shall know : For between you and I, 'tis she  
 has put me upon going to Court. Sir, she has been so  
 praud, so faucy, so rampant, ever since I brought her  
 home a lac'd Pinner, and a pink-colour pair of Shoe-  
 strings, from *Tickledawne* Fair, the Parson o'th' Parish  
 can't rule her ; and that you'll say's much. But so much  
 for that. Naw I thank you for your good Counsel,  
 honest little Gentleman ; and to shew you that I'se not  
 ungrateful—— Give me your Hand once more—— If  
 you'll take the pains but to walk dawne to our Towne---  
 a word in your Ear—— I'se send you so drunk whome  
 again, you shall remember friendly Roger as long as you  
 have breath in your Body. [Exit Roger.

Efop solus.

Farewel, what I both envy and despise :  
 Thy Happiness and Ignorance provoke me.  
 How noble were the thing call'd Knowledge,  
 Did it but lead us to a Bliss like thine !  
 But there's a secret Curse in Wisdom's Train,  
 Which on its Pleasures stamps perpetual Pain,  
 And makes the wise Man Loser by his Gain.

}  
 }  
 }  
 [Exit.



A C T



## ACT III.

*Enter Esop.*

*Esop.* WHO waits there? [*Enter Servant.*  
If there be any body that has Business  
with me, let 'em in.

*Serv.* Yes, Sir. [*Exit Serv.*

*Enter Quaint, who stands at a distance, making a great  
many fawning Bows.*

*Esop.* Well, Friend, who are you?

*Quaint.* My Name's *Quaint*, Sir, the profoundest of  
all your Honour's humble Servants.

*Esop.* And what may your Business be with me, Sir?

*Quaint.* My Business, Sir, with every Man, is first  
of all to do him Service.

*Esop.* And your next is, I suppose, to be paid for't  
twice as much as 'tis worth.

*Quaint.* Your Honour's most obedient, humble Ser-  
vant.

*Esop.* Well, Sir, but upon what account am I going  
to be obliged to you?

*Quaint.* Sir, I'm a Genealogist.

*Esop.* A Genealogist!

*Quaint.* At your Service, Sir.

*Esop.* So, Sir.

*Quaint.* Sir, I am inform'd from common Fame, as  
well as from some little private familiar Intelligence,  
That your Wisdom is entring into Treaty with the *Pri-  
mum Mobile* of Good and Evil, a fine Lady. I have  
travell'd, Sir; I have read, Sir; I have consider'd,  
Sir; and I find, Sir, that the Nature of a fine Lady is  
to be — a fine Lady, Sir; a fine Lady's a fine Lady,  
Sir, all the World over; she loves a fine House, fine  
Furniture, fine Clothes, fine Liveries, fine Petticoats,  
fine

fine Smocks ; and if she stops there—— she's a fine Lady indeed, Sir. But to come to my Point.

It being the *Lydian* Custom, that the fair Bride should be presented on her Wedding-day with something that may signify the Merit and the Worth of her dread Lord and Master, I thought the noble *Esof's* Pedegree might be the welcom't Gift that he could offer. If his Honour be of the same Opinion, ——I'll speak a bold Word ; there's ne'er a Herald in all *Asia* shall put better Blood in his Veins, than—— Sir, your humble Servant, *Jacob Quaint*.

*Esof*. Dost thou then know my Father, Friend ? For I protest to thee I am a Stranger to him.

*Quaint*. Your Father, Sir, ha, ha ! I know every Man's Father, Sir, and every Man's Grandfather, and every Man's Great Grandfather. Why, Sir, I'm a Herald by Nature, my Mother was a *Welchwoman*.

*Esof*. A *Welchwoman* ! Prithee of what Country's that ?

*Quaint*. That, Sir, is a Country in the World's back-side, where every Man is born a Gentleman, and a Genealogist. Sir, I cou'd tell my Mother's Pedegree before I cou'd speak plain ; which, to shew you the Depth of my Art, and the Strength of my Memory, I'll trundle you down in an instant.

*Noah* had three Sons, *Shem*, *Ham*, and *Japhet* ;  
*Shem*——

*Esof*. Hold, I conjure thee in the Name of all thy Ancestors.

*Quaint*. Sir, I cou'd take it higher, but I begin at *Noah* for brevity's sake.

*Esof*. No more on't, I intreat thee.

*Quaint*. Your Honour's impatient, perhaps, to hear your own Descent. *A word to the Wise is enough*. Hem, hem : *Solomon*, the wise King of *Judea*——

*Esof*. Hold once more !

*Quaint*. Ha, ha ; your Honour's modest, but——  
*Solomon*, the wise King of *Judea*——

*Esof*. Was my Ancestor, was he not ?

*Quaint*. He was, my Lord, which no one sure can  
doubt,

doubt, who observes how much of Prince there hangs about you.

*Esop.* What ! Is't in my Mien ?

*Quaint.* You have something—— wondrous Noble in your Air.

*Esop.* Personable too ; view me well.

*Quaint.* N—— not Tall ; but Majestick.

*Esop.* My Shape.

*Quaint.* A World of Symmetry in it.

*Esop.* The Lump upon my Back.

*Quaint.* N—— not regular ; but agreeable.

*Esop.* Now by my Honesty thou art a Villain, Herald. But Flattery's a Thrust I never fail to parry. 'Tis a Pass thou shou'd'st reserve for young Fencers ; with Feints like those they're to be hit : I do not doubt but thou hast found it so ; hast not ?

*Quaint.* I must confess, Sir, I have sometimes made 'em bleed by't. But I hope your Honour will please to excuse me, since, to speak the truth, I get my Bread by't, and maintain my Wife and Children : And Industry, you know, Sir, is a commendable thing. Besides, Sir, I have debated the Business a little with my Conscience ; for I'm like the rest of my Neighbours, I'd willingly get Money, and be sav'd too, if the thing may be done upon any reasonable Terms : And so, Sir, I say, to quiet my Conscience, I have found out at last, that Flattery is a Duty.

*Esop.* A Duty !

*Quaint.* Ay, Sir, a Duty : For the Duty of all Men is to make one another pass their time as pleasantly as they can. Now, Sir, here's a young Lord, who has a great deal of Land, a great deal of Title, a great deal of Meat, a great deal of Noise, a great many Servants, and a great many Diseases. I find him very dull, very restless, tir'd with Ease, cloy'd with Plenty, a Burden to himself, and a Plague to his Family. I begin to flatter : He springs off of the Couch ; turns himself round in the Glass ; finds all I say true ; cuts a Caper a yard high ; his Blood trickles round his Veins ; his Heart's as light as his Heels ; and before I leave him —— his Purse is

as empty as his Head. So we both are content; for we part much happier than we met.

*Esof.* Admirable Rogue! what dost thou think of Murder and of Rape, are not they Duties too? Wer't not for such vile fawning things as thou art, young Nobles wou'd not long be what they are: They'd grow asham'd of Luxury and Ease, and rouse up the old Spirit of their Fathers; leave the pursuit of a poor frightned Hare, and make their Foes to tremble in her stead; furnish their Heads with Sciences and Arts, and fill their Hearts with Honour, Truth and Friendship; be generous to some, and just to all; drive home their Creditors with Bags of Gold, instead of chasing 'em away with Swords and Staves; be faithful to their King and Country both, and stab the Offerer of a Bribe from either; blush even at a wandring Thought of Vice, and boldly own they durst be Friends to Virtue; trembling at nothing but the Frowns of Heaven, and be no more asham'd of him that made 'em.

*Quaint. Aside.]* If I stand to hear this Crump preach a little longer, I shall be Fool enough perhaps to be bubbled out of my Livelihood, and so lose a Bird in the Hand for two in the Bush.

Sir, since I have not been able to bring you to a good Opinion of your self, 'tis very probable I shall scarce prevail with you to have one of me. But if you please to do me the favour to forget me, I shall ever acknowledge my self, — Sir, your most obedient, faithful, humble Servant.

*Esof.* Hold; if I let thee go, and give thee nothing, thou'lt be apt to grumble at me; and therefore—— who waits there?

*Enter Servant.*

*Quaint. Aside.]* I don't like his Looks, by Gad.

*Esof.* I'll present thee with a Token of my Love.

*Quaint.* A——another time, Sir, will do as well.

*Esof.* No; I love to be out of Debt, though 'tis being out of the Fashion. So, d'ye hear! Give this honest Gentleman half a score good strokes on the back with a Cudgel.

*Quaint.*

*Quaint.* By no means in the World, Sir.

*Efop.* Indeed, Sir, you shall take 'em.

*Quaint.* Sir, I don't merit half your Bounty.

*Efop.* O 'tis but a Trifle.

*Quaint.* Your Generosity makes me blush.

[*Looking about to make his escape.*]

*Efop.* That's your Modesty, Sir.

*Quaint.* Sir, you are pleased to compliment. But  
a — twenty Pedegrees for a clear Coast.

[*Running off, the Servant after him.*]

*Efop.* Wait upon him down Stairs, Fellow ;  
I'd do't my self, were I but nimble enough ; but he  
makes haste, to avoid Ceremony.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, here's a Lady in great haste, desires to speak  
with you.

*Efop.* Let her come in.

*Enter Aminta, weeping.*

*Amin.* O Sir, if you don't help me, I'm undone.

*Efop.* What, what's the matter, Lady ?

*Amin.* My Daughter, Sir, my Daughter's run away  
with a filthy Fellow.

*Efop.* A slippery Trick indeed !

*Amin.* For Heaven's sake, Sir, send immediately to  
pursue 'em, and seize 'em : But 'tis in vain, 'twill be too  
late, 'twill be too late ; I'll warrant at this very moment  
they are got together in a Room with a Couch in't ;  
all's gone, all's gone ; tho' 'twere made of Gold 'tis lost :  
Oh ! my Honour, my Honour. A forward Girl she  
was always ; I saw it in her Eyes the very Day of her  
Birth.

*Efop.* That indeed was early ; but how do you know  
she's gone with a Fellow ?

*Amin.* I have e'en her own insolent Hand-writing  
for't ; Sir, take but the pains to read what a Letter she  
has left me.

*Efop* Reads.

*I love, and am belov'd, and that's the reason  
I run away.*

Short, but significant !

— I'm sure there's no body knows better than your Ladyship what Allowances are to be made to Flesh and Blood; I therefore hope this from your Justice, that what you have done three times your self, you'll pardon once in your Daughter.

The Dickens!

*Amin.* Now, Sir, what do you think of the Business?

*Esop.* Why truly, Lady, I think it one of the most natural Businesses I have met with a great while. I'll tell you a Story.

*A Crab-fish once her Daughter told,  
(In terms that savour'd much of Scold)  
She cou'd not bear to see her go,  
Sidle, sidle, to and fro;  
The Devil's in the Wench, quoth she,  
When so much Money has been paid,  
To polish you like me;  
It makes me almost mad to see  
Y're still so awkward, an ungainly Jade.*

*Her Daughter smil'd and look'd a-skew,  
She answer'd (for to give her her due)  
Pertly, as most Folks Daughters do:  
Madam, your Ladyship, quoth she,  
Is pleas'd to blame in me  
What, on Enquiry, you may find  
Admits a passable Excuse,  
From a Proverb much in use,  
That Cat will after kind.*

*Amin.* Sir, I took you to be a Man better bred, than to liken a Lady to a Crab-fish.

*Esop.* What I want in Good-breeding, Lady, I have in Truth and Honesty: As what you have wanted in Virtue, you have had in a good Face.

*Amin.* Have had, Sir! What I have had, I have still; and shall have a great while, I hope. I'm no Grandmother, Sir.

*Esop.* But in a fair way for't, Madam.

*Amin.*

*Amin.* Thanks to my Daughter's Forwardness then, not my Years. I'd have you to know, Sir, I have never a Wrinkle in my Face. A young pert Slut! who'd think she shou'd know so much at her Age?

*Efop.* Good Masters make quick Scholars, Lady; she has learn'd her Exercise from you.

*Amin.* But where's the Remedy, Sir?

*Efop.* In trying if a good Example will reclaim her, as an ill one has debauch'd her. Live private, and avoid Scandal.

*Amin.* Never speak it; I can no more retire, than I can go to Church twice of a Sunday.

*Efop.* What! your youthful Blood boils in your Veins, I'll warrant.

*Amin.* I have Warmth enough to endure the Air, old Gentleman. I need not shut my self up in a House these twenty Years.

*Efop.* *Aside.*] She takes a long Lease of Leudness; she'll be an admirable Tenant to Lust.

*Amin.* *walking hastily to and fro.*] People think when a Woman is turn'd Forty, she's old enough to turn out of the World: But I say, when a Woman is turn'd Forty, she's old enough to have more Wit. The most can be said is, her Face is the worst for wearing: I'll answer for all the rest of her Fabrick. The Men wou'd be to be pity'd, by my Troth, wou'd they, if we shou'd quit the Stage, and leave 'em nothing but a parcel of young pert Sluts, that neither know how to speak Sense, nor keep themselves clean.

But don't let 'em fear, we a'n't going yet. — How now! What, Left alone! An unmannerly Piece of Deformity! Methinks he might have had Sense enough to have made Love to me. But I have found Men strangely dull for the last ten or twelve Years: Sure they'll n end in time, or the World won't be worth living in.

*For let Philosophers say all they can,*

*The Source of Woman's Joys is plac'd in Man.*

[Exit.  
Enter



*Enter Learcus and Euphronia, Doris following at a distance.*

*Lear. to Euph.]* I must tell you, Mistrefs, I'm too mild with you ; Parents shou'd never intreat their Children, nor will I hereafter. Therefore, in a word, let *Efop* be lov'd, let *Oronces* be hated ; let one be a Peacock, let t'other be a Bat : I'm Father, you are Daughter ; I command, and you shall obey.

*Euph.* I never yet did otherwise ; nor shall I now, Sir ; but pray let Reason guide you.

*Lear.* So it does : But 'tis my own, not yours, Hussy.

*Dor.* Ah—Well, I'll say no more ; but were I in her place, by the Mass I'd have a tug for't.

*Lear.* Dæmon, born to distract me. Whence art thou, in the name of Fire and Brimstone ? Have I not satisfy'd thee ? Have I not paid thee what's thy due ? And have not I turn'd thee out of doors, with Orders never more to stride my Threshold, Ha ? Answer, abominable Spirit ; what is't that makes thee haunt me ?

*Dor.* A foolish Passion, to do you good in spite of your teeth : Pox on me for my Zeal, I say.

*Lear.* And Pox on thee, and thy Zeal too, I say.

*Dor.* Now if it were not for her sake more than for yours, I'd leave all to your own Management, to be reveng'd of you. But rather than I'll see that sweet thing sacrificed——I'll play the Devil in your House.

*Lear.* Patience, I summon thee to my Aid.

*Dor.* Passion, I defy thee ; to the last drop of my Blood I'll maintain my Ground. What have you to charge me with ? Speak : I love your Child better than you do, and you can't bear that, ha ? Is't not so ? Nay, it's well y'are asham'd on't ; there's some sign of Grace still.

Look you, Sir, in few words, you'll make me mad ; and 'twere enough to make any body mad (who has Brains enough to be so) to see so much Virtue shipwreck'd at the very Port. The World never saw a Virgin better qualify'd ; so witty, so discreet, so modest, so chaste ; in a word, I brought her up my self ; and  
'twou'd

'twou'd be the death of me, to see so virtuous a Maid become a leud Wife; which is the usual effect of Parents Pride and Covetousness.

*Lear.* How, Strumpet! wou'd any thing be able to debauch my Daughter?

*Dor.* Your Daughter! Yes, your Daughter, and my self into the bargain: A Woman's but a Woman; and I'll lay a hundred Pound on Nature's side. Come, Sir, few words dispatch Business. Let who will be the Wife of *Esop*, she's a Fool, or he's a Cuckold. But you'll never have a true Notion of this matter, till you suppose your self in your Daughter's place. As thus:

You are a pretty, soft, warm, wishing young Lady: I'm a strait, proper, handsome, vigorous, young Fellow.

You have a peevish, positive, covetous, old Father, and he forces you to marry a little, lean, crooked, dry, sapless Husband. This Husband's gone abroad, you are left at home. I make you a Visit; find you all alone; the Servant pulls to the Door; the Devil comes in at the Window. I begin to wheedle, you begin to melt; you like my Person, and therefore believe all I say; so first I make you an Atheist, and then I make you a Whore. Thus the World goes, Sir.

*Lear.* Pernicious Pestilence! Has not thy eternal Tongue run down its Larum yet?

*Dor.* Yes.

*Lear.* Then go out of my House, Abomination.

*Dor.* I'll not stir a foot.

*Lear.* Who waits there? Bring me my great Stick.

*Dor.* Bring you a Stick! bring you a Head-piece: that you'd call for, if you knew your own wants.

*Lear.* Death and Furies, the Devil, and so forth; I shall run distracted.

*Euph.* Pray, Sir, don't be so angry at her, I'm sure she means well, tho she may have an odd way of expressing herself.

*Lear.* What, you like her meaning? Who doubts it, Offspring of *Venus*? But I'll make you stay your Stomach with Meat of my chusing, you liquorish young Baggage you. In a word, *Esop's* the Man; and to-morrow he shall be your Lord and Master. But

But since he can't be satisfy'd unless he has your Heart, as well as all the rest of your Trumpery, let me see you receive him in such a manner that he may think himself your Choice as well as mine; 'twill make him esteem your Judgment: For we usually guess at other People's Understandings, by their approving our Actions, and liking our Faces. See here the great Man comes! [*To Dor.*] Follow me, Insolence; and leave 'em to express their Passion to each other. [*To Euph.*] Remember my last word to you is, Obey.

*Dor. to Euph. aside*] And remember my last Advice to you is, Rebel. [*Exit Lear. Dor. following him.*

*Euph.* Alas, I'm good-natur'd; the last thing that's said to me usually leaves the deepest Impression.

*Enter Esop; they stand some time without speaking.*

*Esop.* — They say, That Lovers, for want of words, have Eyes to speak with. I'm afraid you do not understand the Language of mine, since yours, I find, will make no answer to 'em. But I must tell you, Lady, there is a numerous Train of youthful Virgins, that are endow'd with Wealth and Beauty too, who yet have thought it worth their Pains and Care to point their Darts at *Esop's* homely Breast; whilst you so much condemn what they pursue, that a young senseless Fop's prefer'd before me.

*Euph.* Did you but know that Fop you dare to term so, his very Looks wou'd fright you into nothing.

*Esop.* A very Bauble.

*Euph.* How!

*Esop.* A Butterfly.

*Euph.* I can't bear it.

*Esop.* A Paroquet, can prattle and look gawdy.

*Euph.* It may be so; but let me paint him and you in your proper Colours, I'll do it exactly, and you shall judge which I ought to chuse.

*Esop.* No, hold; I'm naturally not over-curious; besides, 'tis Pride makes People have their Pictures drawn.

*Euph.* Upon my word, Sir, you may have yours taken a hundred times before any body will believe 'tis done upon that account.

*Esop.*

*Efop.* *Aside.*] How severe she is upon me!  
You are resolv'd then to persist, and be fond of your Feather; sigh for a Perriwig, and die for a Cravat-string.

*Euph.* Methinks, Sir, you might treat with more respect what I've thought fit to own I value; your Affronts to him are doubly such to me; if you continue your provoking Language, you must expect my Tongue will sally too; and if you are as wise as some would make you, you can't but know I shou'd have Theme enough.

*Efop.* But is it possible you can love so much as you pretend?

*Euph.* Why, do you question it?

*Efop.* Because no body loves so much as they pretend: But hark you, young Lady, Marriage is to last a long, long time; and where one Couple bless the sacred Knot, a Train of Wretches curse the Institution. You are in an Age where Hearts are young and tender, a pleasing Object gets admittance soon. But since to Marriage there's annex'd this dreadful word, *For Ever*, the following Example ought to move you.

*A Peacock once of splendid show,  
Gay, gawdy, foppish, vain—a Beau,  
Attack'd a fond young Pheasant's Heart  
With such Success,  
He pleas'd her, tho he made her smart;  
He pierc'd her with so much Address,  
She smil'd the moment that he fixt his Dart.*

*A Cuckow in a neighb'ring Tree,  
Rich, honest, ugly, old—like me,  
Lov'd her as he lov'd his Life:  
No pamper'd Priest e'er study'd more  
To make a vertuous Nun a Whore,  
Than he to get her for his Wife.  
But all his Offers still were vain,  
His Limbs were weak, his Face was plain;  
Beauty, Youth, and Vigour weigh'd  
With the warm desiring Maid:*

*No Bird, she cry'd, wou'd serve her turn,  
 But what cou'd quench as well as burn,  
 She'd have a young Gallant; so one she had.  
 But e'er a Month was come and gone,  
 The Bride began to change her tone,  
 She found a young Gallant was an inconstant one.  
 She wander'd to a neighb'ring Grove,  
 Where after musing long on Love,  
 She told her Confident, she found  
 When for one's Life one must be bound,  
 (Tho Youth indeed was a delicious Bait)  
 An aged Husband, rich, tho plain,  
 Wou'd give a slavish Wife less pain;  
 And what was more, was sooner slain,  
 Which was a thing of weight.*

Behold, young Lady, here, the Cuckow of the Fable: I'm deform'd, 'tis true, yet I have found the means to make a Figure amongst Men, that well has recompens'd the Wrongs of Nature; my Rival's Beauty promises you much; perhaps my homely Form might yield you more; at least consider on't, 'tis worth your Thought.

*Euph.* I must confess, my Fortune wou'd be greater;  
 But what's a Fortune to a Heart like mine?  
 'Tis true, I'm but a young Philosopher,  
 Yet in that little space my Glas has run,  
 I've spent some time in search of Happiness:  
 The fond Pursuit I soon observ'd of Riches,  
 Inclind me to enquire into their Worth;  
 I found their Value was not in themselves,  
 But in their Power to grant what we cou'd ask.  
 I then proceeded to my own Desires,  
 To know what state of Life wou'd suit with them:  
 I found 'em moderate in their Demands,  
 They neither ask'd for Title, State, or Power;  
 They slighted the aspiring Post of Envy:  
 'Tis true, they trembled at the name Contempt;  
 A general Esteem was all they wish'd;  
 And that I did not doubt might be obtain'd,

If furnish'd but with Virtue and Good-Nature ;  
My Fortune prov'd sufficient to afford me  
Conveniencies of Life, and Independence.  
This, Sir, was the Result of my Enquiry ;  
And by this Scheme of Happiness I build,  
When I prefer the Man I love to you.

*Efop.* How wise, how witty, and how cleanly, young  
Women grow, as soon as ever they are in love !

*Euph.* How foppish, how impertinent, and how nau-  
seous are old Men, when they pretend to be so too !

*Efop.* How pert is Youth !

*Euph.* How dull is Age !

*Efop.* Why so sharp, young Lady ?

*Euph.* Why so blunt, old Gentleman ?

*Efop.* 'Tis enough ; I'll to your Father, I know how  
to deal with him, tho I don't know how to deal with  
you. Before to-morrow Noon, Damsel, Wife shall  
be written on your Brow. [Exit Efop.]

*Euph.* Then before to-morrow Night, Statesman,  
Husband shall be stamp't upon your Forehead.

[Exit Euph.]



## A C T . IV.

*Enter Oronces and Doris.*

*Dor.* **P**atience, I beseech you.

*Or.* Patience ! What, and see that lovely  
Creature thrown into the Arms of that pedantick Mon-  
ster : 'Sdeath, I'd rather see the World reduc'd to A-  
toms, Mankind turn'd into Crawfish, and my self an old  
Woman.

*Dor.* So you think an old Woman a very unfortunate  
thing, I find, but you are mistaken, Sir ; she may plague  
other Folks, but she's as entertaining to her self, as any  
one part of the Creation.

*Or.*

*Or. walking to and fro.]* She's the Devil, — and I'm one of the Damn'd, I think. But I'll make somebody howl for't, I will so.

*Dor.* You'll e'en do as all the young Fellows in the Town do, spoil your own Sport: Ah—— had young Mens Shoulders but old Courtiers Heads upon 'em, what a delicious Time wou'd they have on't! For shame be wise; for your Mistres's sake at least use some Caution.

*Or.* For her sake I'll respect, even like a Deity, her Father. He shall strike me, he shall tread upon me, and find me humbler even than a crawling Worm, for I'll not turn again; but for *Esop*, that unfinish'd Lump, that Chaos of Humanity, I'll use him, — nay, expect it, for I'll do't—— the first moment that I see him, I'll ——

*Dor.* Not challenge him, I hope. —— 'Twould be a pretty sight truly, to see *Esop* drawn up in Battalia: Fie for shame, be wise once in your Life; think of gaining time, by putting off the Marriage for a day or two, and not of waging War with a Pigmy. Yonder's the old Gentleman walking by himself in the Gallery; go and wheedle him, you know his weak side; he's good-natur'd in the bottom. Stir up his old fatherly Bowels a little, I'll warrant you'll move him at last: go, get you gone, and play your Part discreetly.

*Or.* Well, I'll try; but if Words won't do with one, Blows shall with t'other; by Heavens they shall.

[*Exit Or.*

*Dor. sola.]* Nay, I reckon we shall have rare work on't by and by. Shield us, kind Heaven; what things are Men in love? Now they are Stocks and Stones; then they are Fire and Quick-silver; first whining and crying, then swearing and damning; this moment they are in love, and next moment they are out of love: Ah—— cou'd we but live without 'em—— but it's in vain to think on't.

*Enter Esop at one side of the Stage, Mrs. Forge-will at t'other.*

*Forg.* Sir, I am your most devoted Servant: What I say is no Compliment, I do assure you. *Esop.*

*Efop.* Madam, as far as you are really mine, I believe I may venture to assure you, I am yours.

*Forg.* I suppose, Sir, you know that I'm a Widow.

*Efop.* Madam, I don't so much as know you are a Woman.

*Forg.* O surprising! Why I thought the whole Town had known it. Sir, I have been a Widow this Twelve-month.

*Efop.* If a body may guess at your Heart by your Petticoat, Lady, you don't design to be so a Twelve-month more.

*Forg.* O bless me! Not a Twelve-month! Why, my Husband has left me four squawling Brats. Besides, Sir, I'm undone.

*Efop.* You seem as chearful an undone Lady as I have met with.

*Forg.* Alas, Sir, I have too great a Spirit ever to let Afflictions spoil my Face. Sir, I'll tell you my Condition, and that will lead me to my Business with you. Sir, my Husband was a Scrivener.

*Efop.* The deuce he was; I thought he had been a Count at least.

*Forg.* Sir, 'tis not the first time I have been taken for a Countess; my Mother us'd to say as I lay in my Cradle, I had the Air of a Woman of Quality; and truly I have always liv'd like such. My Husband, indeed, had something sneaking in him (as most Husbands have, you know, Sir) but from the moment I set foot in his House, bless me, what a Change was there! His Pewter was turn'd into Silver, his Goloshoes into a Glass Coach, and his little travelling Mare into a pair of *Flanders* Horses. Instead of a greasy Cook-maid to wait at Table, I had four tall Footmen in clean Linen; all things became new and fashionable, and nothing look'd aukward in my Family. My Furniture was the Wonder of my Neighbourhood, and my Clothes the Admiration of the whole Town; I had a Necklace that was envy'd by the Queen, and a pair of Pendants that set a Dutchess a crying. In a word, I saw nothing I lik'd but I bought it; and my Husband, good Man, durst ne'er refuse paying  
for't.



for't. Thus I liv'd, and I flourish'd, till he sicken'd and dy'd; but e'er he was cold in his Grave, his Creditors plunder'd my House. But what pity it was to see Fellows with dirty Shoes come into my best Rooms, and touch my Hangings with their filthy Fingers! You won't blame me, Sir, if with all my Courage I weep at this sensible part of my Misfortune.

*Esop.* A very sad Story truly!

*Forg.* But now, Sir, to my Business. Having been inform'd this Morning, That the King has appointed a great Sum of Money for the Marriage of young Women who have liv'd well, and are fallen to decay, I am come to acquaint you I have two strapping Daughters just fit for the Matter, and to desire you'll help 'em to Portions out of the King's Bounty; that they mayn't whine and pine, and be eaten up with the Green-sickness, as half the young Women in the Town are, or wou'd be, if there were not more Helps for a Disease than one. This, Sir, is my Business.

*Esop.* And this, Madam, is my Answer.

*A crawling Toad, all speckled o'er,  
Vain, gaudy, painted, patch'd, — a Whore,  
Seeing a well-fed Ox hard by,  
Regards him with an envious Eye,  
And (as the Poets tell)  
Ye Gods I cannot bare't, quoth she,  
I'll burst, or be as big as he,  
And so began to swell.*

*Her Friends and Kindred round her came,  
They shew'd her she was much to blame,  
The thing was out of reach.  
She told 'em they were busy Folks,  
And when her Husband wou'd have spoke,  
She bid him kiss her Br——  
With that they all e'en gave her o'er,  
And she persisted as before,  
Till with a deal of strife  
She swell'd at last so much her Spleen,  
She burst like one that we have seen,  
Who was a Scrivener's Wife.*

**This**

**This**, Widow, I take to be your Case, and that of a great many others; for this is an Age where most People get Falls by clambering too high, to reach at what they should not do. The Shoemakers's Wife reduces her Husband to a Cobler, by endeavouring to be as spruce as the Taylor's: The Taylor's brings hers to a Botcher, by going as fine as the Mercer's: The Mercer's lowers hers to a Foreman, by perking up to the Merchant's; The Merchant's wears hers to a Broker, by strutting up to Quality: And Quality bring theirs to nothing, by striving to out-do one another. If Women were humbler, Men wou'd be honest. Pride brings Want, Want makes Rogues, Rogues come to be hang'd, and the Devil alone's the Gainer. Go your ways home, Woman; and as your Husband maintain'd you by his Pen, maintain your self by your Needle; put your great Girls to Service, Imployment will keep 'em honest; much Work, and plain Diet, will cure the Green-sickness as well as a Husband.

*Forg.* Why, you pitiful Pigmy, preaching, canting, Pickthank; you little, forry, crooked, dry, wither'd Eunuch, do you know that——

*Esop.* I know that I'm so deform'd you han't Wit enough to describe me; but I have this good quality, That a foolish Woman can never make me angry.

*Forg.* Can't she so! I'll try that, I will. [*She falls upon him, holds his Hands, and boxes his Ears.*]

*Esop.* Help, help, help.

*Enter Servants.* *She runs off, they after her.*

*Esop.* Nay, e'en let her go—— let her go—— don't bring her back again—— I'm for making a Bridge of Gold for my Enemy to retreat upon—— I'm quite out of breath—— A terrible Woman, I protest.

*Enter a Country Gentleman drunk, in a hunting Dress, with a Huntsman, Groom, Faulkner, and other Servants; one leading a couple of Hounds, another Greyhounds, a third a Spaniel, a fourth a Gun upon his Shoulder, the Faulkner a Hawk upon his Fist, &c.*

*Gent.* Haux, haux, haux, haux, haux: Joular, there Boy, Joular, Joular, Tinker, Pedlar, Mifs, Mifs, Mifs, Mifs,

Miss, Miss ——— Blood and Oons ——— O there he is ;  
that must he be, I have seen his Picture, [*Reeling up : o*  
*Efop.*] ——— Sir ——— if your Name's *Efop* ——— I'm  
your humble Servant.

*Efop.* Sir, my Name is *Efop*, at your Service.

*Gent.* Why then, Sir ——— Compliments being past  
on both sides, with your leave ——— we'll proceed to  
Business.

Sir, I'm by Profession ——— a Gentleman of ——— three  
thousand Pounds a Year ——— Sir, I keep a good pack  
of Hounds, and a good Stable of Horses.

*To his Groom.*] How many Horses have I, Sirrah? ———  
Sir, this is my Groom. [*Presenting him to Efop.*

*Groom.* Your Worship has six Coach-Horses, (Cut  
and Long-Tail) two Runners, half a dozen Hunters,  
four breeding Mares, and two blind Stallions, besides  
Pads, Routs, and Dog-Horses.

*Gent.* Look you there, Sir, I scorn to tell a Lye.  
He that questions my Honour ——— he's a Son of a  
Whore. But to Business ——— Having heard, Sir, that  
you were come to this Town, I have taken the pains to  
come hither too, tho I had a great deal of Business up-  
on my hands, for I have appointed three *Justices of the*  
*Peace* to hunt with 'em this Morning ——— and be  
drunk with 'em in the Afternoon. But the main Chance  
must be look'd to ——— and that's this ——— I desire, Sir,  
you'll tell the King from me ——— I don't like these  
Taxes ——— in one word, as well as in twenty ——— I  
don't like these Taxes.

*Efop.* Pray, Sir, how high may you be tax'd?

*Gent.* How high may I be tax'd, Sir! ——— Why, I  
may be tax'd, Sir, ——— four Shillings in the Pounds, Sir ;  
one half I pay in Money ——— and t'other half I pay  
in Perjury, Sir. Hey, Joular, Joular, Joular. Haux,  
haux, haux, haux, haux. Whoo, hoo ——— Here's  
the best Hound-Bitch in *Europe*, Zoons is she. And I  
had rather kiss her than kiss my Wife ——— Rot me if I  
had not ——— But, Sir, I don't like these Taxes.

*Efop.* Why how wou'd you have the War carry'd  
on?

*Gent.*

*Gent.* War carry'd on, Sir! — Why, I had rather have no War carry'd on at all, Sir, than pay Taxes. I don't desire to be ruin'd, Sir.

*Efop.* Why you say you have three thousand Pounds a Year.

*Gent.* And so I have, Sir — *Lett-Acre.* Sir, this is my Steward. How much Land have I, *Lett-Acre*?

*Lett-Acre.* Your Worship has three thousand Paunds a Year, as good Lond as any's i'th' Cauntly; and two thousand Paunds worth of Wood to cut dawne at your Worship's Pleasure, and put the Money in your Pocket.

*Gent.* Look you there, Sir, what have you to say to that?

*Efop.* I have to say, Sir, that you may pay your Taxes in Money, instead of Perjury, and still have a better Revenue than I'm afraid you deserve. What Service do you do your King, Sir?

*Gent.* None at all, Sir — I'm above it.

*Efop.* What Service may you do your Country pray?

*Gent.* I'm Justice of the Peace — and Captain of the Militia.

*Efop.* Of what use are you to your Kindred?

*Gent.* I'm the Head of the Family, and have all the Estate.

*Efop.* What good do you do your Neighbours?

*Gent.* I give 'em their Bellies full of Beef every time they come to see me; and make 'em so drunk, they spew it up again before they go away.

*Efop.* How do you use your Tenants?

*Gent.* Why, I skrew up their Rents till they break and run away, and if I catch 'em again, I let 'em rot in a Goal.

*Efop.* How do you treat your Wife?

*Gent.* I treat her all Day with Ill-nature and Tobacco, and all Night with Snoring and a dirty Shirt.

*Efop.* How do you breed your Children?

*Gent.* I breed my eldest Son — a Fool; my youngest breed themselves, and my Daughters — have no Breeding at all.

*Efop.*

*Efop.* 'Tis very well, Sir, I shall be sure to speak to the King of you; or if you think fit to remonstrate to him, by way of Petition or Address, how reasonable it may be to let Men of your Importance go Scot-free, in the time of a necessary War, I'll deliver it in Council, and speak to it as I ought.

*Gent.* Why, Sir, I don't disapprove your Advice, but my Clerk is not here, and I can't spell well.

*Efop.* You may get it writ at your leisure, and send it me. But because you are not much us'd to draw up Addresses perhaps, I'll tell you in general what kind of one this ought to be.

*May it please your Majesty——*

*To the Gent.]* You'll excuse me if I don't know your Name and Title.

*Gent.* Sir, *Polidorus Hogstye, of Beast-Hall in Swine-County.*

*Efop.* Very well.

*May it please your Majesty; Polidorus Hogstye, of Beast-Hall in Swine-County, most humbly represents, That he hates to pay Taxes, the dreadful Consequences of 'em being inevitably these, That he must retrench two Dishes in ten, where not above six of 'em are design'd for Gluttony.*

*Four Bottles out of twenty; where not above fifteen of 'em are for Drunkenness.*

*Six Horses out of thirty; of which not above twenty are kept for State.*

*And four Servants out of a Score; where one half do nothing but make Work for t'other.*

*To this deplorable Condition must your important Subject be reduc'd, or forc'd to cut down his Timber, which he wou'd willingly preserve against an ill Run at Dice.*

*And as to the Necessity of the War for the Security of the Kingdom, he neither knows nor cares whether it be necessary or not.*

†

He

*He concludes with his Prayers for your Majesty's Life, upon Condition you will protect him and his Fox-hounds at Beast-Hall without e'er a Penny of Money.*

*To the Gent.]* This, Sir, I suppose, is much what you wou'd be at.

*Gent.* Exactly, Sir, I'll be sure to have one drawn up to the self-same purpose; and next Fox-hunting I'll engage half the Company shall set their Hands to't.

Sir, I am your—— most devoted Servant; and if you please to let me see you at *Beast-Hall*, here's my Huntsman *Houndsfoot* will shew you a Fox shall lead you through so many Hedges and Briars, you shall have no more Clothes on your Back in half an Hour's time—— than you had—— in the Womb of your Mother. Haux, haux, haux, &c. [Exit shouting.]

*Esof.* O Tempora, O Mores!

*Enter Mr. Fruitful and his Wife.*

*Mr. Fruit.* Heavens preserve the noble *Esof*, grant him long Life and happy Days.

*Mrs. Fruit.* And send him a fruitful Wife, with a hopeful Issue.

*Esof.* And what is it I'm to do for you, good People, to make you amends for all all these friendly Wishes?

*Mr. Fruit.* Sir, here's my self and my Wife——

*Mrs. Fruit.* Sir, here's I and my Husband——

*To her Husband.]* Let me speak in my turn, Goodman *Forward*.

*To Esof.]* Sir, here's I and my Husband, I say, think we have as good Pretensions to the King's Favour as ever a Lord in the Land.

*Esof.* If you have no better than some Lords in the Land, I hope you won't expect much for your Service.

*Mr. Fruit.* An't please you, you shall be Judge your self.

*Mrs. Fruit.* That's as he gives Sentence, *Mr. Littlewit*; who gave you power to come to a Reference? If he does not do us Right, the King himself shall; what's to be done here!

*To Esof.]* Sir, I'm forc'd to correct my Husband a little; poor Man, he is not us'd to Court-Business; but  
to

to give him his due, he's ready enough at some things : Sir, I have had twenty fine Children by him ; fifteen of 'em are alive, and alive like to be ; five tall Daughters are wedded and bedded, and ten proper Sons serve their King and their Country.

*Esop.* A goodly Company, upon my word !

*Mrs. Fruit.* Would all Men take as much pains for the peopling the Kingdom, we might tuck up our Aprons, and cry a Fig for our Enemies ; but we have such a parcel of Drones amongst us—— Hold up your Head, Husband—— He's a little out of Countenance, Sir, because I chid him ; but the Man's a very good Man at the bottom. But to come to my Business, Sir ; I hope his Majesty will think it reasonable to allow me something for the Service I have done him ; 'tis pity but Labour shou'd be encourag'd, especially when what one has done, one has don't with a Good-will.

*Esop.* What Profession are you of, good People ?

*Mrs. Fruit.* My Husband's an Innkeeper, Sir ; he bears the Name, but I govern the House.

*Esop.* And what Posts are your Sons in, in the Service ?

*Mrs. Fruit.* Sir, there are four Monks.

*Mr. Fruit.* Three Attorneys.

*Mrs. Fruit.* Two Scriveners.

*Mr. Fruit.* And an Excise-Man.

*Esop.* The deux o'the Service ; why, I thought they had been all in the Army.

*Mrs. Fruit.* Not one, Sir.

*Esop.* No, so it seems, by my Troth : Ten Sons that serve their Country, quoth a ! Monks, Attorneys, Scriveners and Excise-men, serve their Country with a vengeance ; you deserve to be rewarded, truly ; you deserve to be hang'd, you wicked People you. Get you gone out of my sight : I never was so angry in my Life.

[*Exit Esop.*

*Mr. Fruit. to his Wife.* ] So ; who's in the right now, you or I ? I told you what wou'd come on't ; you must  
be

be always a Breeding, and Breeding, and the King wou'd take care of 'em, and the Queen wou'd take care of 'em: And always some pretence or other there was. But now we have got a great Kennel of Whelps, and the Devil will take care of 'em, for ought I see. For your Sons are all Rogues, and your Daughters are all Whores, you know they are.

Mrs. *Fruit*. What, you are a grudging of your Pains now, you lazy, sluggish, flegmatick Drone. You have a mind to die of a Lethargy, have you? but I'll raise your Spirits for you, I will so. Get you gone home, go; go home, you idle Sot, you, I'll raise your Spirits for you.

[*Exit, pushing him before her.*]

*Re-enter Esop.*

*Esop solus.*] Monks, Attorneys, Scriveners, and Excise-men!

*Enter Oronces.*

*Or.* O here he is. Sir, I have been searching for you, to say two words to you.

*Esop.* And now you have found me, Sir, what are they?

*Or.* They are, Sir—— that my Name's *Oronces*; you comprehend me.

*Esop.* I comprehend your Name.

*Or.* And not my Business?

*Esop.* Not I, by my Troth.

*Or.* Then I shall endeavour to teach it you, Monsieur *Esop*.

*Esop.* And I to learn it, Monsieur *Oronces*.

*Or.* Know, Sir—— that I admire *Euphronia*.

*Esop.* Know, Sir—— that you are in the right on't.

*Or.* But I pretend, Sir, that no body else shall admire her.

*Esop.* Then I pretend, Sir, she won't admire you.

*Or.* Why so, Sir?

*Esop.* Because, Sir——

*Or.* What, Sir?

*Esop.* She's a Woman, Sir.

*Or.* What then, Sir?



*Esop.* Why then, Sir, she desires to be admir'd by every Man she meets.

*Or.* Sir, you are too familiar.

*Esop.* Sir, you are too haughty; I must soften that harsh Tone of yours: It don't become you, Sir; it makes a Gentleman appear a Porter, Sir: And that you may know the use of good Language, I'll tell you what once happen'd.

*Once on a Time——*

*Or.* I'll have none of your old Wives Fables, Sir, I have no Time to lose; therefore, in a word——

*Esop.* In a word, be mild: For nothing else will do you Service. Good Manners and soft Words have brought many a difficult thing to pass. Therefore hear me patiently.

*A Cook one Day, who had been drinking,  
(Only as many times, you know,  
You Spruce, Young, Witty Beaux will do,  
T' avoid the dreadful pain of Thinking)  
Had Orders sent him to behead  
A Goose, like any Chaplain fed.  
He took such pains to set his Knife right,  
'T had done one good t' have lost one's Life by't.  
But many Men have many Minds,  
There's various Tastes in various Kinds;  
A Swan (who by mistake he seiz'd)  
With wretched Life was better pleas'd:  
For as he went to give the Blow,  
In tuneful Notes she let him know,  
She neither was a Goose, nor wish'd  
To make her Exit so.*

*The Cook (who thought of nought but Blood,  
Except it were the Grease,  
For that you know's his Fees)  
To hear her sing, in great Amazement stood.  
Cods-Fish, quoth he, 'twas well you spoke,  
For I was just upon the Stroke:  
Your Feathers have so much of Goose,  
A drunken Cook cou'd do no less  
Than think you one; [ that you'll confes's :*

}  
}  
}  
} *But*

But y'have a Voice so soft, so sweet,  
That rather than you shall be eat,  
The House shall starve for want of Meat :  
And so he turn'd her loose.

To Or.] Now, Sir, what say you? Will you be the Swan, or the Goose?

Or. The Choice can't, sure, be difficult to make;  
I hope you will excuse my youthful Hear,  
Young Men and Lovers have a claim to Pardon :  
But since the Faults of Age have no such Plea,  
I hope you'll be more cautious of offending.

The Flame that warms *Euphronia's* Heart and mine,  
Has long, alas ! been kindled in our Breasts :  
Even Years are past since our two Souls were wed,  
'Twould be Adultery but to wish to part 'em.  
And would a Lump of Clay alone content you,  
A Mistress cold and senseless in your Arms,  
Without the least Remains or Signs of Life,  
Except her Sighs, to mourn her absent Lover?

Whilst you shou'd press her in your eager Arms,  
With fond Desire and Extasy of Love,  
Would it not pierce you to the very Soul,  
To see her Tears run trickling down her Cheeks,  
And know their Fountain meant 'em all to me?  
Cou'd you bear this?

Yet thus the Gods revenge themselves on those  
Who stop the happy Course of mutual Love.

If you must be unfortunate one way,  
Chuse that where Justice may support your Grief,  
And shun the weighty Curse of injur'd Lovers.

*Eso.* Why, this is pleading like a Swan indeed!  
Were any thing at stake but my *Euphronia*—

*Or.* Your *Euphronia*, Sir—

*Eso.* The Goose—take heed—

Were any thing, I say, at stake but her,  
Your Plea would be too strong to be refus'd.  
But our Debate's about a Lady, Sir,  
That's Young, that's Beautiful, that's made for Love.]

—so am not I, you'll say? But you're mistaken, Sir; I'm made to love, tho' not to be belov'd. I have a Heart like yours; I've Folly too: I've every Instrument of Love like others.

*Or.* But, Sir, you have not been so long a Lover; Your Passion's young and tender,  
'Tis easy for you to become its Master;  
Whilst I shou'd strive in vain; mine's old and fixt.

*Efop.* The older 'tis, the easier to be govern'd;  
Were mine of as long a standing, 'twere possible I might get the better on't. Old Passions are like old Men; weak, and soon jostled into the Kennel.

*Or.* Yet Age sometimes is strong, even to the Verge of Life.

*Efop.* Ay, but there our Comparison don't hold.

*Or.* You are too merry to be much in love.

*Efop.* And you too sad to be so long.

*Or.* My Grief may end my days, so quench my Flame; but nothing else can e'er extinguish it.

*Efop.* Don't be discourag'd, Sir; I have seen many a Man out-live his Passion twenty Years.

*Or.* But I have sworn to die *Euphronia's* Slave.

*Efop.* A decay'd Face always absolves a Lover's Oath.

*Or.* Lovers whose Oaths are made to Faces then: But 'tis *Euphronia's* Soul that I adore, which never can decay.

*Efop.* I wou'd fain see a young Fellow in Love with a Soul of Threescore.

*Or.* Quit but *Euphronia* to me, and you shall;  
At least if Heaven's Bounty will afford us  
But Years enough to prove my Constancy,  
And this is all I ask the Gods and you. [Exit Or.]

*Efop solus.*

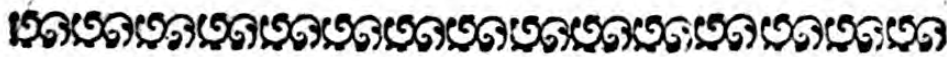
A good Pretence however to beg long Life.  
How grossly do the Inclinations of the Flesh  
Impose upon the Simplicity of the Spirit!  
Had this young Fellow but study'd Anatomy, he'd have found the Source of his Passion lay far from his Mistress's Soul.

Alas! Alas!

Had

Had Women no more Charms in their Bodies,  
Than what they have in their Minds,  
We should see more wise Men in the World,  
And much fewer Lovers and Poets.

[Exit.



## A C T V.

*Enter Euphronia and Doris.*

*Euph.* **H**eavens, what is't you make me do, *Doris?*  
Apply my self to the Man I loath; beg Favours from him I hate; seek a Reprieve from him I abhor; 'tis low, 'tis mean, 'tis base in me.

*Dor.* Why, you hate the Devil as much as you do *Esof*, (or within a small matter) and should you think it a scandal to pray him to let you alone a day or two, if he were a going to run away with you; ha?

*Euph.* I don't know what I think, nor what I say, nor what I do: But sure thou'rt not my Friend thus to advise me.

*Dor.* I advise! I advise nothing; e'en follow your own way; marry him, and make much of him. I have a mind to see some of his Breed; if you like it, I like it: He shan't breed out of me only; that's all I have to take care of.

*Euph.* Prithee don't distract me.

*Dor.* Why, to-morrow's the Day, fix'd and firm, you know it; much Meat, little Order, great many Relations, few Friends, Horse-play, Noise, and bawdy Stories, all's ready for a compleat Wedding.

*Euph.* Oh! what shall I do?

*Dor.* Nay, I know this makes you tremble; and yet your tender Conscience scruples to drop one hypocritical Curt'sy, and say, Pray, Mr. *Esof*, be so kind to defer it a few days longer.

*Euph.* Thou know'ft I cannot dissemble.

*Dor.* I know you can dissemble well enough when you shou'd not do't. Do you remember how you us'd to plague your poor *Oronces* ; make him believe you loath'd him, when you cou'd have kiss'd the ground he went on ; affront him in all publick Places ; ridicule him in all Company ; abuse him where-ever you went : and when you had reduc'd him within an Ace of hanging or drowning, then come home with Tears in your Eyes, and cry, Now, *Doris*, let's go lock our selves up, and talk of my dear *Oronces* : Is not this true ?

*Euph.* Yes, yes, yes. But, prithee, have some Compassion of me. Come, I'll do any thing thou bid'st me—— What shall I say to this Monster ? Tell me, and I'll obey thee.

*Dor.* Nay, then there's some hopes of you. Why you must tell him—— 'Tis natural to you to dislike Folks at first sight : That since you have consider'd him better, you find your Aversion abated : That though perhaps it may be a hard matter for you ever to think him a Beau, you don't despair in time of finding out his *Je-ne-sçay-quoy*. And that on t'other side ; tho you have hitherto thought (as most young Women do) that nothing cou'd remove your first Affection, yet you have very great hopes in the natural Inconstancy of your Sex.

Tell him, 'tis not impossible, a Change may happen, provided he gives you time : But that if he goes to force you, there's another piece of Nature peculiar to Woman, which may chance to spoil all, and that's Contradiction : Ring that Argument well in his Ears : He's a Philosopher, he knows it has weight in it.

In short, wheedle, whine, flatter, lye, weep, spare nothing ; it's a moist Age, Women have Tears enough ; and when you have melted him down, and gain'd more time, we'll employ it in Closet-debates how to cheat him to the end of the Chapter.

*Euph.* But you don't consider, *Doris*, that by this means I engage my self to him ; and can't afterwards with Honour retreat.

*Dor.* Madam, I know the World—— Honour's a Jest, when Jilting's useful. Besides,

Besides, he that wou'd have you break your Oath with *Oraunces*, can never have the Impudence to blame you for cracking your Word with himself. But who knows what may happen between the Cup and the Lip? Let either of the old Gentlemen die, and we ride triumphant. Wou'd I cou'd but see the Statesman sick a little, I'd recommend a Doctor to him, a Cousin of mine, a Man of Conscience, a wise Physician; tip but the Wink, he understands you.

*Euph.* Thou wicked Wench, wou'dst poison him?

*Dor.* I don't know what I wou'd do, I think, I study, I invent, and somehow I will get rid of him. I do more for you, I'm sure, than you and your Knight-Errant do together for your selves.

*Euph.* Alas, both he and I do all we can; thou know'st we do.

*Dor.* Nay, I know y'are willing enough to get together; but y'are a couple of helpless Things, Heaven knows.

*Euph.* Our Stars, thou see'st, are bent to Opposition.

*Dor.* Stars—— I'd fain see the Stars hinder me from running away with a Man I lik'd.

*Euph.* Ay, but thou know'st, shou'd I disoblige my Father, he'd give my Portion to my younger Sister.

*Dor.* Ay, there the Shoe pinches, there's the Love of the Age! Ah!— to what an ebb of Passion are Lovers sunk in these days! Give me a Woman that runs away with a Man, when his whole Estate's pack'd up in his Snap-sack: That tucks up her Coats to her Knees; and through thick and through thin, from Quarters to Camp, trudges heartily on, with a Child at her Back, another in her Arms, and a Brace in her Belly: There's Flame with a Witness, where this is the Effects on't. But we must have Love in a Feather-bed: Forsooth, a Coach and six Horses, clean Linen, and a Cawdle! Fie, for shame.

O ho, here comes our Man. Now shew your self a Woman, if you are one.

*Enter Esop.*

*Esop.* I'm told, fair Virgin, you desire to speak with me. Lovers are apt to flatter themselves; I take your Message for a Favour. I hope 'twas meant so.

*Euph.* Favours from Women are so cheap of late, Men may expect 'em truly without Vanity.

*Esop.* If the Women are so liberal, I think the Men are generous too on their side: 'Tis a well-bred Age, thank Heaven; and a deal of Civility there passes between the two Sexes. What Service is't that I can do you, Lady?

*Euph.* Sir, I have a small Favour to intreat you.

*Esop.* What is't? I don't believe I shall refuse you.

*Euph.* What if you shou'd promise me you won't?

*Esop.* Why then I shou'd make a divorce between my Good-breeding and my Sense, which ought to be as sacred a Knot at that of Wedlock.

*Euph.* Dare you not trust then, Sir, the thing you love?

*Esop.* Not when the thing I love don't love me: Never.

*Dor.* Trust is sometimes the way to be belov'd.

*Esop.* Ay, but 'tis oftner the way to be cheated.

*Euph.* Pray promise me you'll grant my Suit.

*Dor.* 'Tis a reasonable one, I give you my word for't.

*Esop.* If it be so, I do promise to grant it.

*Dor.* That's still leaving your self Judge.

*Esop.* Why, who's more concern'd in the Tryal?

*Dor.* But no body ought to be Judge in their own Cause.

*Esop.* Yet he that is so, is sure to have no wrong done him.

*Dor.* But if he does wrong to others, that's worse.

*Esop.* Worse for them, but not for him.

*Dor.* True Politician, by my troth!

*Esop.* Men must be so when they have to do with Sharpers.

*Euph.* If I should tell you then there were a possibility I might be brought to love you, you'd scarce believe me.

*Esop.*

*Efop.* I shou'd hope as a Lover, and suspect as a Statesman.

*Dor. aside.*] Love and Wisdom ! There's the Passion of the Age again.

*Euph.* You have liv'd long, Sir, and observ'd much : Did you never see Time produce strange Changes ?

*Efop.* Amongst Women, I must confess I have.

*Euph.* Why, I'm a Woman, Sir.

*Efop.* Why, truly that gives me some hopes.

*Euph.* I'll encrease 'em, Sir ; I have already been in love two years.

*Dor.* And Time, you know, wears all things to tatters.

*Efop.* Well observ'd.

*Euph.* What if you shou'd allow me some to try what I can do ?

*Efop.* Why, truly, I would have patience a day or two, if there was as much probability of my being your new Gallant, as perhaps there may be of changing your old one.

*Dor.* She shall give you fair play for't, Sir ; Opportunity and Leave to prattle ; and that's what carries most Women in our days. Nay, she shall do more for you. You shall play with her Fan ; squeeze her little Finger ; buckle her Shoe ; read a Romance to her in the Arbour ; and saunter in the Woods on a Moonshiny Night. If this don't melt her, she's no Woman, or you no Man——

*Efop.* I'm not a Man to melt a Woman that way : I know my self, and know what they require. 'Tis through a Woman's Eye you pierce her Heart. And I've no Darts can make their entrance there.

*Dor.* You are a great Statesman, Sir ; but I find you know little of our Matters. A Woman's Heart is to be enter'd forty ways. Every Sense she has about her keeps a door to it. With a Smock-face, and a Feather, you get in at her Eyes. With powerful Nonsense, in soft words, you creep in at her Ears. An essenc'd Peruke, and a sweet Handkerchief, lets you in at her Nose. With a Treat, and a Box full of Sweet-meats, you slip in



at her Mouth: and if you would enter by her Sense of Feeling, 'tis as beaten a Road as the rest. What think you now, Sir? *There are more ways to the Woods than one, you see.*

*Efop.* Why, you're an admirable Pilot; I don't doubt but you have steer'd many a Ship safe to Harbour: But I'm an old stubborn Seaman; I must fail by my own Compass still.

*Euph.* And, by your Obstinacy, lose your Vessel. /

*Efop.* No: I'm just entring into Port; we'll be married to-morrow.

*Euph.* For Heaven's sake defer it some days longer: I cannot love you yet, indeed I cannot.

*Efop.* Nor never will, I dare swear.

*Euph.* Why then will you marry me?

*Efop.* Because I love you.

*Euph.* If you lov'd me, you wou'd never make me miserable.

*Efop.* Not if I lov'd you for your sake; but I love you for my own.

*Dor. aside.]* There's an old Rogue for you.

*Euph. weeping.]* Is there no way left! must I be wretched?

*Efop.* 'Tis but resolving to be pleas'd. You can't imagine the strength of Resolution. I have seen a Woman resolve to be in the wrong all the days of her Life; and by the help of her Resolution, she has kept her word to a tittle.

*Euph.* Methinks the Subject we're upon shou'd be of weight enough to make you serious.

*Efop.* Right: To-morrow Morning pray be ready; You'll find me so: I'm serious. Now I hope you are pleas'd. *[Turning away from her.*

*Euph. Going off weeping, and leaning upon Doris.]* Break Heart! For if thou holdst, I'm miserable.

*Dor. to Efop.]* Now may the Extravagance of a lewd Wife, with the Insolence of a virtuous one, join hand in hand, to bring thy grey Hairs to the Grave.

*[Exeunt Euphronia and Doris.*

*Efop.* My old Friend wishes me well to the last, I see.

*Enter*

*Enter Learchus hastily, follow'd by Oronces.*

*Or.* Pray hear me, Sir.

*Lear.* 'Tis in vain: I'm resolv'd, I tell thee.

Most noble *Efop*, since you are pleas'd to accept of my poor Off-spring for your Consort, be so charitable to my old Age, to deliver me from the Impertinence of Youth, by making her your Wife this instant; for there's a Plot against my Life; they have resolv'd to teaze me to Death to-night, that they may break the Match to-morrow Morning. Marry her this instant, I intreat you.

*Efop.* This instant, say you!

*Lear.* This instant; this very instant.

*Efop.* 'Tis enough; get all things ready; I'll be with you in a moment. [*Exit Efop.*]

*Lear.* Now, what say you, Mr. *Flame-fire*? I shall have the whip-hand of you presently.

*Or.* Defer it till to-morrow, Sir.

*Lear.* That you may run away with her to-night; Ha? —

Sir, your most obedient, humble Servant.

Hey, who waits there? Call my Daughter to me: Quick.

I'll give her her Dispatches presently.

*Enter Euphronia.*

*Euph.* D'ye call, Sir?

*Lear.* Yes I do, Minx. Go shift your self, and put on your best Clothes. You are to be marry'd.

*Euph.* Marry'd, Sir!

*Lear.* Yes, marry'd, Madam; and that this instant too.

*Euph.* Dear, Sir!

*Lear.* Not a word: Obedience and a clean Smock; Dispatch. [*Exit Euphronia weeping.*]

*Learchus going off, turns to Oronces.]* Sir, your most obedient humble Servant.

*Or.* Yet hear what I've to say.

*Lear.* And what have you to say, Sir?

*Or.* Alas! I know not what I have to say!

*Lear.* Very like so. That's a sure sign he's in love now.

*Or.*

*Or.* Have you no Bowels?

*Lear.* Ha, ha ! Bowels in a Parent ! Here's a young Fellow for you. Hark thee, Stripling ; being in a very merry humour, I don't care if I discover some paternal Secrets to thee.

Know then, that how humourfome, how whimsical soever we may appear, there's one fixt Principle that runs through almost the whole Race of us ; and that's to please our selves. Why do'st think I got my Daughter ? Why, there was something in't that pleas'd me. Why do'st think I marry my Daughter ? Why to please my self still. And what is't that pleases me ? Why, my Interest ; what do'st think it shou'd be ? If *Esop's* my Son-in-Law, he'll make me a Lord : If thou art my Son-in-Law—— thou'lt make me a Grandfather. Now I having more mind to be a Lord than a Grandfather, give my Daughter to him, and not to thee.

*Or.* Then shall her Happiness weigh nothing with you ?

*Lear.* Not this. If it did, I'd give her to thee, and not to him.

*Or.* Do you think forc'd Marriage the way to keep Women virtuous ?

*Lear.* No ; nor I don't care whether Women are virtuous or not.

*Or.* You know your Daughter loves me.

*Lear.* I do so.

*Or.* What if the Children that *Esop* may happen to father shou'd chance to be begot by me ?

*Lear.* Why, then *Esop* wou'd be the Cuckold, not I.

*Or.* Is that all your Care ?

*Lear.* Yes : I speak as a Father.

*Or.* What think you of your Child's Concern in t'other World ?

*Lear.* Why, I think it my Child's Concern, not mine. I speak as a Father.

*Or.* Do you remember you once gave me your Consent to wed your Daughter ?

*Lear.* I did.

*Or.* Why did you so ?

*Lear.*

*Lear.* Because you were the best Match that offer'd at that time. I did like a Father.

*Or.* Why then, Sir, I do like a Lover. I'll make you keep your word, or cut your Throat.

*Lear.* Who waits there, ha?

*Enter Servants.*

Seize me that Bully there. Carry him to Prison, and keep him safe. *[They seize him.]*

*Or.* Why, you won't use me thus?

*Lear.* Yes, but I will tho: away with him. Sir, your most humble Servant: I wish you a good Night's rest; and as far as a merry Dream goes, my Daughter's at your Service.

*Or.* Death and Furies! *[Exeunt Serv. with Oron.]*

*Lear. singing.]* Dol, de tol dol, dol, de tol dol:

*Lilly Burleighre's lodg'd in a Bough.*

*Enter a Troop of Musicians, Dancers, &c.*

*Lear.* How now! What have we got here?

*Mus.* Sir, we are a Troop of trifling Fellows, Fiddlers, and Dancers, come to celebrate the Wedding of your fair Daughter, if your Honour pleases to give us leave.

*Lear.* With all my heart: but who do you take me for, Sir; Ha?

*Mus.* I take your Honour for our noble Governor of *Sysicus*.

*Lear.* Governor of *Sysicus*; Governor of a Cheese-Cake! I'm Father-in-law to the great *Esop*, Sirrah.

*All bow to him.*

*Aside.]*—I shall be a great Man.

Come, tune your Fiddles; shake your Legs; get all things ready. My Son-in-law will be here presently—  
I shall be a great Man. *[Exit.]*

*Mus.* A great Marriage, Brother: What do'st think will be the end on't?

*2 Mus.* Why, I believe we shall see three Turns upon't. This old Fellow here will turn Fool; his Daughter will turn Strumpet; and his Son-in-law will turn 'em both out of doors. But that's nothing to thee nor me, as long as we are paid for our Fiddling. So tune away, Gentlemen.

*1 Mus.*

1 *Mus.* D'ye hear, Trumpets! When the Bride appears, salute her with a melancholy Waft. 'Twill fuit her Humour; for I guefs ſhe mayn't be over-well pleas'd.

*Enter Learchus with ſeveral Friends, and a Prieſt.*

*Lear.* Gentlemen and Friends, y'are all welcome. I have ſent to as many of you as our ſhort time wou'd give me leave, to deſire you wou'd be Witneſſes of the Honour the great *Eſop* deſigns our ſelf and Family. Hey; who attends there?

Go let my Daughter know I wait for her.

[*Ex. Servants.*

— 'Tis a vaſt Honour that is done me, Gentlemen.

2 *Gent.* It is indeed, my Lord.

*Lear. aſide.*] Look you there; if they don't call me my Lord already — I ſhall be a great Man.

*Enter Euphronia weeping, and leaning upon Doris, both in deep Mourning.*

*Lear.* How now! What's here? All in deep Mourning! Here's a provoking Baggage for you.

[*The Trumpets ſound a melancholy Air till Eſop appears; and then the Violins and Hautboys ſtrike up a Lancaſhire Hornpipe.*

*Enter Eſop in a gay foppish Dreſs, Long Peruke, &c. a gaudy Equipage of Pages and Footmen, all enter in an airy brisk manner.*

*Eſop, in an affected Tone to Euphronia.*] Gad take my Soul, Mame, I hope I ſhall pleaſe you now — Gentlemen all, I'm your humble Servant. I'm going to be a very happy Man, you ſee.

*To Euph.*] When the heat of the Ceremony's over, if your Ladyſhip pleaſes, Mame, I'll wait upon you to take the Air in the Park. Hey, Page; let there be a Coach and ſix Horſes ready inſtantly.

*Observing her Dreſs.*] — I vow to Gad, Mame, I was ſo taken up with my good Fortune, I did not obſerve the extreme Fancy of your Ladyſhip's Wedding-Clothes — Infinitely pretty, as I hope to be ſav'd; a World of Variety, and not at all gaudy.

*To Lear.*] — My dear Father-in-law, embrace me.

*Lear.*

*Lear.* Your Lordship does me too much Honour.

*Aside.*]——I shall be a great Man.

*Esof.* Come, Gentlemen, are all things ready? Where's the Priest?

*Priest.* Here, my noble Lord.

*Esof.* Most Reverend—— Will you please to say Grace that I may fall to, for I'm very hungry, and here's very good Meat. But where's my Rival all this while? The least we can do, is to invite him to the Wedding.

*Lear.* My Lord, he's in Prison.

*Esof.* In Prison! how so?

*Lear.* He would have murder'd me.

*Esof.* A bloody Fellow! But let's see him however. Send for him quickly.

Ha, Governour—— that handsome Daughter of yours, I will so mumble her——

*Lear.* I shall be a great Man.

*Enter Oronces pinion'd and guarded.*

*Esof.* O ho, here's my Rival! Then we have all we want. Advance, Sir, if you please. I desire you'll do me the favour to be a witness to my Marriage, lest one of these days you shou'd take a fancy to dispute my Wife with me.

*Or.* Do you then send for me to insult me? 'Tis base in you.

*Esof.* I have no time now to throw away upon Points of Generosity; I have better Work upon my hands. Come, Priest, advance.

*Lear.* Pray hold him fast there; he has the Devil and all of mischief in's Eye.

*Esof to Euph.*] Will your Ladyship please, Mame, to give me your fair Hand—— hey-day.

*[She refuses her Hand.]*

*Lear.* I'll give it you, my noble Lord, if she won't.

*Aside.*] A stubborn, self-will'd, stiff-necked Strumpet.

*[Learchus holds out her Hand to Esof, who takes it; Oronces stands on Esof's left Hand, and the Priest before 'em.]*

*Esof.*

*Efop.* Let my Rival stand next me : Of all Men I'd have him be satisfy'd.

*Or.* Barbarous inhuman Monster !

*Efop.* Now, Priest, do thy Office.

*Flourish with the Trumpets.*

*Priest.* Since the eternal Laws of Fate decree,  
That He, thy Husband; She, thy Wife shou'd be,  
May Heaven take you to its Care,

May *Jupiter* look down,

Place on your Heads Contentment's Crown ;

And may his Godhead never frown

Upon this happy Pair. [*Flourish again of Trumpets.*

[*As the Priest pronounces the last Line, Efop joins*

*Oronces and Euphronia's Hands.*

*Or.* O happy Change ! Blessings on Blessings wait on the generous *Efop*.

*Efop.* Happy, thrice happy may you ever be,  
And if you think there's something due to me,  
Pay it in mutual Love and Constancy.

*Euph. to Efop.*] You'll pardon me, most generous Man, if in the present Transports of my Soul, which you your self have by your Bounty caus'd, my willing Tongue is ty'd from uttering the Thoughts that flow from a most grateful Heart.

*Efop.* For what I've done I merit little Thanks,  
Since what I've done my Duty bound me to.  
I wou'd your Father had acquitted his :  
But he who's such a Tyrant o'er his Children,  
To sacrifice their Peace to his Ambition,  
Is fit to govern nothing but himself.

*To Lear.*] And therefore, Sir, at my return to Court I shall take care this City may be sway'd  
By more Humanity than dwells in you.

*Lear, aside.*] I shall be a great Man.

*Euph. to Efop.*] Had I not reason, from your constant Goodness,

To judge your Bounty, Sir, is infinite,  
I shou'd not dare to sue for farther Favours :  
But pardon me, if imitating Heaven and you,  
I easily forgive my aged Father,

And

And beg that *Efop* wou'd forgive him too.

[*Kneeling to him.*

*Efop.* The Injury he wou'd have done to you was great indeed : But 'twas a Blessing he design'd for me. If therefore you can pardon him, I may.

*To Lear.*] Your injur'd Daughter, Sir, has on her Knees intreated for her cruel barbarous Father ; and by her Goodness has obtain'd her Suit. If in the Remnant of your days you can find out some way to recompense her, do it, that Men and Gods may pardon you, as she and I have done. But let me see, I have one Quarrel still to make up. Where's my old Friend, *Doris* ?

*Dor.* She's here, Sir, at your Service ; and as much your Friend as ever : True to her Principles, and firm to her Mistrefs. But she has a much better Opinion of you now than she had half an hour ago.

*Efop.* She has reason : For my Soul appear'd then as deform'd as my Body. But I hope now one may so far mediate for t'other, that provided I don't make Love, the Women won't quarrel with me ; for they are worse Enemies even than they are Friends.

Come, Gentlemen, I'll humour my Dress a little longer, and share with you in the Diversions these boon Companions have prepar'd us. Let's take our Places, and see how they can divert us.

*Efop leads the Bride to her Place. All being seated, there's a short Consort of Hautboys, Trumpets, &c. After which a Dance between an old Man and a young Woman, who shuns him still as he comes near her. At last he stops, and begins this Dialogue ; which they sing together.*

Old Man.

*Why so cold, and why so coy ?  
What I want in Youth and Fire,  
I have in Love and in Desire :  
To my Arms, my Love, my Foy ;  
Why so cold, and why so coy ?*

Woman,



Woman.

'Tis Sympathy perhaps with you ;  
You are cold, and I'm so too.

Old Man.

My Years alone have froze my Blood ;  
Youthful Heat in Female Charms,  
Glowing in my aged Arms,  
Wou'd melt it down once more into a Flood.

Woman.

Women, alas, like Flints, ne'er burn alone ;  
To make a Virgin know  
There's Fire within the Stone,  
Some manly Steel must boldly strike the Blow.

Old Man.

Assist me only with your Charms,  
You'll find I'm Man, and still am bold ;  
You'll find I still can strike, tho' old :  
I only want your Aid to raise my Arm.

[Enter a Youth, who seizes on the young Woman.]

Youth.

Who talks of Charms, who talks of Aid ?  
I bring an Arm  
That wants no Charm,  
To rouse the Fire that's in a flinty Maid.  
Retire old Age,

—Winter be gone :

Behold the youthful Spring comes gayly on.  
Here, here's a Torch to light a Virgin's Fire :  
To my Arms, my Love, my Joy ;  
When Women have what they desire,  
They're neither cold nor coy.

[She takes him in her Arms.

The Song and Dance ended, Esop takes Euphronia and  
Oronces by the Hands, leading them forwards.

Esop. By this time, my young eager Couple, 'tis probable you wou'd be glad to be alone ; perhaps you'll have a mind to go to Bed even without your Supper ; for Brides and Bridegrooms eat little on their Wedding-Night. But since if Matrimony were worn as it ought

to be, it wou'd perhaps sit easier about us than usually it does, I'll give you one word of Counsel, and so I shall release you.

When one is out of Humour, let the other be dumb.  
Let your Diversions be such as both may have a share in 'em.

Never let Familiarity exclude Respect.  
Be clean in your Clothes, but nicely so in your Persons.  
Eat at one Table, lie in one Room, but sleep in two Beds :

I'll tell the Ladies why.

Turning to the Boxes.

*In the sprightly Month of May,  
When Males and Females sport and play,  
And kiss and toy away the Day ;  
An eager Sparrow and his Mate,  
Chirping on a Tree were sate,  
Full of Love—— and full of Prate.  
They talkt of nothing but their Fires,  
Of raging Heats, and strong Desires,  
Of eternal Constancy ;  
How true and faithful they wou'd be,  
Of this and that, and endless Joys,  
And a thousand more such Toys:  
The only thing they apprehended,  
Was that their Lives wou'd be so short,  
They cou'd not finish half their Sport  
Before their Days were ended.*

*But as from Bough to Bough they rove,  
They chanc'd at last  
In furious haste,*

*On a Twig with Birdlime spread,  
(Want of a more downy Bed)*

*To act a Scene of Love.  
Fatal it prov'd to both their Fires.  
For tho at length they broke away,  
And baulk'd the School-Boy of his Prey,  
Which made him weep the live-long Day,  
The Bridegroom, in the hasty strife,  
Was stuck so fast to his dear Wife,*

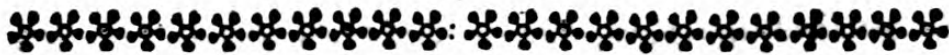
That

That tho he us'd his utmost Art,  
 He quickly found it was in vain,  
 To put himself to farther Pain,  
 They never more must part.  
 A gloomy Shade o'ercaft his Brow ;  
 He found himself——I know not how :  
 He look'd—— as Husbands often do.  
 Where-e'er he mov'd, he felt her still,  
 She kiss'd him oft against his Will :  
 Abroad, at Home, at Bed and Board,  
 With Favours she o'erwhelm'd her Lord.  
 Oft he turn'd his Head away,  
 And seldom had a word to say,  
 Which absolutely spoil'd her Play,  
 For she was better stor'd.  
 Howe'er at length her Stock was spent,  
 (For Female Fires sometimes may be  
 Subjett to Mortality ;) }  
 So Back to Back they sit, and sullenly repent.  
 But the mute Scene was quickly ended,  
 The Lady, for her share, pretended  
 The want of Love lay at his door ;  
 For her part she had still in store  
 Enough for him, and twenty more,  
 Which cou'd not be contended.  
 He answer'd her in homely words,  
 (For Sparrows are but ill-bred Birds)  
 That he already had enjoy'd  
 So much, that truly he was cloy'd.  
 Which so provok'd her Spleen,  
 That after some good hearty Prayers,  
 A Fogle, and some spightful Tears,  
 They fell together by the ears,  
 And ne'er were fond again. }






# E S O P.



## P A R T II.



*Enter Players.*

*Esop.*  ELL, good People, who are all you?

*Omnes.* Sir, we are Players?

*Esop.* Players! What Players?

*Play.* Why, Sir, we are Stage-Players, that's our Calling: Tho we play upon other things too; some of us play upon the Fiddle; some play upon the Flute; we play upon one another; we play upon the Town; and we play upon the Patentees.

*Esop.* Patentees! Prithee, what are they?

*Play.* Why, they are, Sir—— Sir, they are——! Cod I don't know what they are—— Fish or Flesh—— Masters or Servants—— Sometimes one—— Sometimes t'other, I think—— Just as we are in the Mood.

*Esop.* Why, I thought they had a lawful Authority over you.

*Play.*

*Play.* Lawful Authority, Sir— Sir, we are free-born *Englishmen*, we care not for Law nor Authority neither, when we are out of humour.

*Efop.* But I think they pretended at least to an Authority over you; pray upon what Foundation was it built?

*Play.* Upon a rotten one—— if you'll believe us, Sir, I'll tell you what the Projectors did: They imbark'd twenty thousand Pound upon a leaky Vessel—— She was built at *Whitehall*; I think they call'd her—— the Patent — ay, the Patent: Her Keel was made of a Broad Seal—— and the King gave 'em a white Staff for their Main-Mast. She was a pretty tight Frigot to look upon, indeed: They spar'd nothing to set her off; they gilded her, and painted her, and rigg'd, and gunn'd her; and so sent her a Privateering. But the first Storm that blew, down went the Mast, alhoar went the Ship--- Crack says the Keel, Mercy cry'd the Pilot; but the Wind was so high, his Pray'rs cou'd not be heard—— so they split upon a Rock—— that lay hid under a Petticoat.

*Efop.* A very sad Story, this: But what became of the Ship's Company?

*Play.* Why, Sir, your humble Servants here, who were the Officers, and the best of the Sailors—— (little *Ben* amongst the rest) seiz'd on a small Bark that lay to our Hand, and away we put to Sea again. To say the truth, we were better mann'd than rigg'd, and Ammunition was plaguy scarce amongst us—— However, a cruising we went, and some petty small Prizes we have made; but the Blessing of Heaven not being among us—— Or how the Devil 'tis, I can't tell; but we are not rich.

*Efop.* Well, but what became of the rest of the Crew?

*Play.* Why, Sir, as for the Scoundrels, they, poor Dogs, stuck by the Wrack. The Captain gave them Bread and Cheefe, and good Words—— He told them, if they wou'd patch her up, and venture t'other Cruise, he'd prefer them 'em all; so to work they went, and to Sea they got her.

*Efop.*

*Esop.* I hope he kept his word with 'em.

*Play.* That he did; he made the Boatwain's Mate Lieutenant; he made the Cook Doctor: he was forc'd to be Purser, and Pilot, and Gunner himself; and the Swabber took Orders to be Chaplain.

*Esop.* But with such unskilful Officers, I'm afraid, they'll hardly keep above Water long.

*Play.* Why truly, Sir, we care not how soon they are under: But curst Folks thrive, I think. I know nothing else that makes 'em swim. I'm sure, by the Rules of Navigation, they ought to have over-set long since; for they carry a great deal of Sail, and have very little Ballast.

*Esop.* I'm afraid you ruin one another. I fancy if you were all in a Ship together again, you'd have less Work, and more Profit.

*Play.* Ah, Sir—— we are resolv'd we'll never fail under Captain Patentee again.

*Esop.* Prithee, why so?

*Play.* Sir, he has us'd us like Dogs.

*Wom.* —— And Bitches too, Sir.

*Esop.* I'm sorry to hear that; pray how was't he treated you?

*Play.* Sir, 'tis impossible to tell; he us'd us like the *English* at *Amboyna*——

*Esop.* But I wou'd know some Particulars; tell me what 'twas he did to you.

*Play.* What he did, Sir, —— why, he did in the first place, Sir, —— In the first place, Sir, he did—— I Cod I don't know what he did—— Can you tell, Wife?

*Wom.* Yes, marry can I; and a burning Shame it was too.

*Play.* O, I remember now, Sir, he wou'd not give us Plumbs enough in our Pudding.

*Esop.* That indeed was very hard; but did he give you as many as he promis'd you?

*Play.* Yes, and more; but what of all that, we had not as many as we had a mind to——

*Wom.* Sir, my Husband tells you Truth——

*Esop.*

*Esop.* I believe he may ; but what other wrongs did he do you ?

*1 Wom.* Why, Sir, he did not treat me with Respect ; 'twas not one Day in three he wou'd so much as bid me good-morrow——

*2 Wom.* Sir, he invited me to Dinner, and never drank my Health.

*1 Wom.* Then he cock'd his Hat at Mrs. *Pert*.

*2 Wom.* Yes, and told Mrs. *Slippery* he had as good a Face as she had.

*Esop.* Why, these were insufferable Abuses——

*2 Play.* Then, Sir, I did but come to him one day-- and tell him I wanted fifty Pound, and what do you think he did by me, Sir—— Sir, he turn'd round upon his Heel like a Top——

*1 Play.* But that was nothing to the Affront he put upon me, Sir. I came to him, and in very civil words, as I thought, desir'd him to double my Pay : Sir, wou'd you believe it ? He had the barbarity to ask me if I intended to double my Work ; and because I told him no, Sir—— he did use me, good Lord, how he did use me.

*Esop.* Prithee how ?

*1 Play.* Why he walk'd off, and answer'd me never a word.

*Esop.* How had you Patience ?

*1 Play.* Sir, I had not Patience. I sent him a Challenge ; and what do you think his Answer was—— he sent me word I was a scoundrel Son of a Whore, and he wou'd only fight me by Proxy——

*Esop.* Very fine!

*1 Play.* At this rate, Sir, were we poor Dogs us'd— till one frosty Morning down he comes amongst us— and very roundly tells us —— That for the future, no Purchase no Pay. They that wou'd not work should not eat—— Sir, we at first ask'd him coolly and civilly—— why ? His Answer was, because the Town wanted Diversion, and he wanted Money—— Our Reply to this, Sir, was very short ; but I think to the purpose.

†

*Esop.*

*Esop.* What was it?

*I Play.* It was, Sir, that so we wallow'd in Plenty and Ease—— the Town and he might be damn'd—— This, Sir, is the true History of Separation—— and we hope you'll stand our Friend——

*Esop.* I'll tell you what, Sirs——

*I once a Pack of Beagles knew——  
That much resembled I know who ;  
With a good Huntsman at their Tail,  
In full Command,  
With Whip in Hand,  
They'd run apace  
The Chearful Chace,  
And of their Game were seldom known to fail.  
But being at length their chance to find  
A Huntsman of a gentler Kind,  
They soon perceiv'd the Rein was slack,  
The word went quickly through the Pack——  
They one and all cry'd Liberty ;  
This happy moment we are free,  
We'll range the Woods,  
Like Nymphs and Gods,  
And spend our Mouths in praise of Mutiny.  
With that old Jowler trots away,  
And Bowman singles out his Prey ;  
Thunder bellow'd through the Wood,  
And swore he'd burst his Guts with Blood.  
Venus tript it o'er the Plain,  
With boundless Hopes of boundless Gain.  
—— Juno, she slipt down the Hedge,  
But left her Sacred Word for Pledge ;  
That all she pickt up by the by——  
Shou'd to the publick Treasury.  
And well they might rely upon her ;  
For Juno was a Bitch of Honour.  
In short they all had hopes to see  
A heavenly Crop of Mutiny,  
And so to reaping fell :*



But in a little time they found,  
 It was the Devil had till'd the Ground,  
 And brought the Seed from Hell.  
 The Pack divided, nothing throve :  
 Discord seiz'd the Throne of Love.  
 Want and Misery all endure,  
 All ~~take~~ pains, and all grow poor.  
 When they had toil'd the live-long day,  
 And came at night to view their Prey,  
 Oft alas so ill they'd sped,  
 That half went supperless to Bed.  
 At length they all in Council sate,  
 Where at a very fair Debate,  
 It was agreed at last,  
 That Slavery with Ease and Plenty,  
 When Hounds were something turn'd of twenty,  
 Was much a better Fate,  
 Than 'twas to work and fast.

1 *Play*. Well, Sir—— and what did they do then?

*Esop*. Why they all went home to their Kennel again.  
 If you think they did wisely, you'll do well to follow  
 their Example. [Exit *Esop*.

1 *Play*. Well, Beagles, what think you of the little  
 Gentleman's Advice?

2 *Wom*. I think he's a little ugly Philosopher, and  
 talks like a Fool.

1 *Play*. Ay, why there's it now! If he had been a  
 tall handsome Blockhead, he had talk'd like a wise Man.

2 *Wom*. Why, do you think, Mr. Fowler, that we'll  
 ever join again?

1 *Play*. I do think, sweet Mrs. Juno, that if we do  
 not join again, you must be a little freer of your Carcase  
 than you are, or you must bring down your Pride to a  
 Serge Petticoat.

1 *Wom*. And do you think, Sir, after the Affronts I  
 have receiv'd, the Patent and I can ever be Friends?

1 *Play*. I do think, Madam, that if my Interest had  
 not been more affronted than your Face, the Patent and  
 you had never been Foes.

1 *Wom*.

1 *Wom.* And so, Sir, then you have ferious thoughts of a Reconciliation!

1 *Play.* Madam, I do believe I may.

1 *Wom.* Why then, Sir, give me leave to tell you, that---make it my Interest, and I'll have serious thoughts on't too.

2 *Wom.* Nay, if you are thereabouts, I desire to come into the Treaty.

3 *Play.* And I.

4 *Play.* And I.

2 *Play.* And I. No separate Peace. None of your *Turin* Play, I beseech you.

1 *Play.* Why then, since you are all so Christianly dispos'd----- I think we had best adjourn immediately to our Council-Chamber; chuse some potent Prince for Mediator and Guarantee----- Fix upon the place of Treaty, dispatch our Plenipo's, and whip up the Peace like an Oyster. For under the Rose, my Confederates, here is such a damn'd Discount upon our Bills, I'm afraid, if we stand it out another Campaign, we must live upon slender Subsistence. [Exeunt.]

*Enter a Country Gentleman, who walks to and fro, looking angrily upon Esop.*

*Esop.* Have you any business with me, Sir?

*Gent.* --- I can't tell whether I have or not.

*Esop.* You seem disturb'd, Sir.

*Gent.* I'm always so at the sight of a Courtier.

*Esop.* Pray what may it be, that gives you so great an Antipathy to 'em?

*Gent.* My Profession.

*Esop.* What's that?

*Gent.* Honesty.

*Esop.* 'Tis an honest Profession. I hope, Sir, for the general Good of Mankind, you are in some publick Employment.

*Gent.* So I am, Sir, ---no Thanks to the Court.

*Esop.* You are then, I suppose, employ'd by---

*Gent.* My Country.

*Esop.* Who have made you---

*Gent.* A Senator.

*Esop.* Sir, I reverence you.

[*Bowing.*

*Gent.* Sir, you may reverence as low as you please; but I shall spare none of you. Sir, I am intrusted by my Country with above Ten Thousand of their Grievances, and in order to redress them, my Design is to hang ten thousand Courtiers.

*Esop.* Why, 'tis making short Work, I must confess; but are you sure, Sir, that wou'd do't?

*Gent.* Sure,——Ay, sure.

*Esop.* How do you know?

*Gent.* Why, the whole Country says so, and I at the Head of 'em. Now let me see who dares say the contrary.

*Esop.* Not I, truly. But, Sir, if you won't take it ill, I'll ask you a Question or two.

*Gent.* Sir, I shall take ill what I please. And if you, or e'er a Courtier of you, all pretend the contrary, I say, it's a Breach of Privilege.——Now put your Question, if you think fit.

*Esop.* Why then, Sir, with all due regard to your Character, and your Privilege too, I wou'd be glad to know what you chiefly complain of?

*Gent.* Why, Sir, I do chiefly complain, that we have  
A great many Ships, and very little Trade;  
A great many Tenants, and very little Money;  
A great many Soldiers, and very little fighting;  
A great many *Gazettes*, and little good News;  
A great many Statesmen, and very little Wisdom;  
A great many Parsons, and not an Ounce of Religion.

*Esop.* Why truly, Sir, I do confess these are Grievances very well worth your redressing. I perceive you are truly sensible of our Diseases, but I'm afraid you are a little out in the Cure.

*Gent.* Sir, I perceive you take me for a Country-Physician: But you shall find, Sir, that a Country-Doctor is able to deal with a Court-Quack; and to shew you that I do understand something of the State of the Body Politick, I will tell you, Sir, that I have heard a wise Man say, The Court is the Stomach of the Nation, in which, if the Business be not thorowly digested,  
the

the whole Carcase will be in disorder. Now, Sir, I do find by the Feebleness of the Members, and the Vapours that fly into the Head, that this same Stomach is full of Indigestions, which must be remov'd: And therefore, Sir, I am come Post to Town with my Head full of *Crocus Mem.* and design to give the Court a Vomit.

*Esop.* Sir, the Physick you mention, tho' necessary sometimes, is of too violent a Nature to be us'd without a great deal of Caution. I'm afraid you are a little too rash in your Prescriptions. Is it not possible you may be mistaken in the Cause of the Distemper?

*Gent.* Sir, I do not think it possible I should be mistaken in any thing.

*Esop.* Have you been long a Senator?

*Gent.* No, Sir.

*Esop.* Have you been much about Town?

*Gent.* No, Sir.

*Esop.* Have you convers'd much with Men of Business?

*Gent.* No, Sir.

*Esop.* Have you made any serious Enquiry into the present Disorders of the Nation?

*Gent.* No, Sir.

*Esop.* Have you ever heard what the Men now employ'd in Business have to say for themselves?

*Gent.* No, Sir.

*Esop.* How then do you know they deserve to be punish'd for the present Disorders in your Affairs?

*Gent.* I'll tell you how I know.

*Esop.* I would be glad to hear.

*Gent.* Why, I know by this — I know it, I say, by this — that I'm sure on't — And to give you Demonstration that I'm sure on't, there is not one Man in a good Post in the Nation — but I'd give my Vote to hang him: Now I hope you are convinc'd.

*Esop.* As for Example: The first Minister of State, why wou'd you hang him?

*Gent.* Because he gives bad Counsel.

*Esop.* How do you know?

*Gent.* Why they say so.

- Efop.* And who would you put in his room?
- Gent.* One that would give better.
- Efop.* Who's that?
- Gent.* My self.
- Efop.* The Secretary of State, why wou'd you hang him?
- Gent.* Because he has not good Intelligence.
- Efop.* How do you know?
- Gent.* I have heard so.
- Efop.* And who would you put in his Place?
- Gent.* My Father.
- Efop.* The Treasurer, why would you hang him?
- Gent.* Because he does not understand his Business.
- Efop.* How do you know?
- Gent.* I dreamt so.
- Efop.* And who would you have succeed him?
- Gent.* My Uncle.
- Efop.* The Admiral, why would you hang him?
- Gent.* Because he has not destroy'd the Enemies.
- Efop.* How do you know he could do it?
- Gent.* Why, I believe so.
- Efop.* And who would you have command in his stead?
- Gent.* My Brother.
- Efop.* And the General, why would you hang him?
- Gent.* Because he took ne'er a Town last Campaign.
- Efop.* And how do you know 'twas in his power?
- Gent.* Why I don't care a Soufe whether it was in his power or not. But I have a Son at home, a brave chapping Lad; he has been Captain in the Militia these twelve Months, and I'd be glad to see him in his Place. What do ye stare for, Sir? ha! I gad I tell you he'd scour all to the Devil. He's none of your Fencers, none of your sa-sa Men. *Numphs* is downright, that's his Play. You may see his Courage in his Face: He has a pair of Cheeks like two Bladders, a Nose as flat as your Hand, and a Forehead like a Bull.
- Efop.* In short, Sir, I find if you and your Family were provided for, things would soon grow better than they do.
- Gent.*

*Gent.* And so they wou'd, Sir. Clap me at the head of the State, and *Nymphs* at the Head of the Army: He with his Club-Musquet, and I with my Club-Head-piece, we'd soon put an end to your Business.

*Esop.* I believe you wou'd indeed. And therefore since I happen to be acquainted with your extraordinary Abilities, I am resolv'd to give the King an account of you, and employ my Interest with him, that you and your Son may have the Posts you desire.

*Gent.* Will you, by the Lord?— Give me your Fift, Sir—the only honest Courtier that ever I met with in my Life.

*Esop.* But, Sir, when I have done you this mighty piece of Service, I shall have a small Request to beg of you, which I hope you won't refuse me.

*Gent.* What's that?

*Esop.* Why 'tis in behalf of the two Officers who are to be displac'd to make room for you and your Son.

*Gent.* The Secretary and the General?

*Esop.* The same. 'Tis pity they should be quite out of business; I must therefore desire you'll let me recommend one of 'em to you for your Bailiff, and t'other for your Huntsman.

*Gent.* My Bailiff and my Huntsman!— Sir, that's not to be granted.

*Esop.* Pray why!

*Gent.* Why?— Because one wou'd ruin my Land, and t'other wou'd spoil my Fox-Hounds.

*Esop.* Why do you think so?

*Gent.* Why do I think so!— These Courtiers will ask the strangest Questions— Why, Sir, do you think that Men bred up to the State or the Army, can understand the Business of Ploughing and Hunting?

*Esop.* I did not know but they might.

*Gent.* How cou'd you think so?

*Esop.* Because I see Men bred up to Ploughing and Hunting, understand the Business of the State and the Army.

*Gent.* I'm shot—— I ha'n't one word to say for my self—— I never was so caught in my Life.

*Esop.* I perceive, Sir, by your Looks what I have said has made some Impression upon you; and would perhaps do more if you wou'd give it leave. [*Taking his Hand.*] Come, Sir, tho I am a Stranger to you, I can be your Friend; my Favour at Court does not hinder me from being a Lover of my Country. 'Tis my Nature, as well as Principles, to be pleas'd with the Prosperity of Mankind. I wish all things happy, and my study is to make them so.

The Distempers of the Government (which I own are great) have employ'd the stretch of my Understanding, and the deepest of my Thoughts, to penetrate the Cause, and to find out the Remedy. But alas! all the Product of my Study is this; That I find there is too near a Resemblance between the Diseases of the State and those of the Body, for the most expert Minister to become a greater Master in one than the College is in t'other: And how far their Skill extends, you may see by this Lump upon my Back. Allowances in all Professions there must be, since 'tis weak Man that is the weak Professor. Believe me, Senator, for I have seen the Proof on't; The longest Beard amongst us is a Fool, Cou'd you but stand behind the Curtain, and there observe the secret Springs of State, you'd see in all the Good or Evil that attends it, ten Ounces of Chance for one Grain either of Wisdom or Roguery.

You'd see, perhaps, a venerable Statesman sit fast asleep in a great downy Chair; whilst in that soft Vacation of his Thought, blind Chance (or what at least we blindly call so) shall so dispose a thousand secret Wheels, that when he awakes, he needs but write his Name, to publish to the World some blest Event, for which his Statue shall be rais'd in Brass.

Perhaps a moment thence, you shall behold him torturing his Brain; his Thoughts all stretcht upon the Wrack for publick Service. The live-long Night, when all the World's at rest, consum'd in Care, and watching  
for

for their Safety, when by a Whirlwind in his Fate, in spite of him some mischief shall befall 'em, for which a furious Sentence strait shall pass, and they shall vote him to the Scaffold. Even thus uncertain are Rewards and Punishments; and even thus little do the People know, when 'tis the Statesman merits one or t'other.

*Gent.* Now I do believe I am beginning to be a wise Man; for I never till now perceiv'd I was a Fool. But do you then really believe, Sir, our Men in Business do the best they can?

*Esop.* Many of 'em do: Some perhaps do not. But this you may depend upon; he that is out of Business is the worst Judge in the World of him that is in: First, Because he seldom knows any thing of the matter: And, Secondly, because he always desires to get his Place.

*Gent.* And so, Sir, you turn the Tables upon the Plaintiff, and lay the Fool and Knave at his door.

*Esop.* If I do him wrong, I'm sorry for't. Let him examine himself, he'll find whether I do or not.

[Exit Esop.]

*Gent.* — Examine! — I think I have had enough of that already. There's nothing left, that I know of, but to give Sentence: And truly I think there's no great difficulty in that. A very pretty Fellow I am indeed! Here am I come bellowing and roaring 200 Miles post to find my self an Ass; when with one quarter of an hour's Consideration I might have made the self-same Discovery, without going over my Threshold. Well! if ever they send me on their Errand to reform the State again, I'll be damn'd. But this I'll do: I'll go home and reform my Family if I can: Them I'm sure I know. There's my Father's a peevish old Coxcomb: There's my Uncle's a drunken old Sot: There's my Brother's a Cowardly Bully: Son *Nymph* is a Lubberly Whelp: I've a great ramping Daughter, that stares like a Heifer; and a Wife that's a flatteringly Sow.

[Exit.]

*Enter a Young, Gay, Airy Beau; who stands smiling contemptibly upon Esop.*

*Esop.* Well, Sir, what are you?

*Beau.*



*Beau.* A Fool.

*Efop.* That's impossible; ——— for if thou wer't, thou'd'st think thy self a wise Man.

*Beau.* So I do—— This is my own Opinion—— the t'other's my Neighbours.

[*Walking airily about.*  
*Efop gazing after him.*] Have you any Business with me, Sir?

*Beau.* Sir, I have Business with no body—— Pleasure's my Study.

*Efop aside.*] An odd Fellow this!—— Pray, Sir, who are you?

*Beau.* I can't tell——

*Efop.* — Do you know who I am?

*Beau.* No, Sir: I'm a Favourite at Court, and I neither know my self, nor any body else.

*Efop.* Are you in any Employment?

*Beau.* Yes——

*Efop.* What is't?

*Beau.* I don't know the Name on't.

*Efop.* You know the Business on't, I hope?

*Beau.* That I do—— the Business of it is—— to—— put in a Deputy, and receive the Money.

*Efop.* — Pray what may be your Name?

*Beau.* *Empty.*

*Efop.* Where do you live?

*Beau.* In the Side-Box.

*Efop.* What do you do there?

*Beau.* I ogle the Ladies.

*Efop.* To what purpose?

*Beau.* To no purpose.

*Efop.* Why then do you do it?

*Beau.* Because they like it, and I like it.

*Efop.* Wherein consists the Pleasure?

*Beau.* In playing the Fool.

*Efop.* — Pray Sir, what Age are you?

*Beau.* Five and twenty my Body; my Head's about fifteen.

*Efop.* Is your Father living?

*Beau.* Dead, thank God.

*Efop.*

- Esop.* Has he been long so ?  
*Beau.* Positively, yes.  
*Esop.* Where were you brought up ?  
*Beau.* At School.  
*Esop.* What School ?  
*Beau.* The School of *Venus*.  
*Esop.* Were you ever at the University ?  
*Beau.* Yes.  
*Esop.* What Study did you follow there ?  
*Beau.* My Bed-maker.  
*Esop.* How long did you stay ?  
*Beau.* Till I had lost my Maidenhead.  
*Esop.* Why did you come away ?  
*Beau.* Because I was expell'd.  
*Esop.* Where did you go then ?  
*Beau.* To Court.  
*Esop.* Who took care of your Education there ?  
*Beau.* A Whore and a Dancing-Master.  
*Esop.* What did you gain by them ?  
*Beau.* A Minuet, and the Pox.  
*Esop.* Have you an Estate ?  
*Beau.* I had.  
*Esop.* What's become on't ?  
*Beau.* Spent.  
*Esop.* In what ?  
*Beau.* In a Twelvemonth.  
*Esop.* But how ?  
*Beau.* Why, in Dressing, Drinking, Whoring, Claps,  
 Dice and Scriveners. What do you think of me now,  
 old Gentleman ?  
*Esop.* Pray what do you think of your self ?  
*Beau.* I don't think at all: I know how to bestow  
 my time better.  
*Esop.* Are you married ?  
*Beau.* No——have you ever a Daughter to bestow  
 upon me ?  
*Esop.* She wou'd be well bestow'd,  
*Beau.* Why, I'm a strong young Dog, you old Put  
 you: she may be worse coupled——

*Esop.*

*Esop.* Have you then a mind to a Wife, Sir ?

*Beau.* Yaw, *min Heer.*

*Esop.* What wou'd you do with her ?

*Beau.* Why, I'd take care of her Affairs, rid her of all her Troubles, her Maidenhead, and her Portion.

*Esop.* And pray what sort of Wife wou'd you be willing to throw your self away upon ?

*Beau.* Why, upon one that has Youth, Beauty, Quality, Virtue, Wit and Money.

*Esop.* And how may you be qualified your self, to back you in your Pretensions to such a one ?

*Beau.* Why, I am qualified with — a Perriwig — a Snuff-box — a Feather — a smooth Face — a Fool's Head — and a Patch.

*Esop.* But one Question more ? What Settlements can you make ?

*Beau.* Settlements ! — Why, if she be a very great Heirefs indeed, I believe I may settle — my self upon her for Life, and my Pox upon her Children for ever.

*Esop.* 'Tis enough ; you may expect I'll serve you, if it lies in my way. But I wou'd not have you rely too much upon your Success, because People sometimes are mistaken —

As for Example —

*An Ape there was of nimble Parts,  
A great Intruder into Hearts,  
As brisk, and gay, and full of Air,  
As you, or I, or any here ;  
Rich in his Dress, of splendid Shew,  
And with an Head like any Beau :  
Eternal Mirth was in his Face ;  
Where'er he went,  
He was content,  
So Fortune had but kindly sent  
Some Ladies — and a Looking-glass.  
Encouragement they always gave him,  
Encouragement to play the Fool ;  
For soon they found it was a Tool,*

*Wou'd*

Wou'd hardly be so much in Love,  
But that the mumbling of a Glove,  
Or tearing of a Fan, wou'd save him.

These Bounties he accepts as Proof  
Of Feats done by his Wit and Youth;  
He gives their Freedom gone for ever,  
Concludes each Female Heart undone,  
Except that very Happy One,  
To which he'd please to do the Favour.  
In short, so smooth his matters went,  
He guest, where'er his Thoughts were bent,  
The Lady he must carry.  
So put on a fine new Cravat,  
He comb'd his Wig, he cock't his Hat,  
And gave it out, he'd marry.  
But here, alas! he found to's Cost,  
He had reckon'd long without his Host:  
For wheresoe'er he made the Attack,  
Poor Pug with shame was beaten back.

The first Fair She he had in Chase,  
Was a young Cat, extremely rich,  
Her Mother was a noted Witch;  
So had the Daughter prov'd but Civil,  
He had been related to the Devil.  
But when he came  
To urge his Flame,  
She scratch'd him o'er the Face.

With that he went among the Bitches,  
Such as had Beauty, Wit and Riches,  
And swore Miss Maulken, to her Cost,  
Shou'd quickly see what she had lost:  
But the poor unlucky Swain  
Miss'd his Shepherdess again;  
His Fate was to miscarry.  
It was his destiny to find,  
That Cats and Dogs are of a mind,  
When Monkeys come to marry.

*Beau.* 'Tis very well;—— 'Tis very well, old Spark; I say, 'tis very well. Because I han't a pair of plod Shoes, and a dirty Shirt, you think a Woman won't venture upon me for a Husband—— Why now to shew you, old Father, how little you Philosophers know of the Ladies.—— I'll tell you an Adventure of a Friend of mine.

*A Band, a Bob-Wig, and a Feather,  
Attack'd a Lady's Heart together:  
The Band in a most Learned Plea,  
Made up of deep Philosophy,  
Told her, if she wou'd please to wed  
A Reverend Beard, and take instead  
Of vigorous Youth,  
Old solemn Truth,  
With Books and Morals into Bed,  
How happy she wou'd be.*

*The Bob he talk'd of Management,  
What wondrous Blessings Heaven sent  
On Care, and Pains, and Industry;  
And truly he must be so free,  
To own he thought your airy Beaux,  
With powder'd Wigs and dancing Shoes,  
Were good for nothing (mend his Soul)  
But prate, and talk, and play the Fool.*

*He said 'twas Wealth gave Joy and Mirth  
And that to be the dearest Wife,  
Of one who labour'd all his Life,  
To make a Mine of Gold his own,  
And not spend Six-pence when he'd done,  
Was Heaven upon Earth.*

*When these two Blades had done, d'ye see,  
The Feather (as it might be me)  
Steps out, Sir, from behind the Skreen,  
With such an Air, and such a Mien,*

*Look*

*Look you, old Gentleman, in short,  
He quickly spoil'd the Statesman's sport.*

*It prov'd such Sun-shine Weather,  
That you must know, at the first Beck  
The Lady leapt about his Neck,  
And off they went together.*

*To Esop.] There's a Tale for your Tale, old Dad,  
and so—— Serviteur. [Exit.*

*The End of the First Volume.*



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1871

1872

# PLAYS,

Written by

*Sir John Vanbrugh.*

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VOL. II. Containing  
The CONFEDERACY.  
The FALSE FRIEND.  
The MISTAKE.

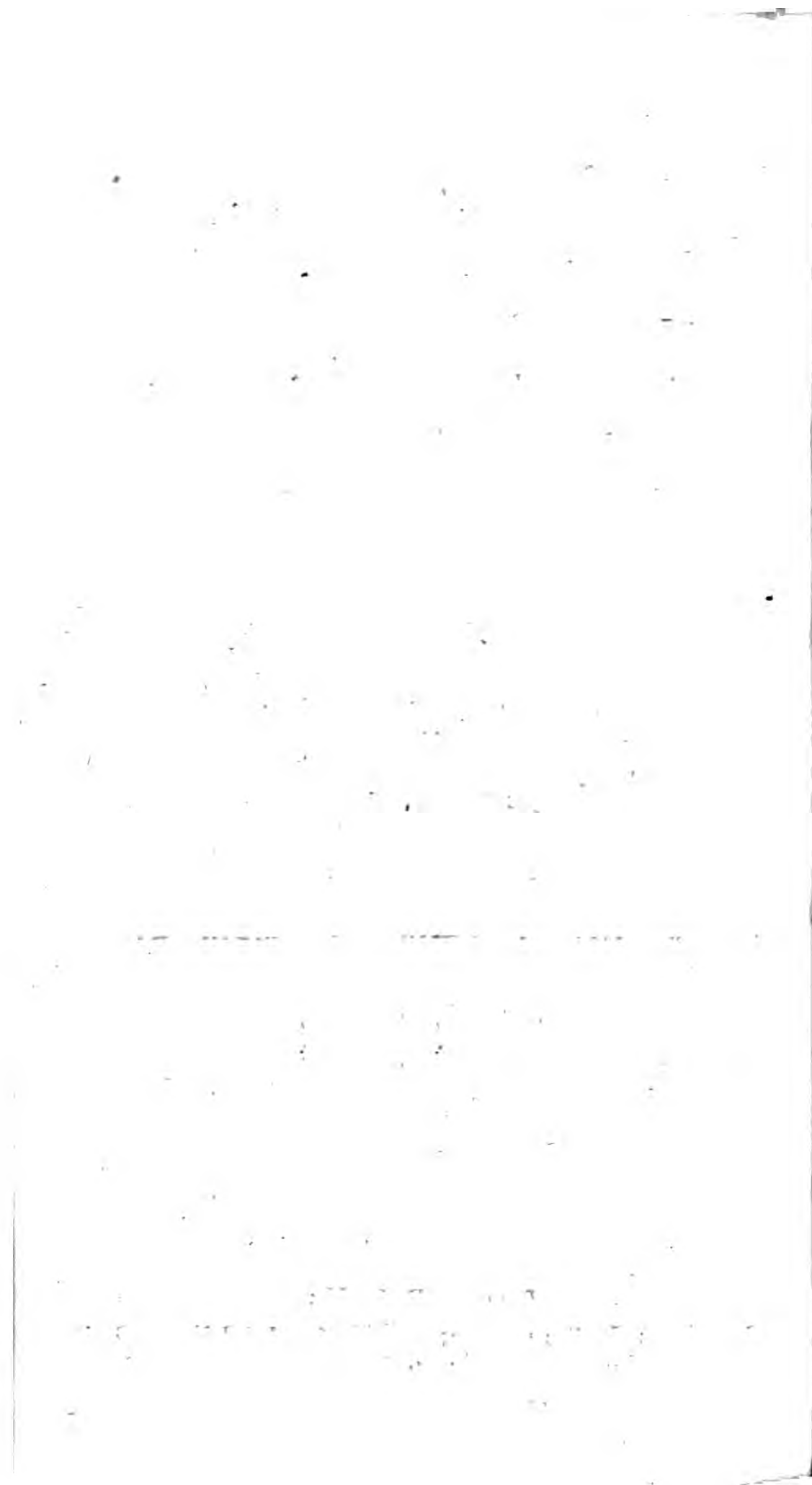
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THE  
CONFEDERACY;  
A  
COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the  
Queen's-Theatre in the *Hay-*  
*Market.*



Vol. II.

A

THE

CONFEDERATE

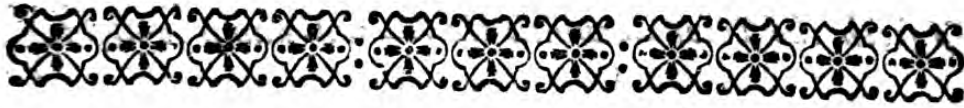
MEMORIAL

TO THE

UNITED STATES

CONGRESS

1862



# PROLOGUE;

Spoken by a Shabby Poet.

**Y**E Gods! What Crime had my poor Father  
That you should make a Poet of his Son? <sup>(done,</sup>

Or is't for some great Services of his,  
I are pleas'd to compliment his Boy—— with this?  
[Shewing his Crown of Laurel.

The Honour, I must needs confess, is great,  
If, with his Crown, you'd tell him where to eat.  
'Tis well—— But I have more Complaints—— look here?  
[Shewing his ragged Coat.

Hark ye:—— D'ye think this Suit good Winter Wear?  
In a Cold Morning; whu—— at a Lord's Gate,  
How you have let the Porter let me wait?  
You'll say, perhaps, you knew I'd get no harm,  
You'd giv'n me Fire enough to keep me warm.

Ah——  
A World of Blessings to that Fire we owe;  
Without it I'd ne'er made this Princely Show.  
I have a Brother too, now in my Sight,  
[Looking behind the Scenes.

A busy Man amongst us here to-night:  
Your Fire has made him play a thousand Pranks,  
For which, no doubt, you've had his daily Thanks;  
He's thank'd you, first, for all his decent Plays,  
Where he so nick'd it, when he writ for Praise.  
Next for his meddling with some Folks in Black,  
And bringing Soufe—— a Priest upon his Back;

## PROLOGUE.

*For building Houses here t'oblige the Peers,  
And fetching all their House about his Ears;  
For a new Play, he's now thought fit to write,  
To sooth the Town— which they— will damn to-night.*

*These Benefits are such, no Man can doubt  
But he'll go on, and set your Fancy out,  
Till for Reward of all his noble Deeds,  
At last like other sprightly Folks he speeds:  
Has this great Recompence fix'd on his Brow  
At fam'd Parnassus; has your leave to bow  
And walk about the Streets—Equip'd— as I am now.* }



## EPILOGUE;

Spoke by Mrs. Barry.



*I'VE heard wise Men in Politicks lay down  
What Feats by little England might be done,  
Were all agreed, and all would act as One.* }

*Ye Wives a useful Hint from this might take,  
The heavy, old, despotick Kingdom shake,  
And make your Matrimonial Monsieurs quake.  
Our Heads are feeble, and we're cramp'd by Laws;  
Our Hands are weak, and not too strong our Cause:  
Yet would those Heads and Hands, such as they are,  
In firm Confed'racy resolve on War, (Dear.  
You'd find your Tyrants— what I've found my  
What only Two united can produce  
You've seen to-night, a Sample for your Use:  
Single, we found we nothing could obtain;  
We join our Force— and we subdu'd our Men.* }

Believe

## EPILOGUE.

5

*Believe me (my dear Sex) they are not brave;  
Try each your Man, you'll quickly find your Slave.  
I know they'll make Campaigns, risk Blood and Life;  
But this is a more terrifying Strife;  
They'll stand a Shot, who'll tremble at a Wife.  
Beat then your Drums, and your shrill Trumpets sound,  
Let all your Visits of your Feats resound,  
And Deeds of War in Cups of Tea go round:  
The Stars are with you, Fate is in your hand,  
In twelve Months Time you've vanquish'd half the  
Be wise, and keep 'em under good Command. (Land;  
This Year will to your Glory long be known,  
And deathless Ballads hand your Triumphs down;  
Your late Achievements ever will remain,  
For tho' you cannot boast of many slain,  
Your Pris'ners shew, you've made a brave Campaign.*



## Dramatis Personæ.

### M E N.

<i>Gripe</i>	}	Two rich Money Scribe- ners.	} Mr. <i>Leigh</i> .
<i>Moneytrap</i> ,			} Mr. <i>Dogget</i> .
<i>Dick</i> , a Gamester, Son to Mrs. <i>Amlet</i> .			} Mr. <i>Booth</i> .
<i>Brass</i> , his Companion, passes for his <i>Valet de Chambre</i> .			} Mr. <i>Pack</i> .
<i>Clip</i> , a Goldsmith.			} Mr. <i>Mimes</i> .
<i>Jessamin</i> , Foot-boy to <i>Clarissa</i> .			

### W O M E N.

<i>Clarissa</i> , Wife to <i>Gripe</i> , an expensive luxurious Woman, a great Admirer of Quality.	}		} Mrs. <i>Barry</i> .
<i>Araminta</i> , Wife to <i>Moneytrap</i> , very intimate with <i>Clarissa</i> , of the same Humour.			} Mrs. <i>Porter</i> .
<i>Corinna</i> , Daughter to <i>Gripe</i> by a for- mer Wife, a good Fortune, young, and kept very close by her Father.			} Mrs. <i>Bradshaw</i> .
<i>Flippanta</i> , <i>Clarissa</i> 's Maid.			} Mrs. <i>Bracegirdle</i> .
Mrs. <i>Amlet</i> , a Seller of all Sorts of private Affairs to the Ladies.			} Mrs. <i>Willis</i> .
Mrs. <i>Cloggit</i> , her Neighbour.			} Mrs. <i>Baker</i> .



THE  
CONFEDERACY.



ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Covent-Garden.*

*Enter Mrs. Amlet and Mrs. Cloggit, meeting.*

*Aml.*



O O D-morrow, Neighbour ; good-morrow, Neighbour *Cloggit!* How does all at your House this Morning?

*Clog.* Thank you kindly, Mrs. *Amlet,* thank you kindly ; how

do you do, I pray?

*Aml.* At the old rate, Neighbour, poor and honest ; these are hard Times good lack.

*Clog.* If they are hard with you, what are they with us? You have a good Trade going, all the great Folks in Town help you off with your Merchandize.

*Aml.* Yes, they do help us off with 'em indeed ; they buy all.



## 8      *The* CONFEDERACY.

*Clog.* And pay——

*Aml.* For some.

*Clog.* Well, 'tis a thousand pities, Mrs. *Amllet*, they are not as ready at one, as they are at t'other: For, not to wrong 'em, they give very good Rates.

*Aml.* O for that, let us do 'em Justice, Neighbour; they never make two words upon the Price, all they haggle about is the Day of Payment.

*Clog.* There's all the Dispute, as you say.

*Aml.* But that's a wicked one: For my part, Neighbour, I'm just tir'd off my Legs with trotting after 'em; besides, it eats out all our Profit. Would you believe it, Mrs. *Cloggit*, I have worn out four pair of Pattins, with following my old Lady *Youthful*, for one Set of false Teeth, and but three Pots of Paint.

*Clog.* Look you there now.

*Aml.* If they wou'd but once let me get enough by 'em, to keep a Coach to carry me a dunning after 'em, there would be some Conscience in it.

*Clog.* Ay, that were something. But now you talk of Conscience, Mrs. *Amllet*, how do you speed amongst your City Customers?

*Aml.* My City Customers! Now by my Truth, Neighbour, between the City and the Court (with Reverence be it spoken) there's not a—— to chuse. My Ladies in the City, in Times past, were as full of Gold as they were of Religion, and as punctual in their Payments as they were in their Prayers; but since they have set their Minds upon Quality, adieu one, adieu t'other, their Money and their Consciences are gone, Heav'n knows where. There is not a Goldsmith's Wife to be found in Town, but's as hard-hearted as an antient Judge, and as poor as a towering Dutches.

*Clog.* But what the murrain have they to do with Quality, why don't their Husbands make 'em mind their Shops?

*Aml.* Their Husbands! their Husbands say'ft thou, Woman? Alack, alack, they mind their Husbands, Neighbour, no more than they do a Sermon.

*Clog.*

## The CONFEDERACY. 9

*Clog.* Good lack a day, that Women born of sober Parents, should be prone to follow ill Examples! But now we talk of Quality, when did you hear of your Son *Richard*, Mrs. *Amllet*? My Daughter *Flipp* says she met him t'other day in a lac'd Coat, with three fine Ladies, his Footman at his heels, and as gay as a Bridegroom.

*Aml.* Is it possible? Ah the Rogue! Well Neighbour, all's well that ends well; but *Dick* will be hang'd.

*Clog.* That were pity.

*Aml.* Pity indeed; for he's a hopeful young Man to look on; but he leads a Life—— Well—— where he has it, Heav'n knows; but they say, he pays his Club with the best of 'em. I have seen him but once these three Months, Neighbour, and then the Varlet wanted Money; but I bid him march, and march he did to some purpose; for in less than an Hour back comes my Gentleman into the House, walks to and fro in the Room, with his Wig over his Shoulder, his Hat on one side, whistling a Minuet, and tossing a Purse of Gold from one Hand to t'other, with no more Respect (Heaven bless us!) than if it had been an Orange. Sirrah, says I, where have you got that? He answers me never a word, but sets his Arms a kimbo, cocks his saucy Hat in my Face, turns about upon his ungracious Heel, as much as to say Kifs—— and I've never set Eye on him since.

*Clog.* Look you there now; to see what the Youth of this Age are come to!

*Alm.* See what they will come to, Neighbour. Heaven shield, I say; but *Dick's* upon the gallop. Well, I must bid you good-morrow; I'm going where I doubt I shall meet but a sorry Welcome.

*Clog.* To get in some old Debt, I'll warrant you?

*Aml.* Neither better nor worse.

*Clog.* From a Lady of Quality?

*Alm.* No, she's but a Scrivener's Wife; but she lives as well, and pays as ill, as the stateliest Countess of 'em all.

[*Exeunt several ways.*

10 *The CONFEDERACY.*

*Enter Brass, solus.*

*Brass.* Well, surely thro' the World's wide Extent, there never appear'd so impudent a Fellow as my School-fellow *Dick* ; pass himself upon the Town for a Gentleman, drop into all the best Company with an easy Air, as if his natural Element were in the Sphere of Quality ; when the Rogue had a Kettle-Drum to his Father, who was hang'd for robbing a Church, and has a Pedlar to his Mother, who carries her Shop under her Arm. But here he comes.

*Enter Dick.*

*Dick.* Well, *Brass*, what News? Hast thou given my Letter to *Flippanta* ?

*Brass.* I'm but just come ; I han't knock'd at the Door yet. But I have a damn'd Piece of News for you.

*Dick.* As how ?

*Brass.* We must quit this Country.

*Dick.* We'll be hang'd first.

*Brass.* So you will if you stay.

*Dick.* Why, what's the matter ?

*Brass.* There's a Storm a coming.

*Dick.* From whence ?

*Brass.* From the worst Point in the Compass, the Law.

*Dick.* The Law ! Why what have I to do with the Law ?

*Brass.* Nothing ; and therefore it has something to do with you.

*Dick.* Explain.

*Brass.* You know you cheated a young Fellow at Picquet t'other Day, of the Money he had to raise his Company.

*Dick.* Well, what then ?

*Brass.* Why, he's sorry he lost it.

*Dick.* Who doubts that ?

*Brass.* Ay, but that is not all, he's such a Fool to think of complaining on't.

*Dick.* Then I must be so wise to stop his Mouth.

*Brass.* How ?

*Dick.*

*The* CONFEDERACY. II.

*Dick.* Give him a little back; if that won't do, strangle him.

*Brafs.* You are very quick in your Methods.

*Dick.* Men must be so that will dispatch Business.

*Brafs.* Hark you, Colonel, your Father dy'd in's Bed?

*Dick.* He might have done, if he had not been a Fool.

*Brafs.* Why, he robb'd a Church.

*Dick.* Ay, but he forgot to make sure of the Sexton.

*Brafs.* Are not you a great Rogue?

*Dick.* Or I should wear worse Clothes.

*Brafs.* Hark you, I would advise you to change your Life.

*Dick.* And turn Ballad-Singer.

*Brafs.* Not so neither.

*Dick.* What then?

*Brafs.* Why, if you can get this young Wench, reform, and live honest.

*Dick.* That's the way to be starv'd.

*Brafs.* No, she has Money enough to buy you a good Place, and pay me into the bargain for helping her to so good a Match. You have but this Throw left to save you, for you are not ignorant, Youngster, that your Morals begin to be pretty well known about Town; have a care your noble Birth and your honourable Relations are not discover'd too; there needs but that to have you toss'd in a Blanket, for the Entertainment of the first Company of Ladies you intrude into; and then, like a dutiful Son, you may dabble about with your Mother, and sell Paint: She's old and weak, and wants somebody to carry her Goods after her. How like a Dog will you look, with a Pair of plod Shoes, your Hair cropp'd up to your Ears, and a Band-box under your Arm?

*Dick.* Why faith, *Brafs*, I think thou art in the right on't; I must fix my Affairs quickly, or Madam Fortune will be playing some of her Bitch-Tricks with me: Therefore I'll tell thee what we'll do; we'll pursue this old Rogue's Daughter heartily; we'll cheat his Family to purpose, and they shall atone for the rest of Mankind.

*Brafs.*

12 *The CONFEDERACY.*

*Brass.* Have at her then, I'll about your Business presently.

*Dick.* One Kiss — and Success attend thee.

[*Exit Dick.*

*Brass.* A great Rogue. — Well, I say nothing. But when I have got the thing into a good posture, he shall sign and seal, or I'll have him tumbled out of the House like a Cheese. Now for *Flippanta*. [He knocks.

*Enter Flippanta.*

*Flip.* Who's that? *Brass!*

*Brass.* *Flippanta!*

*Flip.* What want you, Rogue's Face?

*Brass.* Is your Mistress dress'd?

*Flip.* What, already? Is the Fellow drunk?

*Brass.* Why, with respect to her Looking-Glass, it's almost two.

*Flip.* What then, Fool?

*Brass.* Why then it's time for the Mistress of the House to come down, and look after her Family.

*Flip.* Prithce don't be an Owl. Those that go to Bed at Night may rise in the Morning; we that go to Bed in the Morning rise in the Afternoon.

*Brass.* When does she make her Visits then?

*Flip.* By Candle-Light; it helps off a muddy Complexion; we Women hate inquisitive Sunshine. But do you know that my Lady is going to turn good Housewife?

*Brass.* What, is she going to die?

*Flip.* Die!

*Brass.* Why, that's the only way to save Money for her Family.

*Flip.* No; but she has thought of a Project to save Chair-Hire.

*Brass.* As how?

*Flip.* Why all the Company she us'd to keep abroad, she now intends shall meet at her own House. Your Master has advis'd her to set up a Basset-Table.

*Brass.* Nay, if he advis'd her to it, it's right; but has she acquainted her Husband with it yet?

*Flip.*

The CONFEDERACY. 13

*Flip.* What to do? When the Company meet, he'll see them.

*Brass.* Nay, that's true, as you say; he'll know it soon enough.

*Flip.* Well, I must be gone; have you any Business with my Lady?

*Brass.* Yes; as Ambassador from *Araminta*, I have a Letter for her.

*Flip.* Give it me.

*Brass.* Hold——and as first Minister of State to the Colonel, I have an Affair to communicate to thee.

*Flip.* What is't? quick.

*Brass.* Why——he's in love.

*Flip.* With what?

*Brass.* A Woman——and her Money together.

*Flip.* Who is she?

*Brass.* *Corinna*.

*Flip.* What wou'd he be at?

*Brass.* At her——if she's at leisure.

*Flip.* Which way?

*Brass.* Honourably——He has order'd me to demand her of thee in Marriage.

*Flip.* Of me?

*Brass.* Why, when a Man of Quality has a mind to a City-Fortune, wou'dst have him apply to her Father and Mother?

*Flip.* No.

*Brass.* No, so I think: Men of our end of the Town are better bred than to use Ceremony. With a long Perriwig we strike the Lady, with a you-know-what we soften the Maid; and when the Parson has done his Job, we open the Affair to the Family. Will you slip this Letter into her Prayer-Book, my little Queen? It's a very passionate one——It's seal'd with a Heart and a Dagger; you may see by that what he intends to do with himself.

*Flip.* Are there any Verses in it? If not, I won't touch it.

*Brass.* Not one word in Prose, it's dated in Rhyme.

[*She takes it.*

*Flip.*

14 *The CONFEDERACY.*

*Flip.* Well, but—have you brought nothing else?

*Brafs.* Gad forgive me; I'm the forgetfullest Dog—  
I have a Letter for you too—here—'tis in a  
Purse, but it's in Prose; you won't touch it.

*Flip.* Yes, hang it, it is not good to be too dainty.

*Brafs.* How useful a Virtue is Humility! Well, Child,  
we shall have an Answer to-morrow, shan't we?

*Flip.* I can't promise you that; for our young Gen-  
tlewoman is not so often in my way as she would be.  
Her Father (who is a Citizen from the Foot to the Fore-  
head of him) lets her seldom converse with her Mother-  
in-law and me, for fear she should learn the Airs of a  
Woman of Quality. But I'll take the first Occasion:  
See there's my Lady, go in and deliver your Letter to  
her. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *A Parlour.*

*Enter Clarissa, follow'd by Flippanta and Brafs.*

*Clar.* No Messages this Morning from any body, *Flip-  
panta*? Lard, how dull that is? O, there's *Brafs*: I  
did not see thee, *Brafs*. What News dost thou bring?

*Brafs.* Only a Letter from *Araminta*, Madam.

*Clar.* Give it me—open it for me, *Flippanta*, I am  
so lazy to-day. [*Sitting down.*

*Brafs to Flip.*] Be sure now you deliver my Master's  
as carefully as I do this.

*Flip.* Don't trouble thy self, I'm no Novice.

*Clar. to Brafs.*] 'Tis well; there needs no Answer,  
since she'll be here so soon.

*Brafs.* Your Ladyship has no farther Commands  
then?

*Clar.* Not at this time, honest *Brafs*. *Flippanta!*

[*Exit Brafs.*

*Flip.* Madam.

*Clar.* My Husband's in love.

*Flip.* In Love?

*Clar.* With *Araminta*.

*Flip.* Impossible!

*Clar.*

*The* CONFEDERACY. 15

*Clar.* This Letter from her, is to give me an Account of it.

*Flip.* Methinks you are not very much alarm'd.

*Clar.* No: thou know'st I'm not much tortur'd with Jealousy.

*Flip.* Nay, you are much in the right on't, Madam, for Jealousy's a City-Passion; 'tis a thing unknown amongst People of Quality.

*Clar.* Fy! A Woman must indeed be of a mechanick Mould, who is either troubled or pleas'd with any thing her Husband can do to her. Prithee mention him no more; 'tis the dullest Theme.

*Flip.* 'Tis splenetick indeed. But when once you open your Basset-Table, I hope that will put him out of your head.

*Clar.* Alas, *Flippanta*, I begin to grow weary even of the Thoughts of that too.

*Flip.* How so?

*Clar.* Why, I have thought on't a Day and a Night already, and four and twenty Hours, thou know'st, is enough to make one weary of any thing.

*Flip.* Now, by my Conscience, you have more Woman in you than all your Sex together: You never know what you would have.

*Clar.* Thou mistakest the Thing quite. I always know what I lack, but I am never pleas'd with what I have. The want of a thing is perplexing enough, but the Possession of it is intolerable.

*Flip.* Well, I don't know what you are made of, but other Women would think themselves blest in your Case; handsome, witty, lov'd by every body, and of so happy a Composure to care a Fig for no body. You have no one Passion, but that of your Pleasures; and you have in me a Servant devoted to all your Desires, let them be as extravagant as they will: Yet all this is nothing; you can still be out of Humour.

*Clar.* Alas, I have but too much Cause.

*Flip.* Why, what have you to complain of?

*Clar.* Alas, I have more Subjects for Spleen than one: Is it not a most horrible thing that I should be but a  
Scrivener's



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Scrivener's Wife? — Come, — don't flatter me, don't you think Nature design'd me for something *plus élevée*?

*Flip.* Nay, that's certain; but on t'other side, methinks, you ought to be in some measure content, since you live like a Woman of Quality, tho you are none.

*Clar.* O fy! the very Quintessence of it is wanting.

*Flip.* What's that?

*Clar.* Why, I dare abuse no body: I'm afraid to affront People, tho I don't like their Faces; or to ruin their Reputations, tho they pique me to it, by taking ever so much pains to preserve 'em: I dare not raise a Lye of a Man, tho he neglects to make love to me; nor report a Woman to be a Fool, tho she's handsomer than I am. In short, I dare not so much as bid my Footman kick the People out of doors, tho they come to ask me for what I owe them.

*Flip.* All this is very hard indeed.

*Clar.* Ah, *Flippanta*, the Perquisites of Quality are of an unspeakable Value.

*Flip.* They are of some Use, I must confess; but we must not expect to have every thing. You have Wit and Beauty, and a Fool to your Husband: Come, come, Madam, that's a good Portion for one.

*Clar.* Alas, what signifies Beauty and Wit, when one dares neither jilt the Men, nor abuse the Women? 'Tis a sad thing, *Flippanta*, when Wit's confin'd, 'tis worse than the Rising of the Lights; I have been sometimes almost choak'd with Scandal, and durst not cough it up for want of being a Countess.

*Flip.* Poor Lady!

*Clar.* O! Liberty is a fine thing, *Flippanta*; it's a great Help in Conversation to have leave to say what one will. I have seen a Woman of Quality, who has not had one Grain of Wit, entertain a whole Company the most agreeably in the World, only with her Malice. But 'tis in vain to repine, I can't mend my Condition, till my Husband dies; so I'll say no more on't, but think of making the most of the State I am in.

*Flip.*

*The* CONFEDERACY. 17

*Flip.* That's your best way, Madam ; and in order to it, pray consider how you'll get some ready Money to set your Basset-Table a going ; for that's necessary.

*Clar.* Thou say'st true ; but what Trick I shall play my Husband to get some, I don't know : For my Pre-  
sence of losing my Diamond Necklace has put the Man into such a Passion, I'm afraid he won't hear Reason.

*Flip.* No matter ; he begins to think 'tis lost in earnest : So I fancy you may venture to sell it, and raise Money that way.

*Clar.* That can't be, for he has left odious Notes with all the Goldsmiths in Town.

*Flip.* Well, we must pawn it then.

*Clar.* I'm quite tir'd with dealing with those Pawn-  
brokers.

*Flip.* I'm afraid you'll continue the Trade a great while for all that. [*Aside.*]

*Enter* Jessamin.

*Jess.* Madam, there's the Woman below that sells Paint and Patches, Iron-Bodice, false Teeth, and all sorts of things to the Ladies ; I can't think of her Name.

*Flip.* 'Tis Mrs. *Amlet*, she wants Money.

*Clar.* Well, I han't enough for my self, it's an un-  
reasonable thing she should think I have any for her.

*Flip.* She's a troublesome Jade.

*Clar.* So are all People that come a dunning.

*Flip.* What will you do with her ?

*Clar.* I have just now thought on't. She's very rich, that Woman is, *Flippanta*, I'll borrow some Money of her.

*Flip.* Borrow ! Sure you jest, Madam.

*Clar.* No, I'm in earnest ; I give thee Commission to do it for me.

*Flip.* Me !

*Clar.* Why dost thou stare, and look so ungainly ? Don't I speak to be understood ?

*Flip.* Yes, I understand you well enough ; but Mrs. *Amlet*—

*Clar.*

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*Clar.* But *Mrs. Amlet* must lend me some Money, where shall I have any to pay her else ?

*Flip.* That's true ; I never thought of that truly. But here she is.

*Enter Mrs. Amlet.*

*Clar.* How d'you do ? How d'you do, *Mrs. Amlet* ? I han't seen you these thousand Years, and yet I believe I'm down in your Books.

*Aml.* O, Madam, I don't come for that, alack.

*Flip.* Good-morrow, *Mrs. Amlet.*

*Aml.* Good-morrow, *Mrs. Flippanta.*

*Clar.* How much am I indebted to you, *Mrs. Amlet* ?

*Aml.* Nay, if your Ladyship desires to see your Bill, I believe I may have it about me. — There, Madam, if it ben't too much Fatigue to you to look it over.

*Clar.* Let me see it, for I hate to be in debt, where I am oblig'd to pay. [*Aside.*] — [*Reads.*] Imprimis, For bolstering out the Countess of Crump's left Hip — O fy, this does not belong to me.

*Aml.* I beg your Ladyship's pardon, I mistook indeed ; 'tis a Countess's Bill I have writ out to little purpose. I furnish'd her two Years ago with three Pair of Hips, and am not paid for them yet : But some are better Customers than some. There's your Ladyship's Bill, Madam.

*Clar.* For the Idea of a new-invented Commode — Ay, this may be mine, but 'tis of a preposterous Length. Do you think I can waste Time to read every Article, *Mrs. Amlet* ? I'd as lief read a Sermon.

*Aml.* Alack-a-day, there's no need of fatiguing your self at that rate ; cast an Eye only, if your Honour pleases, upon the Sum Total.

*Clar.* Total ; fifty six Pound — and odd things.

*Flip.* But six and fifty Pound !

*Aml.* Nay, another body would have made it twice as much, but there's a Blessing goes along with a moderate Profit.

*Clar.* *Flippanta*, go to my Cashier, let him give you six and fifty Pound. Make haste : Don't your hear me ? six and fifty Pound. Is it so difficult to be comprehended ?

*Flip.*

*The* CONFEDERACY. 19

*Flip.* No, Madam, I, I comprehend six and fifty Pound, but——

*Clar.* But go and fetch it then.

*Flip.* What she means, I don't know; [*Aside.*] but I shall, I suppose, before I bring her the Money. [*Ex. Flip.*

*Clar.* [*Setting her Hair in a Pocket-Glass.*] The Trade you follow gives you a great deal of Trouble, Mrs. *Aml.*

*Aml.* Alack-a-day, a World of Pain, Madam, and yet there's small Profit, as your Honour sees by your Bill.

*Clar.* Poor Woman! Sometimes you have great Losses, Mrs. *Aml.*

*Aml.* I have two thousand Pounds owing me, of which I shall never get ten Shillings.

*Clar.* Poor Woman! You have a great Charge of Children, Mrs. *Aml.*

*Aml.* Only one wicked Rogue, Madam, who, I think, will break my Heart.

*Clar.* Poor Woman!

*Aml.* He'll be hang'd, Madam——that will be the end of him. Where he gets it, Heav'n knows; but he's always shaking his Heels with the Ladies, and his Elbows with the Lords. He's as fine as a Prince, and as gim as the best of them; but the ungracious Rogue tells all he comes near that his Mother is dead, and I am but his Nurse.

*Clar.* Poor Woman!

*Aml.* Alas, Madam, he's like the rest of the World; every body's for appearing to be more than they are, and that ruins all.

*Clar.* Well, Mrs. *Aml.*, you'll excuse me, I have a little Business, *Flippanta* will bring you your Money presently. Adieu, Mrs. *Aml.* [*Exit Clarissa.*

*Aml.* I return your Honour many Thanks.

*Sola.*] Ah, there's my good Lady, not so much as read her Bill; if the rest were like her, I should soon have Money enough to go as fine as *Dick* himself.

*Enter*

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*Enter Dick.*

*Dick.* Sure *Flippanta* must have given my Letter by this time; [*Aside.*] I long to know how it has been receiv'd.

*Aml.* Misericord! what do I see!

*Dick.* Fiends and Hags—— the Witch my Mother!

*Aml.* Nay, 'tis he; ah, my poor *Dick*, what art thou doing here?

*Dick.* What a Misfortune—— [*Aside.*

*Aml.* Good Lard! how thou art bravely deck'd. But it's all one, I am thy Mother still; and tho' thou art a wicked Child, Nature will speak, I love thee still; ah, *Dick*, my poor *Dick*. [*Embracing him.*

*Dick.* Blood and Thunder! will you ruin me?

[*Breaking from her.*

*Aml.* Ah, the blasphemous Rogue, how he swears!

*Dick.* You destroy all my Hopes.

*Aml.* Will your Mother's Kifs destroy you, Varlet? Thou art an ungracious Bird; kneel down, and ask me Blessing, Sirrah.

*Dick.* Death and Furies!

*Aml.* Ah, he's a proper young Man, see what a Shape he has; ah, poor Child.

[*Running to embrace him, he still avoiding her.*

*Dick.* Oons keep off, the Woman's mad. If any body comes, my Fortune's lost.

*Aml.* What Fortune, ha? speak Graceless. Ah *Dick*, thou'lt be hang'd, *Dick*.

*Dick.* Good dear Mother now, don't call me *Dick* here.

*Aml.* Not call thee, *Dick*! Is it not thy Name? What shall I call thee? Mr. *Amlet*? ha! Art not thou a presumptuous Rascal? Hark you, Sirrah, I hear of your Tricks; you disown me for your Mother, and say I am but your Nurse. Is not this true?

*Dick.* No, I love you; I respect you; [*Taking her Hand.*] I am all Duty. But if you discover me here, you ruin the fairest Prospect that Man ever had.

*Aml.* What Prospect? ha! Come, this is a Lye now.

*Dick.*

*The* CONFEDERACY. 21

*Dick.* No, my honour'd Parent, what I say is true, I'm about a great Fortune. I'll bring you home a Daughter-in-Law, in a Coach and six Horses, if you'll but be quiet: I can't tell you more now.

*Aml.* Is it possible!

*Dick.* 'Tis true, by *Jupiter*.

*Aml.* My dear Lad ———

*Dick.* For Heav'n's sake ———

*Aml.* But tell me, *Dick* ———

*Dick.* I'll follow you home in a Moment, and tell you all.

*Aml.* What a Shape is there ———

*Dick.* Pray Mother go.

*Aml.* I must receive some Money here first, which shall go for thy Wedding-Dinner.

*Dick.* Here's some-body coming; S'death, she'll betray me.

*Enter Flippanta.* [*He makes Signs to his Mother.*]

*Dick.* Good-morrow, dear *Flippanta*; how do all the Ladies within?

*Flip.* At your Service, Colonel; as far at least as my Interest goes.

*Aml.* Colonel! ——— Law you now, how *Dick's* respected! [*Aside.*]

*Dick.* Waiting for thee, *Flippanta*; I was making Acquaintance with this old Gentlewoman here.

*Aml.* The pretty Lad; he's as impudent as a Page.

*Dick.* Who is this good Woman, *Flippanta*? [*Aside.*]

*Flip.* A Gin of all Trades; an old daggling Cheat, that hobbles about from House to House to bubble the Ladies of their Money. I have a small Business of yours in my Pocket, Colonel.

*Dick.* An answer to my Letter?

*Flip.* So quick indeed! No, it's your Letter it self.

*Dick.* Hast thou not given it then yet?

*Flip.* I han't had an Opportunity; but 'twon't be long first. Won't you go in and see my Lady?

*Dick.* Yes, I'll go make her a short Visit. But, dear *Flippanta*, don't forget: My Life and Fortune are in your hands.

*Flip.*

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*Flip.* Ne'er fear, I'll take care of 'em.

*Aml.* How he traps 'em ; let *Dick* alone.      [*Aside.*

*Dick.* Your Servant, good Madam.      [*To his Mother.*

[*Exit Dick.*

*Aml.* Your Honour's most devoted.—— A pretty, civil, well-bred Gentleman this, Mrs. *Flippanta*. Pray who may he be ?

*Flip.* A Man of great Note ; Colonel *Shapely*.

*Aml.* Is it possible ! I have heard much of him indeed, but never saw him before : One may see Quality in every Limb of him : He's a fine Man truly.

*Flip.* I think you are in love with him, Mrs. *Amlet*.

*Aml.* Alas, those Days are done with me ; but if I were as fair as I was once, and had as much Money as some Folks, Colonel *Shapely* should not catch Cold for want of a Bedfellow. I love your Men of Rank, they have something in their Air does so distinguish 'em from the Rascality.

*Flip.* People of Quality are fine Things indeed, Mrs. *Amlet*, if they had but a little more Money ; but for want of that, they are forc'd to do Things their great Souls are asham'd of. For example,—— here's my Lady—— she owes you but six and fifty Pounds——

*Aml.* Well !

*Flip.* Well, and she has it not by her to pay you.

*Aml.* How can that be ?

*Flip.* I don't know ; her Cashkeeper's out of humour, he says he has no Money.

*Aml.* What a presumptuous piece of Vermin is a Cashkeeper ! Tell his Lady he has no Money !—— Now, Mrs. *Flippanta*, you may see his Bags are full, by his being so saucy.

*Flip.* If they are, there's no help for't ; he'll do what he pleases, till he comes to make up his yearly Accounts.

*Aml.* But Madam plays sometimes, so when she has good Fortune, she may pay me out of her Winnings.

*Flip.* O ne'er think of that, Mrs. *Amlet* ; if she had won a thousand Pounds, she'd rather die in a Goal, than

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than pay off a Farthing with it: Play-Money, Mrs. *Amlet*, amongst People of Quality, is a sacred Thing, and not to be profan'd. The *deux*—— 'tis consecrated to their Pleasures, 'twould be Sacrilege to pay their Debts with it.

*Aml.* Why what shall we do then? For I han't one penny to buy Bread.

*Flip.* —— I'll tell you —— it just now comes in my Head: I know my Lady has a little occasion for Money, at this time; so —— if you lend her —— a hundred Pound —— do you see, then she may pay you your six and fifty out of it.

*Aml.* Sure, Mrs. *Flippanta*, you think to make a Fool of me.

*Flip.* No, the Devil fetch me if I do —— You shall have a Diamond Necklace in Pawn.

*Aml.* O ho, a Pawn! That's another Case. And when must she have this Money?

*Flip.* In a quarter of an Hour.

*Aml.* Say no more. Bring the Necklace to my House, it shall be ready for you.

*Flip.* I'll be with you in a moment.

*Aml.* Adieu, Mrs. *Flippanta*.

*Flip.* Adieu, Mrs. *Amlet*.

[Exit *Amlet*.

*Flippanta* sola.

So —— this ready Money will make us all happy. This Spring will set our Basset going, and that's a Wheel will turn twenty others. My Lady's young and handsome; she'll have a dozen Intrigues upon her hands, before she has been twice at her Prayers. So much the better; the more the Grist, the richer the Miller. Sure never Wench got into so hopeful a place: Here's a Fortune to be sold, a Mistress to be debauch'd, and a Master to be ruin'd. If I don't feather my Nest, and get a good Husband, I deserve to die, both a Maid and a Beggar.

ACT





A C T II.

SCENE, *Mr. Gripe's House.*

*Enter Clarissa and Dick.*

*Clar.* **W**HAT in the Name of dullness is the matter with you, Colonel? You are as studious as a crack'd Chymist.

*Dick.* My Head, Madam, is full of your Husband.

*Clar.* The worst Furniture for a Head in the Universe.

*Dick.* I am thinking of his Passion for your Friend *Araminta.*

*Clar.* Passion! ——— Dear Colonel, give it a less violent Name.

*Enter Brafs.*

*Dick.* Well, Sir, what want you?

*Brafs.* The Affair I told you of goes ill. [*To Dick aside.*] There's an Action out.

*Dick.* The Devil there is!

*Clar.* What News brings *Brafs*?

*Dick.* Before Gad I can't tell, Madam; the Dog will never speak out. My Lord, what d'y' call him waits for me at my Lodging: Is not that it?

*Brafs.* Yes, Sir.

*Dick.* Madam, I ask your pardon.

*Clar.* Your Servant, Sir. [*Exeunt Dick and Brafs.*  
*Jessamin!* [*She sits down.*

*Enter Jessamin.*

*Jes.* Madam.

*Clar.* Where's *Corinna*? Call her to me, if her Father han't lock'd her up; I want her Company.

*Jes.* Madam, her Guittar-Master is with her.

*Clar.*

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*Clar.* Psha! she's taken up with her impertinent Guitar Man. *Flippanta* stays an Age with that old Fool, *Mrs. Amlet*. And *Araminta*, before she can come abroad, is so long a placing her Coquet-Patch, that I must be a Year without Company. How insupportable is a moment's Uneasiness to a Woman of Spirit and Pleasure!

*Enter Flippanta.*

O, art thou come at last? Prithee, *Flippanta*, learn to move a little quicker, thou know'st how impatient I am.

*Flip.* Yes, when you expect Money: If you had sent me to buy a Prayer-Book, you'd have thought I had flown.

*Clar.* Well, hast thou brought me any, after all?

*Flip.* Yes I have brought some. There [*Giving her a Purse.*] the old Hag has struck off her Bill, the rest is in that Purse.

*Clar.* 'Tis well; but take care, *Flippanta*, my Husband don't suspect any thing of this, 'twou'd vex him, and I don't love to make him uneasy: So I would spare him these little sort of Troubles, by keeping 'em from his Knowledge.

*Flip.* See the Tenderness she has for him, and yet he's always a complaining of you.

*Clar.* 'Tis the nature of 'em, *Flippanta*; a Husband is a growling Animal.

*Flip.* How exactly you define 'em.

*Clar.* O! I know 'em, *Flippanta*; tho I confess my poor Wretch diverts me sometimes with his ill Humours. I wish he wou'd quarrel with me to-day a little, to pass away the time, for I find my self in a violent Spleen.

*Flip.* Why, if you please to drop your self in his way, six to four but he scolds one Rubbers with you.

*Clar.* Ay, but thou know'st he's as uncertain as the Wind, and if instead of quarrelling with me, he shou'd chance to be fond, he'd make me as sick as a Dog.

*Flip.* If he's kind, you must provoke him; if he kisses you, spit in his Face.

*Clar.* Alas! when Men are in the kissing Fit, (like Lap-Dogs) they take that for a Favour.

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*Flip.* Nay, then I don't know what you'll do with him.

*Clar.* I'll e'en do nothing at all with him.—*Flip-*  
*panta!* [Yawning.

*Flip.* Madam.

*Clar.* My Hoods and Scarf, and a Coach to the Door.

*Flip.* Why, whither are you going?

*Clar.* I can't tell yet, but I wou'd go spend some Money since I have it.

*Flip.* Why, you want nothing that I know of.

*Clar.* How aukward an Objection now is that, as if a Woman of Education bought things because she want-ed 'em. Quality always distinguishes it self; and there-fore, as the mechanick People buy things, because they have occasion for 'em, you see Women of Rank always buy things, because they have not occasion for 'em. Now there, *Flippanta*, you see the difference between a Woman that has breeding, and one that has none. O ho, here's *Araminta* come at last.

*Enter Araminta.*

Lard, what a tedious while you have let me expect you? I was afraid you were not well; how d'y' do to-day?

*Aram.* As well as a Woman can do, that has not slept all Night.

*Flip.* Methinks, Madam, you are pretty well awake, however.

*Aram.* O, 'tis not a little thing will make a Woman of my Vigour look drowsy.

*Clar.* But prithee what was't disturb'd you?

*Aram.* Not your Husband, don't trouble your self; at least, I am not in love with him yet.

*Clar.* Well remember'd, I had quite forgot that mat-ter. I wish you much Joy, you have made a noble Conquest indeed.

*Aram.* But now I have subdu'd the Country, pray is it worth my keeping? You know the Ground, you have try'd it.

*Clar.* A barren Soil, Heaven can tell.

*Aram.* Yet if it were well cultivated, it would pro-duce something, to my knowledge. Do you know 'tis in my power to ruin this poor thing of yours? His whole Estate is at my Service. *Flip.*

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*Flip.* Cods-fish, strike him, Madam, and let my Lady go your halves. There's no Sin in plundering a Husband, so his Wife has share of the Booty.

*Aram.* Whenever she gives me her Orders, I shall be very ready to obey 'em.

*Clar.* Why, as odd a thing as such a Project may seem, *Araminta*, I believe I shall have a little serious Discourse with you about it. But prithee tell me how you have pass'd the Night? For I am sure your Mind has been roving upon some pretty thing or other.

*Aram.* Why, I have been studying all the ways my Brain could produce, to plague my Husband.

*Clar.* No wonder indeed you look so fresh this Morning, after the satisfaction of such pleasing Ideas all Night.

*Aram.* Why can a Woman do less than study mischief, when she has tumbled and toss'd her self into a burning Fever, for want of Sleep, and sees a Fellow lie snoring by her, stock-still, in a fine breathing Sweat?

*Clar.* Now see the difference of Women's Tempers: If my Dear wou'd make but one Nap of his whole Life, and only waken to make his Will, I shou'd be the happiest Wife in the Universe. But we'll discourse more of these matters as we go, for I must make a tour among the Shops.

*Aram.* I have a Coach waits at the Door, we'll talk of 'em as we rattle along.

*Clar.* The best place in nature, for you know a Hackney-Coach is a natural Enemy to a Husband.

[Exit *Clar.* and *Aram.*]

*Flippanta sola.*

What a pretty little pair of amiable Persons are there gone to hold a Council of War together! Poor Birds! What wou'd they do with their time, if the plaguing their Husbands did not help 'em to Employment. Well, if Idleness be the Root of all Evil, then Matrimony's good for something, for it sets many a poor Woman to work. But here comes Miss. I hope I shall help her into the Holy State too e'er long. And when she's once there, if she don't play her part as well as the best of 'em,

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'em, I'm mistaken. Han't I lost the Letter I'm to give her? ——— No, here 'tis; so, now we shall see how pure Nature will work with her, for Art she knows none yet.

*Enter Corinna.*

*Cor.* What does my Mother-in-Law want with me, *Flippanta*? They tell me, she was asking for me.

*Flip.* She's just gone out, so I suppose 'twas no great Business.

*Cor.* Then I'll go into my Chamber again.

*Flip.* Nay, hold a little if you please. I have some Business with you my self, of more Concern than what she had to say to you.

*Cor.* Make haste then, for you know my Father won't let me keep you Company; he says, you'll spoil me.

*Flip.* I spoil you! He's an unworthy Man to give you such ill Impressions of a Woman of my Honour.

*Cor.* Nay, never take it to heart, *Flippanta*, for I don't believe a word he says. But he does so plague me with his continual Scolding, I'm almost weary of my Life.

*Flip.* Why, what is't he finds fault with?

*Cor.* Nay, I don't know, for I never mind him; when he has babbled for two Hours together, methinks I have heard a Mill going, that's all. It does not at all change my Opinion, *Flippanta*, it only makes my Head ache.

*Flip.* Nay, if you can bear it so, you are not to be pity'd so much as I thought.

*Cor.* Not pity'd! Why is it not a miserable thing, such a young Creature as I am shou'd be kept in perpetual Solitude, with no other Company but a parcel of old fumbling Masters, to teach me Geography, Arithmetick, Philosophy, and a thousand useless Things? Fine Entertainment, indeed, for a young Maid at sixteen! methinks one's time might be better employ'd.

*Flip.* Those things will improve your Wit.

*Cor.* Fiddle, faddle; han't I Wit enough already? My Mother-in-Law has learn'd none of this Trumpery, and is not she as happy as the Day is long?

*Flip.*

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*Flip.* Then you envy her, I find?

*Cor.* And well I may. Does she not do what she has a mind to, in spite of her Husband's Teeth?

*Flip.* Look you there now. [*Aside.*] If she has not already conceiv'd that, as the supreme Blessing of Life.

*Cor.* I'll tell you what, *Flippanta*; If my Mother-in-Law wou'd but stand by me a little, and encourage me, and let me keep her Company, I'd rebel against my Father to-morrow, and throw all my Books in the Fire. Why, he can't touch a Groat of my Portion; do you know that, *Flippanta*?

*Flip.* So—— I shall spoil her [*aside.*] Pray Heaven the Girl don't debauch me.

*Cor.* Look you: In short, he may think what he pleases, he may think himself wise; but Thoughts are free, and I may think in my turn. I'm but a Girl, 'tis true, and a Fool too, if you believe him; but let him know, a foolish Girl may make a wise Man's Heart ache; so he had as good be quiet—— Now it's out——

*Flip.* Very well, I love to see a young Woman have Spirit, it's a sign she'll come to something.

*Cor.* Ah, *Flippanta*, if you wou'd but encourage me, you'd find me quite another thing. I'm a devilish Girl in the bottom; I wish you'd but let me make one amongst you.

*Flip.* That never can be, till you are marry'd. Come, examine your Strength a little. Do you think, you durst venture upon a Husband?

*Cor.* A Husband! Why a—— if you wou'd but encourage me. Come, *Flippanta*, be a true Friend now. I'll give you Advice, when I have got a little more Experience. Do you in your very Conscience and Soul, think I am old enough to be marry'd?

*Blip.* Old enough! Why you are sixteen, are you not?

*Cor.* Sixteen! I am Sixteen, two Months, and odd Days, Woman. I keep an exact Account.

*Flip.* The duce you are!

*Cor.*

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*Cor.* Why, do you then truly and sincerely think I am old enough?

*Flip.* I do upon my Faith, Child.

*Cor.* Why then to deal as fairly with you, *Flippanta*, as you do with me, I have thought so any time these three Years.

*Flip.* Now I find you have more Wit than ever I thought you had; and to shew you what an Opinion I have of your Discretion, I'll shew you a thing I thought to have thrown in the Fire.

*Cor.* What is it, for *Jupiter's* sake?

*Flip.* Something will make your Heart chuck within you.

*Cor.* My dear *Flippanta*.

*Flip.* What do you think it is?

*Cor.* I don't know, nor I don't care, but I'm mad to have it.

*Flip.* It's a four-corner'd Thing.

*Cor.* What, like a Cardinal's Cap?

*Flip.* No, 'tis worth a whole Conclave of 'em. How do you like it? [*Shewing the Letter.*

*Cor.* O Lard, a Letter! ——— Is there ever a Token in it?

*Flip.* Yes, and a precious one too. There's a handsome young Gentleman's Heart.

*Cor.* A handsome young Gentleman's Heart! Nay, then it's time to look grave. [*Aside.*

*Flip.* There.

*Cor.* I shan't touch it.

*Flip.* What's the matter now?

*Cor.* I shan't receive it.

*Flip.* Sure you jest.

*Cor.* You'll find I don't. I understand my self better, than to take Letters, when I don't know who they are from.

*Flip.* I'm afraid I commended your Wit too soon.

*Cor.* 'Tis all one, I shan't touch it, unless I know who it comes from.

*Flip.* Hey-day! open it and you'll see.

*Cor.* Indeed I shall not.

*Flip.*

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*Flip.* Well—— then I must return it where I had it.

*Cor.* That won't serve your turn, Madam. My Father must have an account of this.

*Flip.* Sure you are not in earnest?

*Cor.* You'll find I am.

*Flip.* So, here's fine Work. This 'tis to deal with Girls before they come to know the distinction of Sexes.

*Cor.* Confess who you had it from, and perhaps, for this once, I mayn't tell my Father.

*Flip.* Why then since it must out, 'twas the Colonel: But why are you so scrupulous, Madam?

*Cor.* Because if it had come from any body else—— I wou'd not have given a Farthing for it.

[*Twitching it eagerly out of her Hand.*

*Flip.* Ah, my dear little Rogue, [*Kissing her.*] You frighten'd me out of my Wits.

*Cor.* Let me read it, let me read it, let me read it, let me read it, I say. Um, um, um, *Cupid's*, um, um, um, *Darts*, um, um, um, *Beauty*, um *Charms*, um um, um, *Angel*, um *Goddeſs*, um—— [*Kissing the Letter.*] um, um, um, *trueſt Lover*, hum, um, *Eternal Conſtancy*, um, um, um, *Cruel*, um, um, um, *Racks*, um, um, *Tortures*, um, um, *fifty Daggers*, um, um, *bleeding Heart*, um, um, *dead Man*.

Very well, a mighty civil Letter I promise you; not one smutty word in it: I'll go lock it up in my Comb-box.

*Flip.* Well—— but what does he say to you?

*Cor.* Not a word of News, *Flippanta*; 'tis all about Buſineſs.

*Flip.* Does he not tell you he's in love with you?

*Cor.* Ay, but he told me that before.

*Flip.* How ſo? He never ſpoke to you.

*Cor.* He ſent me word by his Eyes.

*Flip.* Did he ſo? mighty well. I thought you had been to learn that Language.

*Cor.* O, but you thought wrong, *Flippanta*. What, becauſe I don't go a viſiting, and ſee the World, you think I know nothing. But you ſhou'd conſider, *Flippanta*,



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*Panta*, that the more one's alone, the more one thinks ; and 'tis thinking that improves a Girl. I'll have you to know, when I was younger than I am now, by more than I'll boast of, I thought of Things wou'd have made you stare again.

*Flip*. Well, since you are so well vers'd in your Business, I suppose I need not inform you, That if you don't write your Gallant an Answer—— he'll die.

*Cor*. Nay, now, *Flippanta*, I confess you tell me something I did not know before. Do you speak in serious sadness ? Are Men given to die, if their Mistresses are sour to 'em ?

*Flip*. Um—— I can't say they all die —— No, I can't say they all do ; but truly, I believe it wou'd go very hard with the Colonel.

*Cor*. Lard, I wou'd not have my hands in Blood for Thousands ; and therefore, *Flippanta*—— if you'll encourage me——

*Flip*. O, by all means an Answer.

*Cor*. Well, since you say it then, I'll e'en in and do it, tho I protest to you (lest you shou'd think me too forward now) he's the only Man that wears a Beard, I'd ink my Fingers for. May be if I marry him, in a Year or two's time I mayn't be so nice. [*Aside*.

[*Exit Corinna*.

*Flippanta* sola.

Now Heaven give him Joy ; he's like to have a rare Wife o' thee. But where there's Money, a Man has a Plaster to his Sore. They have a blessed time on't, who marry for Love. See!—— here comes an Example—— *Araminta's* dread Lord.

*Enter Money-trap*.

*Mon*. Ah, *Flippanta* ! How do you do, good *Flippanta* ? How do you do ?

*Flip*. Thank you, Sir, well, at your Service.

*Mon*. And how does the good Family, your Master, and your fair Mistress ? Are they at home ?

*Flip*. Neither of them, my Master has been gone out these two Hours, and my Lady is just gone with your Wife.

*Mon*.

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*Mon.* Well, I won't say I have lost my labour, however, as long as I have met with you, *Flippanta*. For I have wish'd a great while for an opportunity to talk with you a little. You won't take it amiss, if I should ask you a few Questions?

*Flip.* Provided you leave me to my liberty in my Answers. What's this Cor-quean going to pry into now!

[*Aside.*

*Mon.* Prithee, good *Flippanta*, how do your Master and Mistress live together?

*Flip.* Live! Why— like Man and Wife, generally out of Humour, quarrel often, seldom agree, complain of one another; and perhaps have both reason. In short, 'tis much as 'tis at your House.

*Mon.* Good-lack! But whose side are you generally of?

*Flip.* O'the right side always, my Lady's. And if you'll have me give you my Opinion of these matters, Sir, I do not think a Husband can ever be in the right.

*Mon.* Ha!

*Flip.* Little, pecking, creeping, sneaking, stingy, covetous, cowardly, dirty, cuckoldly Things.

*Mon.* Ha!

*Flip.* Fit for nothing but Taylors and Dry-Nurses.

*Mon.* Ha!

*Flip.* A Dog in a Manger, snarling and biting, to starve Gentlemen with good Stomachs.

*Mon.* Ha!

*Flip.* A Centry upon Pleasure, set to be a Plague upon Lovers, and damn poor Women before their time.

*Mon.* A Husband is indeed——

*Flip.* Sir, I say, he is nothing—— A Beetle without Wings, a Windmill without Sails, a Ship in a Calm.

*Mon.* Ha!

*Flip.* A Bag without Money—— an empty Bottle—— dead Small-Beer.

*Mon.* Ha!

*Flip.* A Quack without Drugs.

*Mon.* Ha!

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*Flip.* A Lawyer without Knavery.

*Mon.* Ha!

*Flip.* A Courtier without Flattery.

*Mon.* Ha!

*Flip.* A King without an Army—— or a People with one, Have I drawn him, Sir?

*Mon.* Why truly, *Flippanta*, I can't deny but there are some general Lines of Resemblance. But you know there may be Exceptions.

*Flip.* Hark you, Sir, Shall I deal plainly with you? Had I got a Husband, I wou'd put him in mind, that he was marry'd as well as I.

Sings.

*For were I the thing call'd a Wife,  
And my Fool grew too fond of his Power,  
He shou'd look like an Ass all his Life,  
For a Prank that I'd play him in an Hour.*

Tol lol la ra tol lol, &c.—— Do you observe that, Sir?

*Mon.* I do: and think you wou'd be in the right on't. But, prithee, why dost not give this Advice to thy Mistress?

*Flip.* For fear it shou'd go round to your Wife, Sir, for you know they are Play-fellows.

*Mon.* O, there's no danger of my Wife; she knows I'm none of those Husbands.

*Flip.* Are you sure she knows that, Sir?

*Mon.* I'm sure she ought to know it, *Flippanta*, for really I have but four Faults in the World.

*Flip.* And, pray, what may they be?

*Mon.* Why, I'm a little slovenly, I shift but once a Week.

*Flip.* Fough.

*Mon.* I am sometimes out of Humour.

*Flip.* Provoking.

*Mon.* I don't give her so much Money as she'd have.

*Flip.* Insolent.

*Mon.* And a—— perhaps I mayn't be quite so young as I was.

*Flip.*

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*Flip.* The Devil.

*Mon.* O, but then consider how 'tis on her side, *Flippanta*. She ruins me with washing, is always out of Humour, ever wanting Money, and will never be older.

*Flip.* That last Article, I must confess, is a little hard upon you.

*Mon.* Ah, *Flippanta*, did'st thou but know the daily Provocations I have, thou'dst be the first to excuse my Faults. But now I think on't.—— Thou art none of my Friend, thou dost not love me at all; no, not at all.

*Flip.* And whither is this little Reproach going to lead us now?

*Mon.* You have Power over your, fair Mistress, *Flippanta*.

*Flip.* Sir!

*Mon.* But what then; you hate me.

*Flip.* I understand you not.

*Mon.* There's not a moment's Trouble her naughty Husband gives her, but I feel it too.

*Flip.* I don't know what you mean.

*Mon.* If she did but know what part I take in her Sufferings.

*Flip.* Mighty obscure.

*Mon.* Well, I'll say no more; but——

*Flip.* All Hebrew.

*Mon.* If thou wou'dst but tell her on't.

*Flip.* Still darker and darker.

*Mon.* I shou'd not be ungrateful.

*Flip.* Ah, now I begin to understand you.

*Mon.* *Flippanta*—— there's my Purse.

*Flip.* Say no more; now you explain, indeed——  
You are in Love?

*Mon.* Bitterly—— and I do swear by all the Gods——

*Flip.* Hold—— Spare 'em for another time, you stand in no need of 'em now. A Usurer that parts with his Purse, gives sufficient Proof of his Sincerity.

*Mon.* I hate my Wife, *Flippanta*.

*Flip.* That we'll take upon your bare word.

*Mon.*

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*Mon.* She's the Devil, *Flippanta*.

*Flip.* You like your Neighbours better.

*Mon.* Oh! ——— an Angel.

*Flip.* What pity it is the Law don't allow trucking!

*Mon.* If it did, *Flippanta*!

*Flip.* But since it don't, Sir ——— keep the Reins upon your Passion: Don't let your Flame rage too high, lest my Lady shou'd be cruel, and it shou'd dry you up to a Mummy.

*Mon.* 'Tis impossible she can be so barbarous, to let me die. Alas, *Flippanta*, a very small matter wou'd save my Life.

*Flip.* Then y'are dead ——— for we Women never grant any thing, to a Man who will be satisfy'd with a little.

*Mon.* Dear *Flippanta*, that was only my Modesty; but since you'll have it out ——— I am a very Dragon: And so your Lady'll find ——— if ever she thinks fit to be ——— Now I hope you'll stand my Friend.

*Flip.* Well, Sir, as far as my Credit goes, it shall be employ'd in your Service.

*Mon.* My best *Flippanta*, ——— tell her ——— I'm all hers ——— tell her ——— my Body's hers ——— tell her ——— my Soul's hers ——— and tell her ——— my Estate's hers. Lard have mercy upon me, how I'm in love!

*Flip.* Poor Man! what a Sweat he's in! But hark — I hear my Master, for Heaven's sake compose your self a little, you are in such a Fit, o'my Conscience he'll smell you out.

*Mon.* Ah, dear, I'm in such an Emotion, I dare not be seen; put me in this Closet for a moment.

*Flip.* Closet, Man! it's too little, your Love wou'd stifle you. Go air your self in the Garden a little, you have need on't, i'faith. *[She puts him out.*

*Flippanta* sola.

A rare Adventure, by my troth. This will be curious News to the Wives. Fortune has now put their Husbands into their hands, and I think they are too sharp to neglect its Favours.

*Enter*

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*Enter Gripe.*

*Gripe.* O, here's the Right-hand ; the rest of the Body can't be far off. Where's my Wife, Hufwife ?

*Flip.* An admirable Question !—— Why, she's gone abroad, Sir.

*Gripe.* Abroad, abroad, abroad already ? Why, she uses to be stewing in her Bed three Hours after this time, as late as 'tis : What makes her gadding so soon ?

*Flip.* Business I suppose.

*Gripe.* Business ! she has a pretty Head for Business truly : O, ho, let her change her Way of living, or I'll make her change a light Heart for a heavy one.

*Flip.* And why wou'd you have her change her Way of living, Sir ? You see it agrees with her. She never look'd better in her Life.

*Gripe.* Don't tell me of her Looks, I have done with her Looks long since. But I'll make her change her Life, or——

*Flip.* Indeed, Sir, you won't.

*Gripe.* Why, what shall hinder me, Insolence ?

*Flip.* That which hinders most Husbands ; Contradiction.

*Gripe.* Suppose I resolve I won't be contradicted ?

*Flip.* Suppose she resolves you shall.

*Gripe.* A Wife's Resolution is not good by Law.

*Flip.* Nor a Husband's by Custom.

*Gripe.* I tell thee, I will not bear it.

*Flip.* I tell you, Sir, you will bear it.

*Gripe.* Oons, I have borne it three Years already.

*Flip.* By that you see 'tis but giving your mind to it.

*Gripe.* My mind to it ! Death and the Devil ! My mind to it !

*Flip.* Look ye, Sir, you may swear and damn, and call the Furies to assist you ; but till you apply the Remedy to the right place, you'll never cure the Disease. You fancy you have got an extravagant Wife, is't not so ?

*Gripe.* Prithce change me that word Fancy, and it is so.

*Flip.*

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*Flip.* Why there's it. Men are strangely troubled with the Vapours of late. You'll wonder now, if I tell you, you have the most reasonable Wife in Town: And that all the Disorders you think you see in her, are only here, here, here, in your own Head.

[*thumping his Forehead.*]

*Gripe.* She is then, in thy Opinion, a reasonable Woman.

*Flip.* By my Faith I think so.

*Gripe.* I shall run mad—— Name me an Extravagance in the World she is not guilty of.

*Flip.* Name me an Extravagance in the World she is guilty of.

*Gripe.* Come then, does not she put the whole House in disorder?

*Flip.* Not that I know of, for she never comes into it but to sleep.

*Gripe.* 'Tis very well: Does she employ any one moment of her Life in the Government of her Family?

*Flip.* She is so submissive a Wife, she leaves it entirely to you.

*Gripe.* Admirable! Does she not spend more Money in Coach-hire, and Chair-hire, than wou'd maintain six Children?

*Flip.* She's too nice of your Credit to be seen daggling in the Streets.

*Gripe.* Good! Do I set eye on her sometimes in a Week together?

*Flip.* That, Sir, is because you are never stirring at the same time; you keep odd Hours; you are always going to Bed when she's rising, and rising just when she's coming to Bed.

*Gripe.* Yes truly, Night into Day, and Day into Night, Bawdy-House Play, that's her Trade; but these are Trifles: Has she not lost her Diamond Necklace? Answer me to that, Trapes.

*Flip.* Yes; and has sent as many Tears after it, as if it had been her Husband.

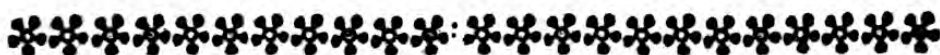
*Gripe.* Ah!—— the Pox take her; but enough. 'Tis resolv'd, and I will put a stop to the course of her  
Life,

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Life, or I will put a stop to the Course of her Blood, and so she shall know the first time I meet with her; [*Aside.*] which tho we are Man and Wife, and lie under one Roof, 'tis very possible may not be this Fort-night. [*Exit Gripe.*]

*Flippanta sola.*

Nay, thou hast a blessed time on't, that must be confess'd. What a miserable Devil is a Husband? Insupportable to himself, and a Plague to every thing about them. Their Wives do by them, as Children do by Dogs, teaze and provoke 'em, till they make 'em so curs'd, they snarl and bite at every thing that comes in their reach. This Wretch here, is grown perverse to that degree, he's for his Wife's keeping home, and making Hell of his House, so he may be the Devil in it, to torment her. How niggardly soever he is, of all things he possesses, he is willing to purchase her Misery, at the expence of his own Peace. But he'd as good be still, for he'll miss of his Aim. If I know her (which I think I do) she'll set his Blood in such a Ferment, it shall bubble out at every Pore of him; whilst hers is so quiet in her Veins, her Pulse shall go like a Pendulum.



### ACT III.

SCENE, *Mrs. Amlet's House.*

*Enter Dick.*

WHERE's this old Woman?—A-hey. What the Devil, no body at home! Ha! her strong Box!—And the Key in't! 'tis so. Now Fortune be my Friend. What the Duce——Not a Penny of Money in Cash!——Nor a Chequer Note!——Nor a Bank-Bill!—— [*searching the strong Box.*]——Nor a crooked Stick! Nor a —— Mum—— here's something



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something—A Diamond Necklace, by all the Gods! —  
Oons the old Woman——Zest.

*Claps the Necklace in his Pocket, then runs and  
asks her Blessing.*

*Enter Mrs. Amlet.*

——Pray Mother, pray to, &c.

*Aml.* Is it possible! ——*Dick* upon his humble  
Knee! Ah my dear Child! ——May Heaven be good  
unto thee.

*Dick.* I'm come, my dear Mother, to pay my Duty  
to you, and to ask your Consent to——

*Aml.* What a Shape is there!

*Dick.* To ask your Consent, I say, to marry a great  
Fortune; for what is Riches in this World without a  
Blessing? And how can there be a Blessing without Re-  
spect and Duty to Parents?

*Aml.* What a Nose he has!

*Dick.* And therefore it being the Duty of every good  
Child not to dispose of himself in Marriage, without  
the——

*Aml.* Now the Lord love thee [*kissing him.*] ——  
for thou art a goodly young Man: Well, *Dick*, ——  
And how goes it with the Lady? Are her Eyes open to  
thy Charms? Does she see what's for her own good?  
Is she sensible of the Blessings thou hast in store for her?  
Ha! Is all sure? Hast thou broke a Piece of Money  
with her? Speak, Bird, do: Don't be modest, and hide  
thy Love from thy Mother, for I'm an indulgent Pa-  
rent.

*Dick.* Nothing under Heaven can prevent my good  
Fortune, but its being discover'd I am your Son——

*Aml.* Then thou art still asham'd of thy natural Mo-  
ther, ——Graceless! Why I'm no Whore, Sirrah.

*Dick.* I know you are not —— A Whore! Bless us  
all——

*Aml.* No; my Reputation's as good as the best of  
'em; and tho I'm old, I'm chaste, you Rascal you.

*Dick.* Lord, that is not the thing we talk of, Mother;  
but——

*Aml.*

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*Aml.* I think, as the World goes, they may be proud of marrying their Daughter into a various Family.

*Dick.* Oons, Vartue is not the Case——

*Aml.* Where she may have a good Example before her Eyes.

*Dick.* O Lord! O Lord! O Lord!

*Aml.* I'm a Woman that don't so much as encourage an incontinent Look towards me.

*Dick.* I tell you, 'sdeath, I tell you——

*Aml.* If a Man shou'd make an uncivil Motion to me, I'd spit in his lascivious Face: And all this you may tell them, Sirrah.

*Dick.* Death and Furies! the Woman's out of her——

*Aml.* Don't you swear, you Rascal you, don't you swear; we shall have thee damn'd at last, and then I shall be disgrac'd.

*Dick.* Why then in cold Blood hear me speak to you: I tell you it's a City-Fortune I'm about, she cares not a Fig for your Virtue, she'll hear of nothing but Quality: She has quarrell'd with one of her Friends for having a better Complexion, and is resolv'd she'll marry, to take place of her.

*Aml.* What a Cherry-Lip is there!

*Dick.* Therefore, good dear Mother now, have a care and don't discover me; for if you do, all's lost.

*Aml.* Dear, dear, how thy fair Bride will be delighted? Go, get thee gone, go: Go fetch her home, go fetch her home; I'll give her a Sack-Poffet, and a Pillow of Down she shall lay her Head upon. Go, fetch her home, I say.

*Dick.* Take care then of the main Chance, my dear Mother; remember, if you discover me——

*Aml.* Go, fetch her home, I say.

*Dick.* You promise me then——

*Aml.* March.

*Dick.* But swear to me——

*Amb.* Be gone, Sirrah.

*Dick.* Well, I'll rely upon you——But one Kiss before I go. [Kisses her heartily, and runs off.

*Aml.*

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*Aml.* Now the Lord love thee ; for thou art a comfortable young Man.      [*Exit Mrs. Amlet.*]

SCENE, *Gripe's House.*

*Enter Corinna and Flippanta.*

*Cor.* But hark you, *Flippanta*, if you don't think he loves me dearly, don't give him my Letter, after all.

*Flip.* Let me alone.

*Cor.* When he has read it, let him give it you again.

*Flip.* Don't trouble your self.

*Cor.* And not a word of the Pudding to my Mother-in-law.

*Flip.* Enough.

*Cor.* When we come to love one another to the purpose, she shall know all.

*Flip.* Ay, then 'twill be time.

*Cor.* But remember 'tis you make me do all this now, so if any Mischief comes on't, 'tis you must answer for't.

*Flip.* I'll be your Security.

*Cor.* I'm young, and know nothing of the matter ; but you have Experience, so it's your Business to conduct me safe.

*Flip.* Poor Innocence !

*Cor.* But tell me in serious Sadness, *Flippanta*, does he love me with the very Soul of him ?

*Flip.* I have told you so a hundred times, and yet you are not satisfy'd.

*Cor.* But, methinks, I'd fain have him tell me so himself.

*Flip.* Have patience, and it shall be done.

*Cor.* Why, Patience is a Virtue ; that we must all confess——But, I fancy, the sooner it's done the better, *Flippanta.*

*Enter Jessamin.*

*Jess.* Madam, yonder's your Geography-Master waiting for you.      [*Exit.*]

*Cor.*

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*Cor.* Ah! how I am tir'd with these old fumbling Fellows, *Flippanta*.

*Flip.* Well, don't let them break your Heart, you shall be rid of them all e'er long.

*Cor.* Nay, 'tis not the Study I'm so weary of, *Flippanta*, 'tis the odious thing that teaches me. Were the Colonel my Master, I fancy I cou'd take pleasure in learning every thing he cou'd shew me.

*Flip.* And he can shew you a great deal, I can tell you that. But get you gone in, here's somebody coming, we must not be seen together.

*Cor.* I will, I will, I will.——O the dear Colonel. [Running off.]

*Enter Mrs. Amlet.*

*Flip.* O ho, it's Mrs. *Amlet*——What brings you so soon to us again, Mrs. *Amlet*?

*Aml.* Ah! my dear Mrs. *Flippanta*, I'm in a furious Fright.

*Flip.* Why, what's come to you?

*Aml.* Ah! Mercy on us all——Madam's Diamond Necklace——

*Flip.* What of that?

*Aml.* Are you sure you left it at my House?

*Flip.* Sure I left it! a very pretty Question truly!

*Aml.* Nay, don't be angry; say nothing to Madam of it, I beseech you: It will be found again, if it be Heaven's good Will. At least 'tis I must bear the Loss on't. 'Tis my Rogue of a Son has laid his Birdlime Fingers on't.

*Flip.* Your Son, Mrs. *Amlet*! Do you breed your Children up to such Tricks as these then?

*Aml.* What shall I say to you, Mrs. *Flippanta*? Can I help it? He has been a Rogue from his Cradle, *Dick* has. But he has his Deserts too. And now it comes in my Head, mayhap he may have no ill Design in this neither.

*Flip.* No ill Design, Woman! He's a pretty Fellow if he can steal a Diamond Necklace with a good one.

*Aml.* You don't know him, Mrs. *Flippanta*, so well as I that bore him. *Dick's* a Rogue, 'tis true, but——  
Mum—— *Flip.*

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*Flip.* What does the Woman mean?

*Aml.* Hark you, Mrs. *Flippanta*, is not here a young Gentlewoman in your House that wants a Husband?

*Flip.* Why do you ask?

*Aml.* By way of Conversation only, it does not concern me; but when she marries, I may chance to dance at the Wedding. Remember I tell you so; I who am but Mrs. *Amlet*.

*Flip.* You dance at her Wedding! you!

*Aml.* Yes, I, I; but don't trouble Madam about her Necklace, perhaps it mayn't go out of the Family. Adieu, Mrs. *Flippanta*. [Exit Mrs. *Amlet*.

*Flip.* What—what—what does the Woman mean? Mad! What a Capilotade of a Story's here? The Necklace lost; and her Son *Dick*; and a Fortune to marry, and she shall dance at the Wedding; and—She does not intend, I hope, to propose a Match between her Son *Dick* and *Corinna*? By my Conscience I believe she does. An old Beldam!

*Enter Brafs.*

*Brafs.* Well, Hussy, how stand our Affairs? Has Miss writ us an Answer yet? My Master's very impatient yonder.

*Flip.* And why the Duce does not he come himself? What does he send such idle Fellows as thee of his Errands? Here I had her alone just now: He won't have such an Opportunity again this month, I can tell him that.

*Brafs.* So much the worse for him; 'tis his Business. —But now, my Dear, let thee and I talk a little of our own: I grow most damnably in love with thee; dost hear that?

*Flip.* Phu! thou art always timing things wrong; my Head is full, at present, of more important things than Love.

*Brafs.* Then it's full of important things indeed: Dost want a Privy-Counsellor?

*Flip.* I want an Assistant.

*Brafs.* To do what?

*Flip.* Mischiefs.

*Brafs.*

*Brass.* I'm thy Man — touch.

*Flip.* But before I venture to let thee into my Project, prithee tell me, whether thou find'st a natural Disposition to ruin a Husband to oblige his Wife?

*Brass.* Is she handsome?

*Flip.* Yes.

*Brass.* Why then my Disposition's at her Service.

*Flip.* She's beholden to thee.

*Brass.* Not she alone neither, therefore don't let her grow vain upon't; for I have three or four Affairs of that kind going at this time.

*Flip.* Well, go carry this Epistle from Miss to thy Master; and when thou com'st back, I'll tell thee thy Business.

*Brass.* I'll know it before I go, if you please.

*Flip.* Thy Master waits for an Answer.

*Brass.* I'd rather he shou'd wait than I.

*Flip.* Why then, in short, *Araminta's* Husband is in love with my Lady.

*Brass.* Very well, Child, we have a *Rowland* for her *Oliver*: Thy Lady's Husband is in love with *Araminta*.

*Flip.* Who told you that, Sirrah?

*Brass.* 'Tis a Negotiation I am charg'd with, Pert. Did not I tell thee I did Business for half the Town? I have manag'd Master *Gripe's* little Affairs for him these ten years, you Slut you.

*Flip.* Hark thee, *Brass*, the Game's in our hands, if we can but play the Cards.

*Brass.* Pique and Repique, you Jade you, if the Wives will fall into a good Intelligence.

*Flip.* Let them alone; I'll answer for them they don't slip the Occasion. — See here they come. They little think what a piece of good News we have for 'em.

*Enter Clarissa and Araminta.*

*Clar.* *Jessamin!* here, Boy, carry up these things into my Dressing-Room, and break as many of them by the way as you can, be sure. — O! art thou there, *Brass!* What News?

*Brass.* Madam, I only call'd in as I was going by. — But some little Propositions Mrs. *Flippanta* has been

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been starting, have kept me here to offer your Ladyship my humble Service.

*Clar.* What Propositions?

*Brass.* She'll acquaint you, Madam.

*Aram.* Is there any thing new, *Flippanta*?

*Flip.* Yes, and pretty too.

*Clar.* That follows of course, but let's have it quick.

*Flip.* Why, Madam, you have made a Conquest.

*Clar.* Huffy—— But of who? quick.

*Flip.* Of Mr. *Moneytrap*, that's all.

*Aram.* My Husband!

*Flip.* Yes, your Husband, Madam: You thought fit to corrupt ours, so now we are even with you.

*Aram.* Sure thou art in jest, *Flippanta*.

*Flip.* Serious as my Devotions.

*Brass.* And the cross Intrigue, Ladies, is what our Brains have been at work about.

*Aram.* My Dear!

[To Clarissa.

*Clar.* My Life!

*Aram.* My Angel!

*Clar.* My Soul!

[Hugging one another.

*Aram.* The Stars have done this.

*Clar.* The pretty little Twinklers.

*Flip.* And what will you do for them now?

*Clar.* What grateful Creatures ought; shew 'em we don't despise their Favours.

*Aram.* But is not this a Wager between these two Blockheads?

*Clar.* I would not give a Shilling to go the Winner's halves.

*Aram.* Then 'tis the most fortunate thing that ever cou'd have happen'd.

*Clar.* All your last Night's Ideas, *Araminta*, were Trifles to it.

*Aram.* *Brass* (my Dear) will be useful to us.

*Brass.* At your Service, Madam.

*Clar.* *Flippanta* will be necessary, my Life!

*Flip.* She waits your Commands, Madam.

*Aram.* For my part then, I recommend my Husband to thee, *Flippanta*, and make it my earnest Request thou won't leave him one Half-Crown.

*Flip.*

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*Flip.* I'll do all I can to obey you, Madam.

*Brass.* [To Clarissa.] If your Ladyship wou'd give me the same kind Orders for yours.

*Clar.* O——if thou spar'st him, *Brass*, I'm thy Enemy till I die.

*Brass.* 'Tis enough, Madam, I'll be sure to give you a reasonable Account of him. But how do you intend we shall proceed, Ladies? Must we storm the Purse at once, or break Ground in form, and carry it by little and little?

*Clar.* Storm, dear *Brass*, storm: ever whilst you live storm.

*Aram.* O by all means; must it not be so, *Flip-panta*?

*Flip.* In four and twenty hours, two hundred Pounds a-piece, that's my Sentence.

*Brass.* Very well. But, Ladies, you'll give me leave to put you in mind of some little Expence in Favours, 'twill be necessary you are at, to these honest Gentlemen.

*Aram.* Favours, *Brass*!

*Brass.* Um—a—some small matters, Madam, I doubt must be.

*Clar.* Now that's a vile Article, *Araminta*; for that thing your Husband is so like mine——

*Flip.* Phu, there's a Scruple indeed. Pray, Madam, don't be so squeamish, tho the Meat be a little flat, we'll find you savoury Sauce to it.

*Clar.* This Wench is so mad.

*Flip.* Why, what in the name of *Lucifer*, is it you have to do, that's so terrible?

*Brass.* A civil Look only.

*Aram.* There's no great harm in that.

*Flip.* An obliging word.

*Clar.* That one may afford 'em.

*Brass.* A little Smile, *a propo*.

*Aram.* That's but giving one's self an Air.

*Flip.* Receive a little Letter, perhaps.

*Clar.* Women of Quality do that from fifty odious Fellows.

†

*Brass.*



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*Brafs.* Suffer (may be) a Squeeze by the Hand.

*Aram.* One's so us'd to that, one does not feel it.

*Flip.* Or if a Kifs wou'd do't?

*Clar.* I'd die first.

*Brafs.* Indeed, Ladies, I doubt 'twill be necessary  
to—

*Clar.* Get their wretched Money, without paying so dear for it.

*Flip.* Well, just as you please for that, my Ladies: But I suppose you'll play upon the square with your Favours, and not pique your selves upon being one more grateful than another.

*Brafs.* And state a fair Account of Receipts and Disbursements.

*Aram.* That I think shou'd be indeed.

*Clar.* With all my heart, and *Brafs* shall be our Book-keeper. So get thee to work, Man, as fast as thou canst; but not a word of all this to thy Master.

*Brafs.* I'll observe my Orders, Madam. [*Exit Brafs.*]

*Clar.* I'll have the pleasure of telling him my self; he'll be violently delighted with it: 'Tis the best Man in the World, *Araminta*; he'll bring us rare Company tomorrow, all sorts of Gamesters; and thou shalt see my Husband will be such a Beast to be out of Humour at it.

*Aram.* The Monster — But hush, here's my Dear approaching; prithee let's leave him to *Flippanta*.

*Flip.* Ay, pray do, I'll bring you a good account of him, I'll warrant you.

*Clar.* Dispatch then for the Basset-Tables in haste.

[*Exit Clar. and Aram.*]

*Flippanta sola.*

So, now have at him; here he comes: We'll try if we can pillage the Usurer, as he does other Folks.

*Enter Moneytrap.*

*Mon.* Well, my pretty *Flippanta*, is thy Mistress come home?

*Flip.* Yes, Sir.

*Mon.* And where is she, prithee?

*Flip.* Gone abroad, Sir.

*Mon*

*Mon.* How dost mean ?

*Flip.* I mean right, Sir ; my Lady 'll come home and go abroad ten times in an hour, when she's either in very good Humour, or very bad.

*Mon.* Good lack ! But I'll warrant, in general, 'tis her naughty Husband that makes her House uneasy to her. But hast thou said a little something to her, Chicken, for an expiring Lover ? ha !

*Flip.* Said——yes, I have said, much good may it do me.

*Mon.* Well ! and how ?

*Flip.* And how !——And how do you think you wou'd have me do't ? And you have such a way with you, one can refuse you nothing. But I have brought my self into a fine Business by it.

*Mon.* Good lack :——But I hope, *Flippanta*——

*Flip.* Yes, your Hopes will do much when I am turn'd out of doors.

*Mon.* Was she then terrible angry ?

*Flip.* Oh ! had you seen how she flew, when she saw where I was pointing ; for you must know I went round the Bush, and round the Bush, before I came to the matter.

*Mon.* Nay, 'tis a ticklish Point, that must be own'd.

*Flip.* On my word is it——I mean where a Lady's truly virtuous ; for that's our Case, you must know.

*Mon.* A very dangerous Case indeed.

*Flip.* But I can tell you one thing——she has an Inclination to you.

*Mon.* Is it possible !

*Flip.* Yes, and I told her so at last.

*Mon.* Well, and what did she answer thee ?

*Flip.* Slap——and bid me bring it you for a Token.

[Giving him a Slap on the Face.

*Mon.* And you have lost none on't by the way, with a Pox t'ye.

[Aside.

*Flip.* Now this, I think, looks the best in the World.

*Mon.* Yes, but really it feels a little odly.

*Flip.* Why, you must know, Ladies have different ways of expressing their Kindness, according to the Hu-

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amour they are in : If she had been in a good one, it had been a Kiss ; but as long as she sent you something, your Affairs go well.

*Mon.* Why, truly, I am a little ignorant in the mysterious Paths of Love, so I must be guided by thee. But, prithee, take her in a good Humour next Token she sends me.

*Flip.* Ah——good Humour !

*Mon.* What's the matter ?

*Flip.* Poor Lady !

*Mon.* Ha.

*Flip.* If I durst tell you all——

*Mon.* What then ?

*Flip.* You wou'd not expect to see her in one a good while.

*Mon.* Why, I pray ?

*Flip.* I must own I did take an unseasonable time to talk of Love-matters to her.

*Mon.* Why, what's the matter ?

*Flip.* Nothing.

*Mon.* Nay, prithee tell me.

*Flip.* I dare not.

*Mon.* You must indeed.

*Flip.* Why, when Women are in Difficulties, how can they think of Pleasure ?

*Mon.* Why, what Difficulties can she be in ?

*Flip.* Nay, I do but guess after all ; for she has that Grandeur of Soul, she'd die before she'd tell.

*Mon.* But what dost thou suspect ?

*Flip.* Why, what shou'd one suspect, where a Husband loves nothing but getting of Money, and a Wife nothing but spending on't ?

*Mon.* So she wants that same then ?

*Flip.* I say no such thing, I know nothing of the matter ; pray make no wrong Interpretation of what I say, my Lady wants nothing that I know of. 'Tis true——she has had ill Luck at Cards of late, I believe she has not won once this month : But what of that ?

*Mon.* Ha !

*Flip.*

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*Flip.* 'Tis true, I know her Spirit's that, she'd see her Husband hang'd, before she'd ask him for a Farthing.

*Mon.* Ha!

*Flip.* And then I know him again, he'd see her drown'd before he'd give her a Farthing; but that's a help to your Affair, you know.

*Mon.* 'Tis so indeed.

*Flip.* Ah——well, I'll say nothing; but if she had none of these things to fret her——

*Mon.* Why really, *Flippanta*——

*Flip.* I know what you are going to say now; you are going to offer your Service, but 'twon't do; you have a mind to play the Gallant now, but it must not be; you want to be shewing your Liberality, but 'twon't be allow'd; you'll be pressing me to offer it, and she'll be in a Rage. We shall have the Devil to do.

*Mon.* You mistake me, *Flippanta*; I was only going to say——

*Flip.* Ay, I know what you were going to say well enough; but I tell you it will never do so. If one cou'd find out some way now——ay——let me see——

*Mon.* Indeed I hope——

*Flip.* Pray be quiet——no——but I'm thinking——hum——she'll smook that tho——let us consider——If one cou'd find a way to——'Tis the nicest Point in the World to bring about, she'll never touch it, if she knows from whence it comes.

*Mon.* Shall I try if I can reason her Husband out of twenty Pounds, to make her easy the rest of her Life?

*Flip.* Twenty Pound, Man!——why you shall see her set that upon a Card. O——she has a great Soul.——Besides, if her Husband should oblige her, it might, in time, take off her Aversion to him, and, by consequence, her Inclination to you. No, no, it must never come that way.

*Mon.* What shall we do then?

*Flip.* Hold still——I have it. I'll tell you what you shall do.

*Mon.* Ay.

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*Flip.* You shall make her——a Restitution——  
of two hundred Pounds.

*Mon.* Ha !——a Restitution !

*Flip.* Yes, yes, 'tis the luckiest Thought in the World ;  
Madam often plays, you know, and Folks who do so  
meet now and then with Sharpers. Now you shall be a  
Sharper.

*Mon.* A Sharper !

*Flip.* Ay, ay, a Sharper ; and having cheated her of  
two hundred Pounds, shall be troubled in mind, and  
send it her back again. You comprehend me ?

*Mon.* Yes I, I comprehend, but a——won't she  
suspect if it be so much ?

*Flip.* No, no, the more the better.

*Mon.* Two hundred Pound !

*Flip.* Yes, two hundred Pound——Or let me see——  
so even a Sum may look a little suspicious,——ay——  
let it be two hundred and thirty ; that odd thirty will  
make it look so natural, the Devil won't find it out.

*Mon.* Ha !

*Flip.* Pounds too, look I don't know how ; Guineas  
I fancy were better——ay, Guineas, it shall be Guineas.  
You are of that mind, are you not ?

*Mon.* Um——a Guinea, you know, *Flippanta*, is——

*Flip.* A thousand times genteeler, you are certainly in  
the right on't ; it shall be as you say, two hundred and  
thirty Guineas.

*Mon.* Ho——well, if it must be Guineas, let's see,  
two hundred Guineas.

*Flip.* And thirty ; two hundred and thirty : If you  
mistake the Sum, you spoil all. So go put them in a  
Purse, while it's fresh in your Head, and send 'em to me  
with a penitential Letter, desiring I'll do you the favour  
to restore them to her.

*Mon.* Two hundred and thirty Pounds in a Bag !

*Flip.* Guineas, I say, Guineas.

*Mon.* Ay, Guineas, that's true. But, *Flippanta*, if  
she don't know they come from me, then I give my Mo-  
ney for nothing, you know.

*Flip.*

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*Flip.* Phu, leave that to me, I'll manage the Stock for you ; I'll make it produce something, I'll warrant you.

*Mon.* Well, *Flippanta*, 'tis a great Sum indeed ; but I'll go try what I can do for her. You say, two hundred Guineas in a Purse ?

*Flip.* And thirty ; if the Man's in his Senses.

*Mon.* And thirty, 'tis true, I alway forget that thirty.

[Exit Mon.]

*Flip.* So, get thee gone, thou art a rare Fellow, i'faith.  
*Brass!* — it's thee, is't not ?

Enter Brass.

*Brass.* It is, Hufwife. How go matters ? I staid till thy Gentleman was gone. Hast done any thing towards our common Purse ?

*Flip.* I think I have ; he's going to make us a Restitution of two or three hundred Pounds.

*Brass.* A Restitution ! — good.

*Flip.* A new way, Sirrah, to make a Lady take a Present without putting her to the Blush.

*Brass.* 'Tis very well, mighty well indeed. Prithee where's thy Master ? let me try if I can persuade him to be troubled in mind too.

*Flip.* Not so hasty ; he's gone into his Closet to prepare himself for a Quarrel. I have advis'd him to — with his Wife.

*Brass.* What to do ?

*Flip.* Why, to make her stay at home, now she has resolv'd to do it beforehand. You must know, Sirrah, we intend to make a Merit of our Basset-Table, and get a good Pretence for the merry Companions we intend to fill his House with.

*Brass.* Very nicely spun, truly, thy Husband will be a happy Man.

*Flip.* Hold your tongue, you Fool you. See here comes your Master.

*Brass.* He's welcome.

Enter Dick.

*Dick.* My dear *Flippanta* ! how many Thanks have I to pay thee ?

*Flip.* Do you like her Stile ?

C 3

*Dick.*

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*Dick.* The kindest little Rogue! there's nothing but she gives me leave to hope, I am the happiest Man the World has in its Care.

*Flip.* Not so happy as you think for neither, perhaps; you have a Rival, Sir, I can tell you that.

*Dick.* A Rival!

*Flip.* Yes, and a dangerous one too.

*Dick.* Who, in the name of Terror?

*Flip.* A devilish Fellow, one Mr. *Amlet*.

*Dick.* *Amlet*! I know no such Man.

*Flip.* You know the Man's Mother tho; you met her here, and are in her favour, I can tell you. If he worships you in your Mistress, you shall e'en marry her, and disinherit him.

*Dick.* If I have no other Rival but Mr. *Amlet*, I believe I shan't be much disturb'd in my Amour. But can't I see *Corinna*?

*Flip.* I don't know, she has always some of her Masters with her: But I'll go see if she can spare you a moment, and bring you word. [Exit Flippanta,

*Dick.* I wish my old hobbling Mother han't been blabbing something here she shou'd not do.

*Brass.* Fear nothing, all's safe on that side yet. But how speaks young Mistress's Epistle? soft and tender?

*Dick.* As Pen can write.

*Brass.* So you think all goes well there?

*Dick.* As my Heart can wish.

*Brass.* You are sure on't?

*Dick.* Sure on't!

*Brass.* Why then Ceremony aside, [Putting on his Hat.  
You and I must have a little Talk, Mr. *Amlet*.

*Dick.* Ah, *Brass*, what art thou going to do? Wou't ruin me?

*Brass.* Look you, *Dick*, few words; you are in a smooth way of making your Fortune, I hope all will roll on. But how do you intend matters shall pass 'twixt you and me in this Business?

*Dick.* Death and Euries! What a time dost take to talk on't?

*Brass.*

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*Brass.* Good words, or I betray you; they have already heard of one Mr. *Amlet* in the House.

*Dick.* Here's a Son of a Whore! [*Aside.*]

*Brass.* In short, look smooth, and be a good Prince, I am your Valet, 'tis true: Your Footman sometimes, which I'm enrag'd at; but you have always had the Ascendant, I confess: when we were School-Fellows, you made me carry your Books, make your Exercise, own your Rogueries, and sometimes take a Whipping for you. When we were Fellow-Prentices, tho I was your Senior, you made me open the Shop, clean my Master's Shoes, cut last at Dinner, and eat all the Crust. In our Sins too, I must own you still kept me under; you soar'd up to Adultery with our Mistress, while I was at humble Fornication with the Maid. Nay, in our Punishments you still made good your Post; for when once upon a time I was sentenc'd but to be whipp'd, I cannot deny but you were condemn'd to be hang'd. So that in all times, I must confess, your Inclinations have been greater and nobler than mine; however, I cannot consent that you shou'd at once fix Fortune for Life, and I dwell in my Humilities for the rest of my Days.

*Dick.* Hark thee, *Brass*, if I do not most nobly by thee, I'm a Dog.

*Brass.* And when?

*Dick.* As soon as ever I am married.

*Brass.* Ah, the Pox take thee.

*Dick.* Then you mistrust me?

*Brass.* I do, by my Faith. Look you, Sir, some Folks we mistrust, because we don't know them; others we mistrust, because we do know them: And for one of these Reasons I desire there may be a Bargain beforehand: If not [*Raising his Voice*] look ye, *Dick Amlet*——

*Dick.* Soft, my dear Friend and Companion. The Dog will ruin me. [*Aside.*] Say, what is't will content thee?

*Brass.* O ho!

*Dick.* But how canst thou be such a Barbarian?

*Brass.* I learnt it at *Algier*.



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*Dick.* Come, make thy *Turkish* Demand then.

*Brass.* You know you gave me a Bank-Bill this Morning to receive for you.

*Dick.* I did so, of fifty Pounds, 'tis thine. So, now thou art satisfy'd, all's fix'd.

*Brass.* It is not indeed. There's a Diamond Necklace you robb'd your Mother of e'en now.

*Dick.* Ah you *Jew*.

*Brass.* No words.

*Dick.* My dear *Brass*!

*Brass.* I insist.

*Dick.* My old Friend.

*Brass.* *Dick Amlet* [*Raising his Voice*] I insist.

*Dick.* Ah the *Cormorant*——Well, 'tis thine : But thou'lt never thrive with it.

*Brass.* When I find it begins to do me mischief, I'll give it you again. But I must have a *Wedding-Suit*.

*Dick.* Well.

*Brass.* Some good *Lace*.

*Dick.* Thou sha't.

*Brass.* A *Stock of Linen*.

*Dick.* Enough.

*Brass.* Not yet——a *Silver Sword*.

*Dick.* Well, thou sha't have that too. Now thou hast every thing.

*Brass.* Gad forgive me, I forgot a *Ring of Remembrance* ; I wou'd not forget all these Favours for the *World* : A sparkling *Diamond* will be always playing in my *Eye*, and put me in mind of them.

*Dick.* This unconscionable *Rogue* ! [*Aside.*] Well, I'll bespeak one for thee.

*Brass.* Brilliant.

*Dick.* It shall. But if the thing don't succeed after all ?——

*Brass.* I'm a *Man of Honour*, and restore : And so the *Treaty* being finish'd, I strike my *Flag of Defiance*, and fall into my *Respects* again. [*Taking off his Hat.*

*Enter Flippanta.*

*Flip.* I have made you wait a little, but I cou'd not help it, her *Master* is but just gone. He has been shewing

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shewing her Prince *Eugene's* March into *Italy*.

*Dick*. Prithee let me come to her, I'll shew her a part of the World he has never shewn her yet.

*Flip*. So I told her, you must know ; and she said, she cou'd like to travel in good Company : so if you'll slip up those Back-Stairs, you shall try if you can agree upon the Journey.

*Dick*. My dear *Flippanta* !

*Flip*. None of your dear Acknowledgments, I beseech you, but up Stairs as hard as you can drive.

*Dick*. I'm gone. [Exit *Dick*.]

*Flip*. And do you follow him, *Jack-a-dandy*, and see he is not surpriz'd.

*Brass*. I thought that was your Post, *Mrs. Useful* : But if you'll come and keep me in Humour, I don't care if I share the Duty with you.

*Flip*. No words, *Sirrah*, but follow him, I have somewhat else to do.

*Brass*. The *Jade's* so absolute there's no contesting with her. One Kiss tho, to keep the Centinel warm.

[Gives her a long Kiss.]—So. [Exit *Brass*.]

*Flippanta sola*.

—A nasty Rogue. [Wiping her Mouth.] But, let me see what have I to do now ? This *Restitution* will be here quickly, I suppose ; in the mean time I'll go know if my Lady's ready for the Quarrel yet. Master, yonder, is so full on't, he's ready to burst ; but we'll give him vent by and by with a witness. [Exit *Flip*.]





## A C T IV.

SCENE; *Gripe's House.*

*Enter Corinna, Dick, and Brass.*

*Brass.* **D**ON'T fear, I'll give timely notice.

*[Goes to the Door.]*

*Dick.* Come, you must consent, you shall consent. How can you leave me thus upon the Wrack? A Man who loves you to that Excess that I do.

*Cor.* Nay, that you love me, Sir, that I'm satisfy'd in, for you have sworn you do: And I'm so pleas'd with it, I'd fain have you do so as long as you live, so we must never marry.

*Dick.* Not marry, my Dear! why, what's our Love good for if we don't marry?

*Cor.* Ah——I'm afraid 'twill be good for little if we do.

*Dick.* Why do you think so?

*Cor.* Because I hear my Father and Mother, and my Uncle and Aunt, and *Araminta* and her Husband, and twenty other married Folks say so from Morning to Night.

*Dick.* O, that's because they are bad Husbands and bad Wives; but in our Case there will be a good Husband and a good Wife, and so we shall love for ever.

*Cor.* Why, there may be something in that truly; and I'm always willing to hear Reason, as a reasonable young Woman ought to do. But are you sure, Sir, tho we are very good now, we shall be so when we come to be better acquainted?

*Dick.* I can answer for my self at least.

*Cor.* I wish you cou'd answer for me too. You see I am a Plain-Dealer, Sir, I hope you don't like me the worse for it.

*Dick.*

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*Dick.* O by no means, 'tis a sign of admirable Morals; and I hope, since you practise it your self, you'll approve of it in your Lover. In one word therefore, (for 'tis in vain to mince the matter) my Resolution's fix'd, and the World can't stagger me, I marry—or I die.

*Cor.* Indeed, Sir, I have much ado to believe you; the Disease of Love is seldom so violent.

*Dick.* Madam, I have two Diseases to end my Miseries; if the first don't do't, the latter shall; [*Drawing his Sword*] one's in my Heart, t'other's in my Scabbard.

*Cor.* Not for a Diadem, (*Catching hold of him.*) Ah, put it up, put it up.

*Dick.* How absolute is your Command! (*Dropping his Sword.*) A word, you see, disarms me.

*Cor.* What a Power I have over him? (*Aside.*) The wondrous Deeds of Love!—Pray, Sir, let me have no more of these rash Doings tho; perhaps I mayn't be always in the saving Humour.—I'm sure if I had let him stick himself, I shou'd have been envy'd by all the great Ladies in the Town. (*Aside.*)

*Dick.* Well, Madam, have I then your Promise? You'll make me the happiest of Mankind.

*Cor.* I don't know what to say to you; but I believe I had as good promise, for I find I shall certainly do't.

*Dick.* Then let us seal the Contract thus. (*Kisses her.*)

*Cor.* Um—He has almost taken away my Breath; He kisses purely. (*Aside.*)

*Dick.* Hark!—some body comes.

*Brass.* Gar there, the Enemy—no, hold y'are safe, 'tis *Flippanta*. (*Brass peeping in.*)

*Enter Flippanta.*

*Flip.* Come, have you agreed the Matter? If not, you must end it another time, for your Father's in motion, so pray kiss and part.

*Cor.* That's sweet and sour. (*They kiss.*) Adieu t'ye, Sir. (*Ex. Dick and Cor.*)

*Enter*

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*Enter Clarissa.*

*Clar.* Have you told him I'm at home, *Flippanta*?

*Flip.* Yes, Madam.

*Clar.* And that I'll see him?

*Flip.* Yes, that too: But here's News for you; I have just now receiv'd the Restitution.

*Clar.* That's killing Pleasure; and how much has he restor'd me?

*Flip.* Two hundred and thirty.

*Clar.* Wretched Rogue! but retreat, your Master's coming to quarrel.

*Flip.* I'll be within Call, if things run high. (*Ex. Flip.*)

*Enter Gripe.*

*Gripe.* O ho! — are you there i'faith? Madam your humble Servant, I'm very glad to see you at home, I thought I shou'd never have had that Honour again.

*Clar.* Good-morrow, my Dear, how d' ye do? *Flippanta* says you are out of Humour, and that you have a mind to quarrel with me: Is it true? ha! — I have a terrible Pain in my Head, I give you notice on't beforehand.

*Gripe.* And how the Pox shou'd it be otherwise? It's a wonder you are not dead (as a' wou'd you were, *Aside.*) with the Life you lead. Are you not asham'd? and do you not blush to —

*Clar.* My dear Child, you crack my Brain; soften the Harshness of your Voice; Say what thou wou't, but let it be in an agreeable Tone —

*Gripe.* Tone, Madam, don't tell me of a Tone —

*Clar.* O — if you will quarrel, do it with Temperance; let it be all in cool Blood, even and smooth, as if you were not mov'd with what you said; and then I'll hear you, as if I were not mov'd with it neisher.

*Gripe.* Had ever Man such need of Patience? Madam, Madam, I must tell you, Madam —

*Clar.* Another Key, or I walk off.

*Gripe.* Don't provoke me.

*Clar.* Shall you be long, my Dear, in your Remonstrances?

†

*Gripe.*

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*Gripe.* Yes, Madam, and very long.

*Clar.* If you wou'd quarrel *in abreege*, I shou'd have a World of Obligation to you.

*Gripe.* What I have to say, forsooth, is not to be express'd *in abreege*, my Complaints are too numerous.

*Clar.* Complaints! of what, my Dear? Have I ever given you Subject of Complaint, my Life?

*Gripe.* O Pox! my Dear and my Life! I desire none of your Tendres.

*Clar.* How! find fault with my Kindness, and my Expressions of Affection and Respect? The World will guess by this what the rest of your Complaints may be. I must tell you, I'm scandaliz'd at your Procedure.

*Gripe.* I must tell you, I am running mad with yours.

*Clar.* Ah! how insupportable are the Humours of some Husbands, so full of Fancies, and so ungovernable: What have you in the World to disturb you?

*Gripe.* What have I to disturb me! I have you, Death and the Devil!

*Clar.* Ay, merciful Heaven! how he swears! You shou'd never accustom your self to such words as these; indeed, my Dear, you shou'd not; your Mouth's always full of them.

*Gripe.* Blood and Thunder! Madam——

*Clar.* Ah, he'll fetch the House down: Do you know you make me tremble for you? *Flippanta!* who's there? *Flippanta!*

*Gripe.* Here's a provoking Devil for you!

*Enter Flippanta.*

*Flip.* What, in the name of *Jove*, 's the matter? you raise the Neighbourhood.

*Clar.* Why, here's your Master in a most violent Fufs, and no mortal Soul can tell for what.

*Gripe.* Not tell for what!

*Clar.* No, my Life, I have begg'd him to tell me his Grievs, *Flippanta*; and then he swears, good Lord! how he does swear.

*Gripe.* Ah you wicked Jade! Ah you wicked Jade!

*Clar.* Do you hear him, *Flippanta!* do you hear him!

*Flip.*

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*Flip.* Pray, Sir, let's know a little what puts you in all this Fury?

*Clar.* Prithee stand near me, *Flippanta*, there's an odd Froth about his Mouth, looks as if his poor Head were going wrong, I'm afraid he'll bite.

*Gripe.* The wicked Woman, *Flippanta*, the wicked Woman.

*Clar.* Can any body wonder I shun my own House, when he treats me at this rate in it?

*Gripe.* At this rate! Why in the Devil's Name —

*Clar.* Do you hear him again?

*Flip.* Come, a little Moderation, Sir, and try what that will produce.

*Gripe.* Hang her, 'tis all a Pretence to justify her going abroad.

*Clar.* A Pretence! a Pretence! Do you hear how black a Charge he loads me with? Charges me with a Pretence? Is this the return for all my down-right open Actions? You know, my Dear, I scorn Pretences: Whene'er I go abroad, it is without Pretence.

*Gripe.* Give me Patience.

*Flip.* You have a great deal, Sir.

*Clar.* And yet he's never content, *Flippanta*.

*Gripe.* What shall I do?

*Clar.* What a reasonable Man wou'd do; own your self in the wrong, and be quiet. Here's *Flippanta* has Understanding, and I have Moderation; I'm willing to make her Judge of our Differences.

*Flip.* You do me a great deal of Honour, Madam: But I tell you before-hand, I shall be a little on Master's side.

*Gripe.* Right, *Flippanta* has Sense. Come, let her decide. Have I not reason to be in a Passion? tell me that.

*Clar.* You must tell her for what, my Life.

*Gripe.* Why, for the Trade you drive, my Soul.

*Flip.* Look you, Sir, pray take things right. I know Madam does fret you a little now and then, that's true; but in the Fund she is the softest, sweetest, gentlest Lady breathing: Let her but live entirely to her own Fancy,  
and

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and she'll never say a word to you from Morning to Night.

*Gripe.* Oons, let her but stay at home, and she shall do what she will : In reason, that is.

*Flip.* D'ye hear that, Madam ? Nay, now I must be on Master's side ; you see how he loves you, he desires only your Company : Pray give him that Satisfaction, or I must pronounce against you.

*Clar.* Well, I agree. Thou know'st I don't love to grieve him : Let him be always in good humour, and I'll be always at home.

*Flip.* Look you there, Sir, what wou'd you have more ?

*Gripe.* Well, let her keep her word, and I'll have done quarrelling.

*Clar.* I must not, however, so far lose the Merit of my Consent, as to let you think I'm weary of going abroad, my Dear : what I do, is purely to oblige you ; which, that I may be able to perform, without a Relapse, I'll invent what ways I can to make my Prison supportable to me.

*Flip.* Her Prison ! pritty Bird ! her Prison ! don't that word melt you, Sir ?

*Gripe.* I must confess I did not expect to find her so reasonable.

*Flip.* O, Sir, soon or late Wives come into good Humour : Husbands must only have a little patience to wait for it.

*Clar.* The innocent little Diversions, Dear, that I shall content my self with, will be chiefly Play and Company.

*Gripe.* O, I'll find you Employment, your Time shan't lie upon your Hands ; tho if you have a mind now for such a Companion as a — let me see — *Araminta*, for Example, why I shan't be against her being with you from Morning till Night.

*Clar.* You can't oblige me more, 'tis the best Woman in the World.

*Gripe.* Is not she ?

*Flip.* Ah, the old Satyr !

[*Aside.*  
*Gripe.*



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*Gripe.* Then we'll have, besides her, may be sometimes—— her Husband; and we shall see my Niece that writes Verses, and my Sister *Fidget*: With her Husband's Brother that's always merry; and his little Cousin, that's to marry the fat Curate; and my Uncle the Apothecary, with his Wife and all his Children. O we shall divert our selves rarely.

*Flip.* Good.

[*Aside.*

*Clar.* O, for that, my dear Child, I must be plain with you, I'll see none of 'em but *Araminta*, who has the Manners of the Court; for I'll converse with none but Women of Quality.

*Gripe.* Ay, ay, they shall all have one Quality or other.

*Clar.* Then, my Dear, to make our Home pleasant, we'll have Consorts of Musick sometimes.

*Gripe.* Musick in my House!

*Clar.* Yes, my Child, we must have Musick, or the House will be so dull I shall get the Spleen, and be going abroad again.

*Flip.* Nay, she has so much Complaisance for you, Sir, you can't dispute such things with her.

*Gripe.* Ay, but if I have Musick——

*Clar.* Ay, but, Sir, I must have Musick——

*Flip.* Not every Day, Madam don't mean.

*Clar.* No, bless me, no; but three Consorts a Week, three Days more we'll play after Dinner, at *Ombre*, *Picquet*, *Basset*, and so forth, and close the Evening with a handsome Supper and a Ball.

*Gripe.* A Ball!

*Clar.* Then, my Love, you know there is but one Day more upon our hands, and that shall be the Day of Conversation, we'll read Verses, talk of Books, invent Modes, tell Lyes, scandalize our Friends, be pert upon Religion; and in short, employ every moment of it, in some pretty witty Exercise or other.

*Flip.* What order you see 'tis she proposes to live in! A most wonderful Regularity!

*Gripe.* Regularity with a Pox!——

[*Aside.*

*Clar.* And as this kind of Life, so soft, so smooth, so agreeable, must needs invite a vast deal of Company

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pany to partake of it, 'twill be necessary to have the Decency of a Porter at our Door, you know.

*Gripe.* A Porter—— a Scrivener have a Porter, Madam!

*Clar.* Positively, a Porter.

*Gripe.* Why, no Scrivener since *Adam* ever had a Porter, Woman!

*Clar.* You will therefore be renown'd in Story, for having the first, my Life.

*Gripe.* *Flippanta.*

*Flip.* Hang it, Sir, never dispute a Trifle, if you vex her, perhaps she'll insist upon a *Swiss*. [*Aside to Gripe.*

*Gripe.* But, Madam——

*Clar.* But, Sir, a Porter, positively a Porter; without that Treaty null; and I go abroad this Moment.

*Flip.* Come, Sir, never lose so advantageous a Peace for a pitiful Porter.

*Gripe.* Why, I shall be hooted at, the Boys will throw Stones at my Porter. Besides, where shall I have Money for all this Expence?

*Clar.* My Dear, who asks you for any? Don't be in a fright, Chicken.

*Gripe.* Don't be in a fright, Madam. But where, I say?——

*Flip.* Madam plays, Sir, think on that; Women that play have inexhaustible Mines, and Wives who receive least Money from their Husbands, are many times those who spend the most.

*Clar.* So, my Dear, let what *Flippanta* says content you. Go, my Life, trouble your self with nothing, but let me do just as I please, and all will be well. I'm going into my Closet, to consider of some more things to enable me to give you the Pleasure of my Company at home, without making it too great a Misery to a yielding Wife. [*Exit Clarissa.*

*Flip.* Mirror of Goodness! Pattern to all Wives! well sure, Sir, you are the happiest of all Husbands.

*Gripe.* Yes—— and a miserable Dog for all that too, perhaps.

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*Flip.* Why what can you ask more, than this matchless Complaisance?

*Gripe.* I don't know what I can ask, and yet I'm not satisfy'd with what I have neither, the Devil mixes in it all, I think; Complaisant or Perverse, it feels just as't did.

*Flip.* Why, then your Uneasiness is only a Disease, Sir, perhaps a little Bleeding and Purging wou'd relieve you.

*Clar.* *Flippanta!*

[*Clarissa calls within.*

*Flip.* Madam calls. I come, Madam. Come, be merry, be merry, Sir, you have cause, take my word for't.

Poor Devil. [*Aside.*]

[*Exit Flip.*

*Gripe.* I don't know that, I don't know that: But this I do know, that an honest Man, who has marry'd a Jade, whether she's pleas'd to spend her time at home or abroad, had better have liv'd a Batchelor.

*Enter Brafs.*

*Brafs.* O, Sir, I'm mighty glad I have found you.

*Gripe.* Why, what's the matter, prithee?

*Brafs.* Can no body hear us?

*Gripe.* No, no, speak quickly.

*Brafs.* You han't seen *Araminta*, since the last Letter I carry'd her from you?

*Gripe.* Not I, I go prudently; I don't press things like your young Firebrand Lovers.

*Brafs.* But seriously, Sir, are you very much in love with her?

*Gripe.* As mortal Man has been.

*Brafs.* I'm sorry for't.

*Gripe.* Why so, dear *Brafs*?

*Brafs.* If you were never to see her more now? Suppose such a thing, d'you think 'twou'd break your Heart?

*Gripe.* Oh!

*Brafs.* Nay, now I see you love her; wou'd you did not.

*Gripe.* My dear Friend.

*Brafs.* I'm in your Interest deep; you see it.

*Gripe.*

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*Gripe.* I do: but speak, what miserable Story hast thou for me?

*Brass.* I had rather the Devil had, ph——— flown away with you quick, than to see you so much in love, as I perceive you are, since———

*Gripe.* Since what?— ho.

*Brass.* *Araminta*, Sir——

*Gripe.* Dead?

*Brass.* No.

*Gripe.* How then?

*Brass.* Worse.

*Gripe.* Out with't.

*Brass.* Broke.

*Gripe.* Broke!

*Brass.* She is, poor Lady, in the most unfortunate Situation of Affairs. But I have said too much.

*Gripe.* No, no, 'tis very sad, but let's hear it.

*Brass.* Sir, she charg'd me, on my Life, never to mention it to you, of all Men living.

*Gripe.* Why, who shoud'st thou tell it to, but to the best of her Friends?

*Brass.* Ay, why there's it now, it's going just as I fancy'd. Now will I be hang'd if you are not enough in love to be engaging in this matter. But I must tell you, Sir, That as much concern as I have for that most excellent, beautiful, agreeable, distress'd, unfortunate Lady, I'm too much your Friend and Servant, ever to let it be said, 'twas the means of your being ruin'd for a Woman——— by letting you know, she esteem'd you more than any other Man upon Earth.

*Gripe.* Ruin'd! what dost thou mean?

*Brass.* Mean! Why I mean that Women always ruin those that love 'em, that's the Rule.

*Gripe.* The Rule!

*Brass.* Yes, the Rule; why, wou'd you have 'em ruin those that don't? How shall they bring that about?

*Gripe.* But is there a necessity then, they shou'd ruin somebody?

*Brass.*

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*Brass.* Yes, marry is there ; how wou'd you have 'em support their Expence else? Why, Sir, you can't conceive now—— you can't conceive what *Araminta's* Privy-Purse requires. Only her Privy-Purse, Sir! Why, what do you imagine now she gave me for the last Letter I carry'd her from you? 'Tis true, 'twas from a Man she lik'd, else, perhaps, I had had my Bones broke. But what do you think she gave me?

*Gripe.* Why, mayhap—— a Shilling.

*Brass.* A Guinea, Sir, a Guinea. You see by that how fond she was on't, by the by. But then, Sir, her Coach-hire, her Chair-hire, her Pin-Money, her Play-Money, her China, and her Charity—— wou'd consume Peers: A great Soul, a very great Soul; but what's the end of all this?

*Gripe.* Ha?

*Brass.* Why, I'll tell you what the end is—— a Nunnery.

*Gripe.* A Nunnery!

*Brass.* A Nunnery—— In short, she is at last reduc'd to that Extremity, and attack'd with such a Battalion of Duns, that rather than tell her Husband (who you know is such a Dog, he'd let her go if she did) she has e'en determin'd to turn Papist, and bid the World adieu for Life.

*Gripe.* O terrible! a Papist!

*Brass.* Yes, when a handsome Woman has brought her self into Difficulties, the Devil can't help her out of—— To a Nunnery, that's another Rule, Sir.

*Gripe.* But, but, but, prithee *Brass*, but——

*Brass.* But all the buts in the World, Sir, won't stop her; she's a Woman of a noble Resolution. So, Sir, your humble Servant; I pity her, I pity you, Turtle and Mate; but the Fates will have it so, all's packt up, and I am now going to call her a Coach, for she resolves to slip off without saying a word; and the next Visit she receives from her Friends, will be through a melancholy Gate, with a Veil instead of a Top-knot.

[*Going.*

*Gripe.*

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*Gripe.* It must not be, by the Powers it must not; she was made for the World, and the World was made for her.

*Brass.* And yet you see, Sir, how small a share she has on't.

*Gripe.* Poor Woman! Is there no way to save her?

*Brass.* Save her! No, how can she be sav'd? Why she owes above five hundred Pound.

*Gripe.* Oh!

*Brass.* Five hundred Pound, Sir, she's like to be sav'd indeed. ——— Not but that I know them in this Town wou'd give me one of the five, if I wou'd persuade her to accept of t'other four: But she has forbid me mentioning it to any Soul living; and I have disobey'd her only to you; and so——I'll go and call a Coach.

*Gripe.* Hold—— dost think, my poor *Brass*, one might not order it so, as to compound those Debts for—— for—— twelve Pence in the Pound?

*Brass.* Sir, d'ye hear? I have already try'd 'em with ten Shillings, and not a Rogue will prick up his Ear at it. Tho after all, for three hundred Pounds all in glittering Gold, I cou'd set their Chaps a watering. But where's that to be had with Honour? there's the thing, Sir—— I'll go and call a Coach.

*Gripe.* Hold, once more: I have a Note in my Closet of two hundred, ay—— and fifty, I'll go and give it her my self.

*Brass.* You will! very genteel truly. Go, flap dash, and offer a Woman of her Scruples, Money! bolt in her Face: why, you might as well offer her a Scorpion, and she'd as-foon touch it.

*Gripe.* Shall I carry it to her Creditors then, and treat with them?

*Brass.* Ay, that's a rare Thought.

*Gripe.* Is not it, *Brass*?

*Brass.* Only one little Inconvenience by the way.

*Gripe.* As how?

*Brass.* That they are your Wife's Creditors as well as hers; and perhaps it might not be altogether so well to see

see you clearing the Debts of your Neighbour's Wife, and leaving those of your own unpaid.

*Gripe.* Why that's true now.

*Brass.* I'm wise you see, Sir.

*Gripe.* Thou art ; and I'm but a young Lover : But what shall we do then ?

*Brass.* Why I'm thinking, that if you give me the Note, do you see ; and that I promise to give you an account of it——

*Gripe.* Ay, but look you, *Brass*——

*Brass.* But look you !—— Why what, d'ye think I'm a Pick-pocket ? D'ye think I intend to run away with your Note ? your paltry Note.

*Gripe.* I don't say so—— I say only that in case——

*Brass.* Case, Sir ! there's no Case but the Case I have put you ; and since you heap Cases upon Cases, where there is but three hundred rascally Pounds in the Case—— I'll go and call a Coach.

*Gripe.* Prithee don't be so testy ; come, no more words, follow me to my Closet, and I'll give thee the Money.

*Brass.* A terrible Effort you make indeed ; you are so much in love, your Wits are all upon the wing, just a going ; and for three hundred Pounds you put a stop to their flight : Sir, your Wits are worth that, or your Wits are worth nothing. Come away.

*Gripe.* Well, say no more, thou shalt be satisfy'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Dick.*

*Dick.* S't—— *Brass!* S't——

*Re-enter Brass.*

*Brass.* Well, Sir !

*Dick.* 'Tis not well, Sir, 'tis very ill, Sir ; we shall be all blown up.

*Brass.* What, with Pride and Plenty ?

*Dick.* No, Sir, with an officious Slut that will spoil all. In short, *Flippanta* has been telling her Mistress and *Araminta*, of my Passion for the young Gentlewoman ; and truly to oblige me (suppos'd no ill Match by the by they are resolv'd to propose it immediately to her Father.

*Brass.*

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*Brass.* That's the Devil! We shall come to Papers and Parchments, Jointures and Settlements, Relations meet on both sides; that's the Devil.

*Dick.* I intended this very day to propose to *Flippanta*, the carrying her off: And I'm sure the young Housewife wou'd have tuck'd up her Coats and have march'd.

*Brass.* Ay, with the Body and the Soul of her.

*Dick.* Why then what damn'd Luck is this?

*Brass.* 'Tis your damn'd Luck, not mine: I have always seen it in your ugly Phiz, in spite of your powder'd Perriwig—— Pox take ye—— he'll be hang'd at last. Why don't you try to get her off yet?

*Dick.* I have no Money, you Dog; you know you have stript me of every Penny.

*Brass.* Come, damn it, I'll venture one Cargo more upon your rotten Bottom: But if ever I see one glance of your hempen Fortune again, I'm off of your Partnership for ever—— I shall never thrive with him.

*Dick.* An impudent Rogue, but he's in possession of my Estate, so I must bear with him. [*Aside.*

*Brass.* Well, come, I'll raise a hundred Pounds for your use, upon my Wife's Jewels here; [*Pulling out the Necklace*] her Necklace shall pawn for't.

*Dick.* Remember tho, that if things fail, I'm to have the Necklace again; you know you agreed to that.

*Brass.* Yes, and if I make it good, you'll be the better for't; if not, I shall; so you see where the Cause will pinch.

*Dick.* Why, you barbarous Dog, you won't offer to——

*Brass.* No words now; about your Business, march. Go stay for me at the next Tavern: I'll go to *Flippanta*, and try what I can do for you.

*Dick.* Well, I'll go, but don't think to—— O Pox, Sir—— [*Exit Dick.*

*Brass* solus.

*Brass.* Will you be gone? a pretty Title you'd have to sue me upon truly, if I shou'd have a mind to stand



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stand upon the Defensive, as perhaps I may, I have done the Rascal Service enough to lull my Conscience upon't I'm sure : But 'tis time enough for that. Let me see—— First I'll go to *Flippanta*, and put a stop to this Family way of Match-making, then sell our Necklace for what ready Money 'twill produce ; and by this time to-morrow I hope we shall be in possession of—— t'other Jewel here ; a precious Jewel, as she's set in Gold : I believe for the Stone it self we may part with't again to a Friend—— for a Tester. [Exit.



A C T V.

SCENE, *Gripe's House.*

*Enter Brags and Flippanta.*

*Brags.* WELL you agree I'm in the right, don't you ?

*Flip.* I don't know, if your Master has the Estate he talks of, why not do't all above-board ? Well, tho I am not much of his mind, I'm much in his Interest, and will therefore endeavour to serve him in his own way.

*Brags.* That's kindly said, my Child, and I believe I shall reward thee one of these Days, with as pretty a Fellow to thy Husband for't, as——

*Flip.* Hold your prating, Jackadandy, and leave me to my Business.

*Brags.* I obey—— adieu. [Kisses her.] [Exit Brags.

*Flip.* Rascal !

*Enter Corinna.*

*Cor.* Ah, *Flippanta*, I'm ready to sink down, my Legs tremble under me, my dear *Flippy*.

*Flip.* And what's the Affair ?

*Cor.* My Father's there within, with my Mother and *Araminta* ; I never saw him in so good a Humour in my Life.

*Flip.*

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*Flip.* And is that it that frightens you so?

*Cor.* Ah, *Flippanta*, they are just going to speak to him, about my marrying the Colonel.

*Flip.* Are they so? so much the worse; they're too hasty.

*Cor.* O no, not a bit, I slipt out on purpose, you must know, to give 'em an opportunity; wou'd 'twere done already.

*Flip.* I tell you no; get you in again immediately, and prevent it.

*Cor.* My Dear, Dear, I am not able; I never was in such a way before.

*Flip.* Never in a way to be marry'd before, ha? is not that it?

*Cor.* Ah, Lord, if I'm thus before I come to't, *Flippanta*, what shall I be upon the very spot? Do but feel with what a thumpaty thump it goes.

[*Putting her Hand to her Heart.*]

*Flip.* Nay, it does make a filthy bustle, that's the truth on't, Child. But I believe I shall make it leap another way, when I tell you, I'm cruelly afraid your Father won't consent, after all.

*Cor.* Why, he won't be the Death o'me, will he?

*Flip.* I don't know, old Folks are cruel; but we'll have a Trick for him, *Brass* and I have been consulting upon the Matter, and agreed upon a surer way of doing it in spite of his Teeth.

*Cor.* Ay, marry, Sir, that were something.

*Flip.* But then he must not know a word of any thing towards it.

*Cor.* No, no.

*Flip.* So, get you in immediately.

*Cor.* One, two, three and away. [Running off.]

*Flip.* And prevent your Mother's speaking on't.

*Cor.* But 'tis t'other way sure, *Flippanta*?

*Flip.* Fear nothing, 'twill only depend upon you.

*Cor.* Nay then— O ho, ho, ho, how pure that is.

[Exit *Corinna*.]

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*Flippanta sola.*

Poor Child! we may do what we will with her, as far as marrying her goes: when that's over, 'tis possible she may'nt prove altogether so tractable. But who's here? my Sharper, I think: Yes.

*Enter Moneytrap.*

*Mon.* Well, my best Friend, how go matters? Has the Restitution been receiv'd, ha? Was she pleas'd with it?

*Flip.* Yes, truly, that is, she was pleas'd to see there was so honest a Man in this immoral Age.

*Mon.* Well, but a—— does she know that 'twas I that——

*Flip.* Why, you must know I begun to give her a little sort of a hint, and—— and so—— why, and so she begun to put on a sort of a severe, haughty, reserv'd, angry, forgiving Air, but soft. Here she comes: You'll see how you stand with her presently: But don't be afraid, Courage.

*Mon.* He, hem.

*Enter Clarissa.*

'Tis no small piece of good Fortune, Madam, to find you at home: I have often endeavour'd it in vain.

*Clar.* 'Twas then unknown to me, for if I cou'd often receive the Visits of so good a Friend at home, I shou'd be more reasonably blam'd for being so much abroad.

*Mon.* Madam, you make me——

*Clar.* You are the Man of the World whose Company I think is most to be desir'd. I don't compliment you when I tell you so, I assure you.

*Mon.* Alas, Madam, your poor humble Servant——

*Clar.* My poor humble Servant however (with all the esteem I have for him) stands suspected with me for a vile Trick, I doubt he has play'd me, which if I could prove upon him, I'm afraid I shou'd punish him very severely.

*Mon.* I hope, Madam, you'll believe I am not capable of——

*Clar.* Look you, look you, you are capable of whatever you please, you have a great deal of Wit, and know  
how

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how to give a nice and gallant turn to every thing ; but if you will have me continue your Friend, you must leave me in some uncertainty in this Matter.

*Mon.* Madam, I do then protest to you——

*Clar.* Come, protest nothing about it, I am but too penetrating, as you may perceive ; but we sometimes shut our Eyes, rather than break with our Friends ; for a thorough knowledge of the truth of this Business, wou'd make me very seriously angry.

*Mon.* 'Tis very certain, Madam, that ——

*Clar.* Come, say no more on't, I beseech you, for I'm in a good deal of heat while I but think on't ; if you'll walk in, I'll follow you presently.

*Mon.* Your Goodness, Madam, is——

*Flip.* War, Horse. [*Aside to Moneytrap.*  
No fine Speeches, you'll spoil all.

*Mon.* Thou art a most incomparable Person.

*Flip.* Nay, it goes rarely, but get you in, and I'll say a little something to my Lady for you, while she's warm.

*Mon.* But S't, *Flippanta*, how long do'tt think she may hold out ?

*Flip.* Phu, not a Twelvemonth.

*Mon.* Boo.

*Flip.* Away, I say. [*Pushing him out.*

*Clar.* Is he gone ? What a Wretch it is ? he never was quite such a Beast before.

*Flip.* Poor Mortal, his Money's finely laid out truly.

*Clar.* I suppose there may have been much such another Scene within between *Araminta* and my Dear : But I left him so insupportably brisk, 'tis impossible he can have parted with any Money : I'm afraid *Brass* has not succeeded as thou hast done, *Flippanta*.

*Flip.* By my Faith but he has, and better too ; he presents his humble Duty to *Araminta*, and has sent her —— this. [*Shewing the Note.*

*Clar.* A Bill from my Love for two hundred and fifty Pounds. The Monster ! he wou'd not part with ten to save his lawful Wife from everlasting Torment.

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*Flip.* Never complain of his Avarice, Madam, as long as you have his Money.

*Clar.* But is not he a Beast, *Flippanta*? methinks the Restitution look'd better by half.

*Flip.* Madam, the Man's Beast enough, that's certain; but which way will you go to receive his beastly Money, for I must not appear with his Note?

*Clar.* That's true; why send for Mrs. *Amlet*; that's a mighty useful Woman, that Mrs. *Amlet*.

*Flip.* Marry is she; we shou'd have been basely puzzled how to dispose of the Necklace without her, 'twou'd have been dangerous offering it to Sale.

*Clar.* It wou'd so, for I know your Master has been layin' out for't amongst the Goldsmiths. But I stay here too long, I must in and coquet it a little more to my Lover, *Araminta* will get Ground on me else.

[Exit Clarissa.]

*Flip.* And I'll go send for Mrs. *Amlet*.

[Exit Flippanta.]

SCENE opens.

*Araminta, Corinna, Gripe, and Moneytrap at a Tea-Table, very gay and laughing. Clarissa comes in to 'em.*

*Omnes.* Ha! ha! ha! ha!

*Mon.* Mighty well, O mighty well indeed!

*Clar.* Save you, save you good Folks, you are all in rare Humour methinks.

*Gripe.* Why, what shou'd we be otherwise for, Madam?

*Clar.* Nay. I don't know, not I, my Dear, but I han't had the happiness of seeing you so since our Honey-Moon was over, I think.

*Gripe.* Why to tell you the truth, my Dear, 'tis the Joy of seeing you at home; [Kisses her.] You see what Charms you have, when you are pleas'd to make use of 'em.

*Aram.* Very gallant truly.

*Clar.*

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*Clar.* Nay, and what's more, you must know, he's never to be otherwise henceforwards; we have come to an agreement about it.

*Mon.* Why, here's my Love and I have been upon just such another Treaty too.

*Aram.* Well, sure there's some very peaceful Star rules at present. Pray Heaven continue its Reign.

*Mon.* Pray do you continue its Reign, you Ladies; for 'tis all in your power. [*Leaving at Clarissa.*]

*Gripe.* My Neighbour *Moneytrap* says true, at least I'll confess frankly [*Ogling Araminta*] 'tis in one Lady's power to make me the best-humour'd Man on Earth.

*Mon.* And I'll answer for another, that has the same over me. [*Ogling Clarissa.*]

*Clar.* 'Tis mighty fine, Gentlemen, mighty civil Husbands indeed.

*Gripe.* Nay, what I say's true, and so true, that all Quarrels being now at an end, I am willing if you please, to dispense with all that fine Company we talk'd of to-day, be content with the friendly Conversation of our two good Neighbours here, and spend all my toying Hours alone with my sweet Wife.

*Mon.* Why, truly, I think now, if these good Women pleas'd, we might make up the prettiest little neighbourly Company, between our two Families, and set a defiance to all the impertinent People in the World.

*Clar.* The Rascals! [*Aside.*]

*Aram.* Indeed I doubt you'd soon grow weary if we grew fond.

*Gripe.* Never, never, for our Wives have Wit, Neighbour, and that never palls.

*Clar.* And our Husbands have Generosity, *Araminta*, and that seldom palls.

*Gripe.* So, that's a wiper for me now, because I did not give her a New-year's-Gift last time; but be good, and I'll think of some Tea-Cups for you, next Year.

*Mon.* And perhaps I mayn't forget a Fan, or as good a thing—— hum, Hussy?

*Clar.* Well, upon these Encouragements, *Araminta*, we'll try how good we can be.

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*Gripe.* Well, this goes most rarely: Poor *Moneytrap*, he little thinks what makes his Wife so easy in his Company. [*Aside.*]

*Mon.* I can but pity poor Neighbour *Gripe*, Lard, Lard, what a Fool does his Wife and I make of him? [*Aside.*]

*Clar.* Are not these two wretched Rogues, *Araminta*? [*Aside to Araminta.*]

*Aram.* They are indeed. [*Aside to Clarissa.*]

*Enter Jeffamin.*

*Jess.* Sir, Here's Mr. *Clip* the Goldsmith desires to speak with you.

*Gripe.* Cods so, perhaps some News of your Necklace, my Dear.

*Clar.* That wou'd be News indeed.

*Gripe.* Let him come in.

*Enter Mr. Clip.*

*Gripe.* Mr. *Clip* your Servant, I'm glad to see you: How do you do?

*Clip.* At your Service, Sir, very well. Your Servant, Madam *Gripe*.

*Clar.* Horrid Fellow! [*Aside.*]

*Gripe.* Well, Mr. *Clip*, no News yet of my Wife's Necklace?

*Clip.* If you please to let me speak with you in the next Room, I have something to say to you.

*Gripe.* Ay, with all my heart. Shut the Door after [*They come forward, and the Scene shuts behind them.*]  
Well, any News?

*Clip.* Look you, Sir, here's a Necklace brought me to sell, at least very like that you describ'd to me.

*Gripe.* Let's see't—*Victoria*, the very same. Ah my dear Mr. *Clip*— [*Kisses him.*] But who brought it you? you shou'd have seiz'd him.

*Clip.* 'Twas a young Fellow that I know: I can't tell whether he may be guilty, tho it's like enough. But he has only left it me now, to shew a Brother of our Trade, and will call upon me again presently.

*Gripe.* Wheedle him hither, dear Mr. *Clip*. Here's my Neighbour *Moneytrap* in the House; he's a Justice, and will commit him presently. [*Clip.*]

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*Clip.* 'Tis enough.

*Enter Brafs.*

*Gripe.* O, my Friend *Brafs* !

*Brafs.* Hold, Sir, I think that's a Gentleman I'm looking for. Mr. *Clip*, O your Servant ; What, are you acquainted here ? I have just been at your Shop.

*Clip.* I only stept here to shew Mr. *Gripe* the Necklace you left.

*Brafs.* Why, Sir, do you understand Jewels ? [*To Gripe.*] I thought you had dealt only in Gold. But I smook the Matter, hark you—— a word in your Ear—— you are going to play the Gallant again, and make a Purchase on't for *Araminta* ; ha, ha ?

*Gripe.* Where had you the Necklace ?

*Brafs.* Look you, don't trouble your self about that ; it's in Commission with me, and I can help you to a Pennyworth on't.

*Gripe.* A Pennyworth on't, Villain ? [*Strikes at him.*]

*Brafs.* Villain ! a hey, a hey. Is't you or me, Mr. *Clip*, he's pleas'd to compliment ?

*Clip.* What do you think on't, Sir ?

*Grafs.* Think on't, now the Devil fetch me if I know what to think on't.

*Gripe.* You'll sell a Pennyworth, Rogue ! of a thing you have stoln from me.

*Grafs.* Stoln ! pray, Sir—— what Wine have you drank to-day ? It has a very merry effect upon you.

*Gripe.* You Villain ; either give me an account how you stole it, or——

*Grafs.* O ho, Sir, if you please, don't carry your Jest too far, I don't understand hard words, I give you warning on't : If you han't a mind to buy the Necklace, you may let it alone, I know how to dispose on't. What a Pox !——

*Gripe.* O, you shan't have that trouble, Sir. Dear Mr. *Clip*, you may leave the Necklace here. I'll call at your Shop, and thank you for your Care.

*Clip.* Sir, your humble Servant.

[*Going.*]

*Grafs.* O ho, Mr. *Clip*, if you please, Sir, this won't do, [*Stopping him.*] I don't understand Raillery in such Matters.



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*Clip.* I leave it with Mr. *Gripe*, do you and he dispute it. [*Exit Clip.*

*Brass.* Ay, but 'tis from you, by your leave, Sir, that I expect it. [*Going after him.*

*Gripe.* You expect, you Rogue, to make your escape, do you? But I have other Accounts besides this, to make up with you. To be sure the Dog has cheated me of two hundred and fifty Pound. Come, Villain, give me an Account of——

*Brass.* Account of!—— Sir, give me an Account of my Necklace; or I'll make such a Noise in your House, I'll raise the Devil in't.

*Gripe.* Well said, Courage.

*Brass.* Blood and Thunder, give it me, or——

*Gripe.* Come, hush, be wise, and I'll make no noise of this Affair.

*Brass.* You'll make no Noise! But I'll make a Noise, and a damn'd Noise too. O, don't think to——

*Gripe.* I tell thee I will not hang thee.

*Brass.* But I tell you I will hang you, if you don't give me my Necklace. I will, rot me.

*Gripe.* Speak softly, be wise; how came it thine? who gave it thee?

*Brass.* A Gentleman, a Friend of mine.

*Gripe.* What's his Name?

*Brass.* His Name!—— I'm in such a Passion I have forgot it.

*Gripe.* Ah, brazen Rogue—— thou hast stole it from my Wife; 'tis the same she lost six Weeks ago.

*Brass.* This has not been in *England* a Month.

*Gripe.* You are a Son of a Whore.

*Brass.* Give me my Necklace.

*Gripe.* Give me my two hundred and fifty Pound Note.

*Brass.* Yet I offer Peace: one word without Passion: The Case stands thus, Either I'm out of my Wits, or you are out of yours: Now 'tis plain I am not out of my Wits, *Ergo*——

*Gripe.* My Bill, Hang-Dog, or I'll strangle thee.

[*They struggle.*

*Brass.*

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*Brafs.* Murder, Murder!

*Enter Clarissa, Araminta, Corinna, Flippanta,  
and Moneytrap.*

*Flip.* What's the matter? What's the matter here?

*Gripe.* I'll matter him.

*Clar.* Who makes thee cry out thus, poor *Brafs*?

*Brafs.* Why, your Husband, Madam, he's in his Altitudes here.

*Gripe.* Robber.

*Brafs.* Here, he has cheated me of a Diamond Neck-lace.

*Cor.* Who, Papa? Ah dear me.

*Clar.* Prithce what's the meaning of this great Emotion, my Dear?

*Gripe.* The meaning is that—— I'm quite out of breath—— this Son of a Whore has got your Neck-lace, that's all.

*Clar.* My Necklace!

*Gripe.* That Birdlime there—— stole it.

*Clar.* Impossible!

*Brafs.* Madam, you see Master's a little—— touch'd, that's all. Twenty Ounces of Blood let loose, wou'd set all right again.

*Gripe.* Here call a Constable presently. Neighbour *Moneytrap*, you'll commit him.

*Brafs.* D'ye hear? d'ye hear? See how wild he looks; how his Eyes roll in his Head: tye him down, or he'll do some mischief or other.

*Gripe.* Let me come at him.

*Clar.* Hold—— prithce, my Dear, reduce things to a little Temperance, and let us coolly into the Secret of this disagreeable Rupture.

*Gripe.* Well then, without Passion: Why, you must know, (but I'll have him hang'd) you must know that he came to Mr. *Clip*, to Mr. *Clip* the Dog did—— with a Necklace to sell; so Mr. *Clip* having notice before that, (can you deny this, Sirrah?) that you had lost yours, brings it to me. Look at it here, do you know it again? Ah you Traytor.

[To *Brafs*.

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*Brass.* He makes me mad, here's an appearance of something now to the Company, and yet nothing in't in the bottom.

*Enter Constable.*

*Clar.* *Flippanta!* [*Aside to Flippanta, shewing the Necklace.*]

*Flip.* 'Tis it, Faith; here's some Mystery in this, we must look about us.

*Clar.* The safest way is point blank to disown the Necklace.

*Flip.* Right, stick to that.

*Gripe.* Well, Madam, do you know your old Acquaintance, ha?

*Clar.* Why, truly, my Dear, tho (as you may all imagine) I shou'd be very glad to recover so valuable a thing as my Necklace, yet I must be just to all the World, this Necklace is not mine.

*Brass.* Huzza—— here Constable, do your Duty; Mr. Justice, I demand my Necklace, and Satisfaction of him.

*Gripe.* I'll die before I part with it, I'll keep it, and have him hang'd.

*Clar.* But be a little calm, my Dear, do my Bird, and then thou'lt be able to judge rightly of things.

*Gripe.* O good lack, O good lack.

*Clar.* No, but don't give way to Fury and Interest both, either of 'em are Passions strong enough to lead a wise Man out of the way. The Necklace not being really mine, give it the Man again, and come drink a Dish of Tea.

*Brass.* Ay, Madam says right.

*Gripe.* Oons, if you with your addle Head don't know your own Jewels, I with my solid one do. And if I part with it, may Famine be my Portion.

*Clar.* But don't swear and curse thy self at this fearful rate; don't, my Dove: Be temperate in your Words, and just in all your Actions, 'twill bring a Blessing upon you and your Family.

*Gripe.* Bring Thunder and Lightning upon me and my Family, if I part with my Necklace.

*Clar.*

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*Clar.* Why you'll have the Lightning burn your House about your ears, my Dear, if you go on in these Practices.

*Mon.* A most excellent Woman this! [Aside.

*Enter Mrs. Amlet.*

*Gripe.* I'll keep my Necklace.

*Brass.* Will you so? Then here comes one has a Title to it if I han't; let *Dick* bring himself off with her as he can. *Mrs. Amlet*, you are come in a very good time, you lost a Necklace t'other day, and who do you think has got it?

*Aml.* Marry that I know not, I wish I did.

*Brass.* Why then here's Mr. *Gripe* has it, and swears 'tis his Wife's.

*Gripe.* And so I do, Sirrah—— look here, Mistress, do you pretend this is yours?

*Aml.* Not for the round World I wou'd not say it; I only kept it, to do Madam a small Courtesy, that's all.

*Clar.* Ah, *Flippanta*, all will out now.

[Aside to Flip.

*Gripe.* Courtesy! what Courtesy?

*Aml.* A little Money only that Madam had present need of, please to pay me that, and I demand no more.

*Brass.* So here's fresh Game, I have started a new Hare, I find. [Aside.

*Gripe.* How, Forsooth, is this true? [To Clarissa.

*Clar.* You are in a Humour at present, Love, to believe any thing, so I won't take the pains to contradict it.

*Brass.* This damn'd Necklace will spoil all our Affairs, this is *Dick*'s luck again. [Aside.

*Gripe.* Are you not asham'd of these ways? Do you see how you are expos'd before your best Friends here? don't you blush at it?

*Clar.* I do blush, my Dear, but 'tis for you, that here it shou'd appear to the World, you keep me so bare of Money, I am forc'd to pawn my Jewels.

*Gripe.* Impudent Housewife!

[Raising his Hand to strike her.  
*Clar.*

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*Clar.* Softly, Chicken, you might have prevented all this, by giving me the two hundred and fifty Pound, you sent to *Araminta* e'en now.

*Brafs.* You see, Sir, I deliver'd your Note: How I have been abus'd to-day!

*Gripe.* I'm betray'd— Jades on both sides, I see that. [*Aside.*

*Mon.* But, Madam, Madam, is this true I hear? Have you taken a Present of two hundred and fifty Pound? Pray what were you to return for these Pounds Madam, ha?

*Aram.* Nothing, my Dear, I only took 'em to reimburse you of about the same Sum you sent to *Clarissa*.

*Mon.* Hum, hum, hum.

*Gripe.* How, Gentlewoman, did you receive Money from him?

*Clar.* O, my Dear, 'twas only in Jest, I knew you'd give it again to his Wife.

*Aml.* But amongst all this *Tintamar*, I don't hear a word of my hundred Pounds. Is it Madam will pay me, or Master?

*Gripe.* I pay? The Devil shall pay.

*Clar.* Look you, my Dear, Malice apart, pay Mrs. *Amlet* her Money, and I'll forgive you the Wrong; you intended my Bed with *Araminta*: Am not I a good Wife now?

*Gripe.* I burst with Rage, and will get rid of this Noose, tho I tuck my self up in another.

*Mon.* Nay, pray, e'en tuck me up with you.

[*Exit Mon. and Gripe.*

*Clar. & Aram.* B'y, Dearies.

*Enter Dick.*

*Cor.* Look, look, *Flippanta*, here's the Colonel come at last.

*Dick.* Ladies, I ask your pardon, I have stay'd so long, but—

*Aml.* Ah Rogue's Face, have I got thee, old Good-for-nought? Sirrah, Sirrah, do you think to amuse me with your Marriages, and your great Fortunes? Thou hast

*The CONFEDERACY.* 85

hast play'd me a rare prank, by my Conscience. Why you ungracious Rascal, what do you think will be the end of all this? Now Heaven forgive me, but I have a great mind to hang thee for't.

*Cor.* She talks to him very familiarly, *Flippanta.*

*Flip.* So methinks, by my Faith.

*Brass.* Now the Rogue's Star is making an end of him. [ *Aside.*

*Dick.* What shall I do with her? [ *Aside.*

*Aml.* Do but look at him, my Dames, he has the Countenance of a Cherubim, but he's a Rogue in his Heart.

*Clar.* What is the meaning of all this, Mrs. *Amlet*?

*Aml.* The meaning, good lack! Why this all-to-be-powder'd Rascal here, is my Son, an't please you; ha, Graceless? Now I'll make you own your Mother, Vermine.

*Clar.* What the Colonel your Son?

*Aml.* 'Tis *Dick*, Madam, that Rogue *Dick*, I have so often told you of, with Tears trickling down my old Cheeks.

*Aram.* The Woman's mad, it can never be.

*Aml.* Speak, Rogue, am I not thy Mother, ha? Did I not bring thee forth? say then.

*Dick.* What will you have me say? you had a mind to ruin me, and you have done't; wou'd you do any more?

*Clar.* Then, Sir, you are Son to good Mrs. *Amlet*?

*Aram.* And have had the Assurance to put upon us all this while?

*Flip.* And the Confidence to think of marrying *Corinna*?

*Brass.* And the Impudence to hire me for your Servant, who am as well born as your self.

*Clar.* Indeed I think he shou'd be corrected.

*Aram.* Indeed I think he deserves to be cudgell'd.

*Flip.* Indeed I think he might be pumpt.

*Brass.* Indeed I think he will be hang'd.

*Aml.* Good lack a day, Good lack a day! there's no need to be so smart upon him neither: If he is not

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a Gentleman, he's a Gentleman's Fellow. Come hither, *Dick*, they shan't run thee down neither; Cock up thy Hat *Dick*, and tell 'em, tho *Mrs. Amlet* is thy Mother, she can make thee amends, with 10000 good Pounds to buy thee some Lands, and build thee a House in the midst on't.

*Omnes.* How!

*Clar.* Ten thousand Pounds, *Mrs. Amlet*?

*Aml.* Yes forsooth; tho I shou'd lose the hundred, you pawn'd your Necklace for. Tell 'em of that, *Dick*.

*Cor.* Look you, *Flippanta*, I can hold no longer, and I hate to see the young Man abus'd. And so, Sir, if you please, I'm your Friend and Servant, and what's mine is yours; and when our Estates are put together, I don't doubt but we shall do as well as the best of 'em.

*Dick.* Say'st thou so, my little Queen? Why then if dear Mother will give us her Blessing, the Parson shall give us a Tack. We'll get her a score of Grandchildren, and a merry House we'll make her.

[*They kneel to Mrs. Amlet.*

*Aml.* Ah—— ha, ha, ha, ha, the pretty Pair, the pretty Pair, rise my Chickens, rise, rise and face the proudest of them. And if Madam does not deign to give her Consent, a Fig for her, *Dick*—— Why how now?

*Clar.* Pray, *Mrs. Amlet*, don't be in a Passion, the Girl is my Husband's Girl, and if you can have his Consent, upon my word you shall have mine, for any thing belongs to him.

*Flip.* Then all's Peace again, but we have been more lucky than wife.

*Aram.* And I suppose, for us, *Clarissa*, we are to go on with our Dears, as we us'd to do.

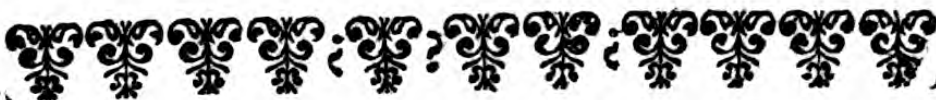
*Clar.* Just in the same Tract, for this late Treaty of Agreement with 'em, was so unnatural, you see it cou'd not hold. But 'tis just as well with us, as if it had. Well, 'tis a strange Fate, good Folks. But while you live, every thing gets well out of a Broil, but a Husband.

THE



THE  
FALSE FRIEND:  
A  
COMEDY;

As it is Acted at the  
Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*.





THE GREAT BRITAIN

W. C. BELLON

1881



# P R O L O G U E;

Spoken by Capt. Griffin.

**Y**OU dread Reformers of an impious Age,  
You awful Cat-a-nine-Tails to the Stage,  
This once be just, and in our Cause engage.  
To gain your Favour, we your Rules obey,  
And treat you with a moral Piece to-day;  
So moral, we're afraid 'twill damn the Play.  
For tho' y'ave long been leagu'd (as People tell)  
T' reduce the Power exarbitant of Hell;  
No Troops you send, t' abate it in this Field,  
But leave us still expos'd, to starve or yield.  
Your Scouts indeed sometimes come stealing in,  
T' observe this formidable Camp of Sin,  
And whisper, if we'll piously declare,  
What Aids you then will send to help us thro' the War.  
To this we answer, We're a feeble State,  
And cannot well afford to love or hate,  
So shou'd not meddle much in your Debate.  
But since your Cause is good, thus far we'll go,  
When Portugal declares, we'll do so too.  
Our Cases, as we think, are much alike,  
And on the same Conditions we shou'd strike;  
Send to their Aid a hundred Men of War,  
To ours a hundred Squadrons of the Fair;  
Rig out your Wives and Daughters all around,  
(I mean wh'are fit for Service, tight and sound)

And

*And for a Proof our Meaning is sincere,  
See but the Ships are good, and if you fear  
A Want of Equipage, we'll man them here.*

*These are the Terms, on which you may engage  
The Poet's Fire, to batter from the Stage.*

*Useful Ally! whose Friendship lets you in  
Upon the weak and naked Side of Sin;*

*Against your old Attack, the Foe's prepar'd,  
Well fortify'd, and always on his Guard;*

*The sacred Shot you send are flung in vain;*

*By impious Hands, with insolent Disdain,  
They're gather'd up, and fir'd at you again.*

*Thro baffled Toils, and unsuccessful Cares,*

*In Slaughter, Blood, and Wounds, and pious Snares,  
I've made a Flanders War these fifteen hundred Years.*

*Change then your Scheme, if you'll your Foe annoy,*

*And the infernal Bajazet destroy:*

*Our Aid accept,*

*We've gentler Stratagems which may succeed;*

*We'll tickle 'em, where you wou'd make 'em bleed:*

*In Sounds less harsh we'll teach 'em to obey;*

*In softer Strains the evil Spirit lay,*

*And steal their Immorality away.*





# EPILOGUE;

Spoke by Mrs. Oldfield.



*HAT say you, Sirs, d'ye think my Lady'll  
scape,  
'Tis dev'lish hard to stand a Fav'rite's Rape?  
Shou'd Guzman, like Don John, break in upon  
her,*

*For all her Virtue, Heaven! have mercy on her:  
Her Strength, I doubt, 's in his Irresolution,  
There's wondrous Charms in vig'rous Execution.  
Indeed you Men are Fools, you won't believe  
What dreadful things we Women can forgive:  
I know but one we never do pass by,  
And that you plague us with eternally;  
When in your courtly Fears, to disoblige,  
You won't attack the Town which you besiege:  
Your Guns are light, and planted out of reach,  
D' ye think with Billetdoux to make a Breach?  
'Tis Small-Shot all, and not a Stone will fly,  
Walls fall by Cannon, and by firing nigh:  
In sluggish dull Blockades you keep the Field,  
And starve us e'er we can with Honour yield.  
In short——  
We can't receive those Terms you gently tender,  
But storm, and we can answer our Surrender.*

Dramatis

## Dramatis Personæ.

### M E N.

Don <i>Felix</i> , a Gentleman of <i>Valencia</i> .	Capt. <i>Griffin</i> .		
Don <i>Pedro</i> ,	} Lovers of <i>Leonora</i> ,	} Mr. <i>Wilks</i> .	
Don <i>Guzman</i> ,			Mr. <i>Mills</i> .
Don <i>John</i> ,			Mr. <i>Cibber</i> .
<i>Lopez</i> , Servant to Don <i>John</i> .		Mr. <i>Pinkethman</i> .	
<i>Galindo</i> , Servant to Don <i>Guzman</i> .		Mr. <i>Bullack</i> .	

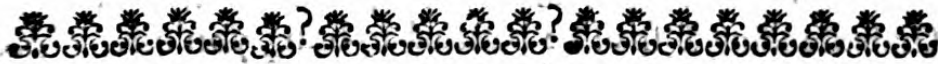
### W O M E N.

<i>Leonora</i> , Daughter to Don <i>Felix</i> .	Mrs. <i>Rogers</i> .
<i>Isabella</i> , her Friend, and Sister to <i>Guzman</i> .	} Mrs. <i>Kent</i> .
<i>Jacinta</i> , Woman to <i>Leonora</i> .	

SCENE at *Valencia*.



T H E  
F A L S E F R I E N D .



A C T I .

S C E N E , *Don John's Lodgings.*

*Enter Don John beating Lopez.*

*Lop.*



O L D, Sir, hold ; there's enough in all Conscience ; I'm reasonable, I ask no more ; I'm content.

*Don John.* Then there's double Content, you Dog, and a Brace of Contents more into the Bargain. Now is't well ? *[Striking again and again.*

*Lop.* O mighty well, Sir, you'll never mend it ; pray leave it as 'tis.

*Don John.* Look you, you Jackanapes, if ever I hear an Offer at your impertinent Advice again —

*Lop.* And why, Sir, will you stifle the most useful of my Qualifications ?

Don

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*Don John.* Either, Sirrah, I pass for a very great Blockhead with you, or you are pleas'd to reckon much upon my Patience.

*Lop.* Your Patience, Sir, indeed is great; I feel at this time forty Proofs on't upon my Shoulders: But really, Sir, I wou'd advise you to——

*Don John.* Again! I can bear thee no longer. Here, Pen and Ink, I'll give thee thy Discharge. Did I take you for a Valet, or a Privy-Counsellor, Sir?

*Lop.* 'Tis confess'd, Sir, you took me but for humble Employment; but my Intention was agreeably to surprize you with some superiour Gifts of Nature, to your faithful Slave. I profess, my noble Master, a most perfect Knowledge of Men and Manners. Yours, gracious Sir, (with all respect I speak it) are not irreprehensible. And I'm afraid in time, Sir, I am indeed, they'll riggle you into some ill-favour'd Affair, whence with all my Understanding I shall be puzzled to bring you off.

*Don John.* Very well, Sir.

*Lop.* And therefore, Sir, it is, that I (poor *Lopez* as I am) sometimes take leave to moralize.

*Don John.* Go, go, moralize in the Market-Place: I'm quite worn out. Once more, march.

*Lop.* Is the Sentence definitive?

*Don John.* Positive.

*Lop.* Then pray let us come to account, and see what Wages are due.

*Don John.* Wages! Refund what you have had, you Rascal you, for the plague you have given me.

*Lop.* Nay, if I must lose my Money, then let me claim another Right; Losers have leave to speak. Therefore advance my Tongue, and say thy Pleasure; tell this Master of mine, he shou'd die with shame at the Life he leads: so much unworthy of a Man of Honour: Tell him——

*Don John.* I'll hear no more.

*Lop.* You shall indeed, Sir.

*Don John.* Here, take thy Money, and be gone.

*Lop.* Counters all; adieu you glittering Spangles of the World; farewell ye Tempters of the Great; not me. Tell him——  
Don

Don John. Stay.

Lop. Go on; tell him he's worse among the Women than a Ferret among the Rabbits; at one and all, from the Princess to the Tripe-Woman; handsome, ugly, old Women and Children, all go down.

Don John. Very well.

Lop. It is indeed, Sir, and so are the Stories you tell them to bring them to your matters. The Handsome, she's all Divinity to be sure; the Ugly, she's so agreeable, were it not for her Virtue, she'd be over-run with Lovers; the light airy Flipflap, she kills him with her Motions; the dull heavy-tail'd Maukin melts him down with her Modesty; the scragged lean pale Face has a Shape for Destruction; the fat over-grown Sow has an Air of Importance; the tall aukward Trapes with her Majesty wounds; the little short Trundle-tail shoots a *Je-ne-sçay-quoy*: In a word, they have all something for him—and he has something for them all.

Don John. And thus, you Fool, by a general Attack, I keep my Heart my own; lie with them that like me, and care not six Pence for them that don't.

Lop. Well said, well said, a very pretty Amusement truly! But pray, Sir, by your leave (Ceremony aside) since you are pleas'd to clear up into Conversation, what mighty matters do you expect from boarding a Woman you know is already Heart and Soul engag'd to another?

Don John. Why I expect her Heart and Soul shou'd disengage in a Week. If you live a little longer with me, Sirrah, you'll know how to instruct your next Master to the purpose: And therefore that I may charitably equip you for a new Service, now I'm turning you out of my own, I'll let you know, that when a Woman loves a Man best, she's in the most hopeful way of betraying him; for Love, like Fortune, turns upon a Wheel, and is very much given to rising and falling.

Lop. Like enough: But as much upon the Weathercock as the Ladies are, there are some the Wind must blow hard to fetch them about: When such a sturdy Huffy



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Hussy falls in your Honour's way, what account may things turn to then, an't please ye?

*Don John.* They turn to a Bottle, you Puppy.

*Lop.* I find they'll always turn to something; but when you pursue a poor Woman only to make her Lover jealous, what pleasure can you take in that?

*Don John.* That Pleasure.

*Lop.* Look you there again.

*Don John.* Why, Sirrah, d'you think there's no Pleasure in spoiling their Sport, when I can't make my own.

*Lop.* O! to a good-natur'd Man, before there must; but suppose, instead of sending and proving with his Mistress, he shou'd come to—a—parrying and thrusting with you; what becomes of your Joy then, my noble Master?

*Don John.* Why do you think I'm afraid to fight, you Rascal?

*Lop.* I thought we were talking of what we lov'd, not what we fear'd, Sir.

*Don John.* Sir, I love every thing that leads to what I love most.

*Lop.* I know, Sir, you have often fought upon these Occasions.

*Don John.* Therefore that has been no stop to my Pleasures.

*Lop.* But you have never been kill'd once, Sir; and when that happens, you will for ever lose the pleasure of——

*Don John.* [*striking him.*] Breaking your Head, you Rascal, which will afflict me heartily. See who knocks so hard.      [*Knocking.*]

*Lop.* Somebody that thinks I can hear no better, than you think I can feel.

*Enter Don Guzman.*

*Don Guz.* *Don John de Alvarada*, is he here?

*Lop.* There's the Man. Shew me such another if you can find him.      [*Aside.*]

*Don Guz.* *Don John*, I desire to speak with you alone.

Do

Don John. You may speak before this Fellow, Sir; he's trusty.

Don Guz. 'Tis an Affair of Honour, Sir.

Don John. Withdraw, Lopez.

Lop. Behind the Door I will, and no farther. [*Aside.*] This Fellow looks as if he came to save me a broken Head.

[*Lop. retires.*]

Don Guz. I call my self Don *Guzman de Torrellas*, you know what Blood I spring from; I am a Cadet, and by consequence not rich; but I am esteem'd by Men of Honour: I have been forward to expose my self in Battels abroad, and I have met with Applause in our Feasts at home.

Lop. So much by way of Introduction. [*Aside.*]

Don John. I understand your Merit, Sir, and shou'd be glad to do as much by your Business.

Don Guz. Give attention, and you'll be instructed. I love *Leonora*, and from my Youth have done so. Long she rejected my Sighs, and despised my Tears, but my Constancy at last has vanquish'd. I have found the way to her Heart, and nothing is wanting to compleat my Joy, but the Consent of her Father, whom I cannot yet convince, that the Wants in my Fortune are recompens'd by the Merits of my Person.

Lop. He's a very dull Fellow indeed. [*Aside.*]

Don Guz. In the mean while the Object of my Vows is a Sharer in my Grief, and the only Cordial we have is the pleasure of a secret Conversation, thro a small Breach I have made in a thin Partition that divides our Lodgings. I trust you, Don John, with this important Secret; Friend or Enemy, you are noble, therefore keep it, I charge your Honour with it.

Lop. You cou'd not put it in better hands. [*Aside.*]

Don Guz. But more, my Passion for this Lady is not hid; all *Valencia* is acquainted with my Wishes, and approves my Choice. You alone, Don *John de Alvarada*, seeming ignorant of my Vows, dare traverse my Amour.

Don John. Go on.

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*Lop.* These words import War; lie close, *Lopez.*  
[*Aside.*]

*Don Guz.* You are the *Argus* of our Street, and the Spy of *Leonora*; whether *Diana*, by her borrow'd Light, supplies the absence of the *Astre* of Day, or that the Shades of Night cover the Earth with impenetrable Darkness; you still attend till *Aurora's* Return, under the Balcony of that adorable Beauty.

*Don John.* So.

*Don Guz.* Wherever she moves, you still follow as her shadow, at Church, at Plays: be her business with Heaven or Earth, your Importunity is such, you'll share it.

*Lop.* He is a forward Fellow, that's the truth on't.  
[*Aside.*]

*Don Guz.* But what's still farther, you take the liberty to copy me; my Words, my Actions, every Motion is no sooner mine, but yours. In short, you ape me, Don; and to that point, I once design'd to stab my self, and try if you wou'd follow me in that too.

*Lop.* No, there the Monkey wou'd have left you. [*Aside.*]

*Don Guz.* But to conclude.

*Don John.* 'Tis time.

*Don Guz.* My Patience, Don, is now no more; and I pronounce, that if henceforth, I find you under *Leonora's* Window, who never wish'd, fond Man, to see you there, I by the ways of Honour, shall fix you in another station. I leave you to consider on't. Farewel.

[*Exit Don Guz.*]

*Don John.* Hold, Sir, we had e'en as good do this honourable Deed now.

*Re-enter Lopez.*

*Lop.* No, pray Sir, let him go, and may be you mayn't have occasion to do it at all.

*Don John.* I thought at first the Coxcomb came upon another Subject, which wou'd have embaras'd me much more.

*Lop.* Now this was a Subject wou'd have embaras'd me enough in all conscience.

*Don John.* I was afraid he came to forbid me seeing his Sister *Isabella*, with whom I'm upon very good Terms.

*Lop.*

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*Lop.* Why now that's a hard Case, when you have got a Man's Sister, you can't leave him his Mistress.

*Don John.* No Changeling, I hate him enough, to love every Woman that belongs to him: and the Fool has so provok'd me by his threatening, that I believe I shall have a Stroke at his Mother, before I think my self even with him.

*Lop.* A most admirable way to make up Accounts truly!

*Don John.* A Son of a Whore! s'death, I did not care sixpence for the Slut before, but now I'll have her Maidenhead in a Week, for fear the Rogue shou'd marry her in ten Days.

*Lop.* Mum; here's her Father: I'll warrant this old Spark comes to correct our way of living too.

*Enter Don Felix.*

*Don Fel.* Don *John!*

*Don John.* Don *Felix,* do I see you in my poor Dwelling? Pray, to what lucky Accident do I owe this Honour?

*Don Fel.* That I may speak to you without constraint, pray send away your Servant.

*Lop.* What the Pox have I done to 'em, they are all so uneasy at my Company?

*Don John.* Give us Chairs, and leave the Room. *(Aside.)*

*Lop.* If this old Fellow comes to quarrel with us too, he'll at least do us less harm.

*Don Fel.* Won't you retire, Friend? *[Aside.]*

*Don John.* Be gone, Sirrah. *[Looking behind.]*

*Lop.* *[Aside]* Pox take ye — you old Prig you: But I shall be even with you. *[Lopez hides himself.]*

*Don Fel.* You know me, Sir?

*Don John.* I do, Sir.

*Don Fel.* That I call my self —

*Don John.* Don *Felix.*

*Don Fel.* That I am of the House of —

*Don John.* *Cabrera,* one of the first of *Valencia.*

*Don Fel.* That my Estate is —

*Don John.* Great.

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*Don Fel.* You know that I have some Reputation in the World.

*Don John.* I know your Reputation equals your Birth.

*Don Fel.* And you are not ignorant, that Heav'n for the Consolation of my gray Hairs has given me an only Daughter, who is not deform'd.

*Don John.* Beauteous as Light.

*Don Fel.* Well shap'd, witty, and endow'd with——

*Don John.* All the good Qualities of Mind and Body.

*Don Fel.* Since you are satisfy'd with all this, hearken, I pray, with attention, to the Business that brings me hither.

*Don John.* I shall.

*Don Fel.* We all know, *Don John*, some by their own experience, some by that of others, how nice a Gentleman's Honour is, and how easily tarnish'd; an Eclaircissement manag'd with prudence, often prevents Misfortunes that perhaps might be upon the point of attending us. I have thought it my Duty to acquaint you, that I have seen your Designs upon my Daughter: You pass Nights entire under her Window, as if you were searching an opportunity to get into my House; there is no body in the Town but has taken notice of your proceedings; you give the Publick a Subject for disadvantageous Discourse; and tho in reality *Leonora's* Virtue receives no prejudice by it, her Reputation daily runs some risque. My Years have taught me to judge right of Things: and yet I have not been able to decide what your end can be; you can't regard my Daughter on a foot of Gallantry, you know her Virtue, and my Birth too well; and for a Wife you seem to have no thought, since you have yet made no demand to me: what then is your Intention? You have heard perhaps, I have hearken'd to a Gentleman of *Toledo*, a Man of Merit. I own I have, and I expect him daily here; but, *Don John*, if 'tis that which hinders you from declaring in form, I'll ease you of a great deal of trouble, which the Customs of the world impose upon these occasions, and, in a word, I'll break with him, and give you *Leonora*.

*Lop.* Good.

[*Aside.*  
*Don*

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*Don Fel.* You don't answer me! what is't that troubles you?

*Don John.* That I have been such a Sot, old Gentleman, to hear you with so much Patience. [*Rising.*]

*Don Fel.* How, Don! I'm more astonish'd at your Answer, than I was with your Silence.

*Don John.* Astonish'd! Why han't you talk'd to me of Marriage? He asks me to marry, and wonders what I complain of!

*Don Fel.* 'Tis well——'tis well, *Don John*, the Outrage is violent! You insult me in your own House. But know, Sir—— [*Rising.*]

*Don John.* But know, Sir, there needs no Quarrel, if you please, Sir; I like your Daughter very well; but for marrying her——*Serviteur.*

*Don Fel.* *Don Guzman de Torrellas* has not less Merit than you, Don.

*Don John.* Agreed; what then?

*Don Fel.* And yet I have refus'd him my Daughter.

*Don John.* Why then you have us'd him better than you have done me, which I take very unkindly.

*Don Fel.* I have us'd you Sir——

*Don John.* Us'd me, Sir, you have us'd me very ill, to come into my own House to seduce me.

*Don Fel.* What Extravagance!

*Don John.* What Persecution!

*Don Fel.* Am I then to have no other Answer?

*Don John.* Methinks you have enough in all Conscience.

*Don Fel.* Promise me at least, you'll cease to love my Daughter.

*Don John.* I won't affront your Family so far neither.

*Lop.* I'gad my Master shines to-day. [*Aside.*]

*Don Fel.* Know, Don, that I can bear no more.

*Lop.* If he cou'd, I think there's no more to lay upon him. [*Aside.*]

*Don Fel.* If I find you continue to importune *Leonora*, I shall find a way to satisfy my offended Honour, and punish your Presumption.

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*Don John.* You shall do what you please to me, provided you don't marry me.

*Don Fel.* Know, *Alvarada*, there are ways to revenge such outrageous Affronts as these.

*Don John.* I won't marry.

*Don Fel.* 'Tis enough. [Exit Don Fel.]

*Re-enter Lopez.*

*Lop.* So; the old Fellow's gone at last, and has carry'd great content along with him. [Aside.]

*Don John.* Lopez!

*Lop.* Sir——

*Don John.* What dost think? he would have marry'd me!

*Lop.* Yes, he had found his Man. But have you been even with him.

*Don John.* What, thou hast heard us then?

*Lop.* Or I were no Valet: But pray what does your Honour intend to do now? Will you continue the Siege of a Place, where 'tis probable they will daily augment the Fortifications, when there are so many open Towns you may march into without the trouble of opening the Trenches?

*Don John.* I am going, *Lopez*, to double my Attacks: I'll bear up her Quarters six times a Night, I am now down-right in love; the Difficulties pique me to the Attempt, and I'll conquer or I'll die.

*Lop.* Why to confess the Truth, Sir, I find you much upon my taste in this matter; Difficulties are the Rocombole of Love, I never valu'd an easy Conquest in my life. To rouze my Fire, the Lady must cry out (as softly as ever she can) Have a care my Dear, my Mother has seen us; my Brothers suspect me; my Husband may surprize us: O, dear Heart, have a care, I pray! Then I play the Devil: But when I come to a Fair-one, where I may hang up my Cloke upon a Peg, get into my Gown and Slippers——

*Don John.* Impudent Rogue. [Aside.]

*Lop.* See her stretch'd upon the Couch in great security, with —— My Dear, come kiss me, we have nothing to fear; I droop, I yawn, I sleep.

Don

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Don John. Well, Sir, whatever you do with your Fair-one, I am going to be very busy with mine; I was e'en almost weary of her, but *Guzman* and this old Fellow have reviv'd my dying Fire; and so, have at her.

Lop. 'Tis all mighty well, Sir, mighty well, Sir, as can be in the world. But if you wou'd have the Goodness to consider *en passant*, or so a little now and then, about Swords and Daggers, and Rivals, and old Fellows, and Pistols and great Guns, and such like Baubles, only now and then at leisure, Sir, not to interrupt things of more Consequence.

Don John. Thou art a cowardly Rascal, I have often consider'd that.

Lop. Ay, that's true, Sir, and yet a Blunderbus is presently discharg'd out of a Garret-Window.

Don John. Come, no more words; but follow me. How now! what Impertinence have we here now to stop me?

Enter Don Pedro.

Lop. 'Tis Don Pedro, or I'm a Dog.

Don John. Impossible! Don Pedro return'd!

Don Ped. 'Tis I, my dearest Friend; I'm come to forget all the Miseries of a long Absence, in one happy Embrace. *(They embrace.)*

Don John. I'm over-joy'd to see you.

Don Ped. Mine's not to be exprest. What, Friend Lopez here still! How dos't do, Lopez? What dos't not know me?

Lop. As well as my Father's Seal, Sir, when he sends me a Bill of Exchange.

Don Ped. Just as he was, I find, Galliard still.

Lop. I find it very unwholesome to be otherwise, Sir.

Don John. You have then quitted the Service in *Flanders*, I suppose.

Don Ped. I have so, Friend; I have left the Ensigns of *Mars*, and am listing my self in a softer Militia.

Don John. Explain, pray.

Don Ped. Why, when your Father's Death oblig'd you to leave *Brussels*, and return hither to the plentiful Fortune he left you; I staid in *Flanders*, very trift for



your loss, and past three years in the Trade of War. About two Months since, my Father writ to me from *Toledo*, that he was going to marry me very advantageously at *Valencia*: He sent me the Picture of the Lady, and I was so well pleased with it, that I immediately got my Conge, and embark'd at *Dunkirk*; I had a quick Passage to the *Groyn*e, from whence, by the way of *Madrid*, I am come hither with all the speed I cou'd.

I have, you must know, been two days in Town, but I have lain *Incognito*, that I might inform my self of the Lady's Conduct I'm to marry; and I have discover'd, that she's serv'd by two Cavaliers of Birth and Merit. But tho they have both given many proofs of a most violent Passion, I have found for the quiet of my Honour, that this virtuous Lady, out of modesty or prudence, has shewn a perfect Indifference to them and their Gallantries; her Fortune is considerable, her Birth is high, her Manners irreproachable, and her Beauty so great, that nothing but my Love can equal it.

*Don John.* I have hearken'd to you, *Don Pedro*, with a great deal of attention, and Heaven's my Witness, I have a mighty Joy in seeing you; but the Devil fetch me, it makes my Heart bleed to hear you are going to be married.

*Don Ped.* Say no more of that, I desire you; we have always been Friends, and I earnestly beg we ever may be so; but I am not come to ask Counsel about my Marriage, my Party is taken, and my Inquiries have so much heightened my Desire, that nothing can henceforth abate it. I must therefore expect from you, dear Friend, that you won't oppose it, but that you'll aid me in hastning the moment of my Happiness.

*Don John.* Since 'tis so impossible for you to resolve for your own good, I must submit to what you'll have me: But are not we to know the Name of this piece of Rarity, that is to do you this good Turn?

*Don Ped.* You'll know it presently; for I'm going to carry you to her House.

*Don John.* You shall tell me at least who are her two Gallants. Don

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Don *Ped.* One, they could not tell me his Name ;  
t'other is—— But before we talk any more of these  
Affairs, can you let me dispose of *Lopez*, till the return of  
a Servant I sent three days ago to——

Don *John.* Carry News of you to *Papa*, I suppose.

Don *Ped.* You are right ; the good Man is thirty  
Leagues off, and I have not seen him this six Years.

Don *John.* *Lopez*, do you wait upon Don *Pedro*.

*Lop.* With all my Heart. It's at least a suspension of  
Boxes oth' Ear, and Kicks o'the Backside. [*Aside.*

Don *Ped.* Then, honest *Lopez*, with your Master's  
leave, go to the New-Inn, the King of *France* on  
horseback, and see if my Servant's return'd ; I'll be there  
immediately, to charge thee with a Commission of more  
Importance.

*Lop.* I shall perform your Orders, Sir, both to your  
Satisfaction, and my own Reputation. [*Exit Lopez.*

Don *John.* Very quaint. Well, old Acquaintance,  
we are going to be married then ? 'Tis resolv'd : Ha !

Don *Ped.* So says my Star.

Don *John.* The foolishhest Star that has said any thing  
a great while.

Don *Ped.* Still the same, I see ! Or, more than ever,  
resolv'd to love nothing.

Don *John.* Love nothing ! Why, I'm in love at  
this very time.

Don *Ped.* With what ?

Don *John.* A Woman.

Don *Ped.* Impossible !

Don *John.* True.

Don *Ped.* And how came you in love with her ?

Don *John.* Why I was order'd not to be in love  
with her.

Don *Ped.* Then there's more Humour than Love  
in't.

Don *John.* There shall be what you please in't : But  
I shan't quit the Gentlewoman, till I have convinc'd her  
there's something in't.

Don *Ped.* Mayn't I know her Name ?

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*Don John.* When you have let me into your conjugal Affection.

*Don Ped.* Pray stay here, but till I have sent *Lopez* to my Father-in-Law; I'll come back and carry you with me in a moment.

*Don John.* I'll expect you.

*Don Ped.* Adieu, dear Friend; may I in earnest see you quickly in love. [Exit Don Pedro.]

*Don John.* May I, without a Jest, see you quickly a Widower.

*Solus.*

He comes, he says, to marry a Woman of Quality that has two Lovers—— If it should be *Leonora* —— But why she? There are many, I hope, in that condition in *Valencia*—— I'm a little embarrass'd about it however.——

*Friendship take heed, if Woman interfere;  
Besure the Hour of thy Destruction's near.*



A C T II.

SCENE, *Leonora's Apartment.*

*Enter Leonora, Isabella, and Jacinta.*

*Leon.* **D**EAR *Isabella*, come in: How I am plagu'd with this troublesome Wretch. *Jacinta*, have you shut the outward Gates?

*Jacin.* I have, Madam.

*Leo.* Shut the Window too; we shall have him get in there, by and by.

*Isab.* What's this you are in such apprehensions of, pray?

*Leo.* Nothing worth naming.

*Isab.*

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*Ifab.* You dissemble : something of Love in the case, I'll warrant you.

*Leo.* The Reverse on't ; 'tis Aversion. My impertinent Star has furnish'd me with a Lover for my Guard, who is never from my Window ; he persecutes me to Distraction ; I affront him fifty times a day ; which he receives with a Bow down to the Ground : In short, all I can do, is doing nothing at all ; he still persists in loving me, as much as I hate him.

*Ifab.* Have a care he don't get the better on't, for all that ; for when a Man loves a Woman well enough to persevere, 'tis odds but she at last loves him well enough to make him give it over. But I think I had as good take off my Scarf ; for since my Brother Don *Guzman* knows I'm with you, he won't quarrel at my return for the Length of my Visit.

*Leo.* If he shou'd, I shou'd quarrel with him, which few things else would make me do. But methinks, *Isabella*, you are a little melancholy.

*Ifab.* And you a little thoughtful.

*Leo.* Pray tell me your Affliction.

*Ifab.* Pray don't conceal yours.

*Leo.* Why truly, my Heart is not at ease.

*Ifab.* Mine, I fear, never will.

*Leo.* My Father's marrying me against my Inclination.

*Ifab.* My Brother is hindring me from marrying with mine.

*Leo.* You know I love your Brother, Don *Guzman*.

*Ifab.* And you shall know, I'm uneasy for Don *John de Alvarada*.

*Leo.* Don *John* !

*Ifab.* The same.

*Leo.* Have you any reason to hope for a Return ?

*Ifab.* I think so.

*Leo.* I'm afraid, my Dear, you abuse your self.

*Ifab.* Why ?

*Leo.* Because he is already in love with \_\_\_\_\_

*Ifab.* Who ?

*Leo.* Me.

*Ifab.*

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*Ifab.* I wou'd not have you too positive in that, Madam, for I am very sure that——

*Leo.* Madam, I am very sure that he's the troublesome Guest I just now complain'd of: And you may believe——

*Ifab.* Madam, I can never believe he's troublesome to any body.

*Leo.* O dear Madam : But I'm sure I'm forc'd to keep my Windows shut, till I'm almost dead with Heat, and that I think is troublesome.

*Ifab.* This mistake is easily set right, *Leonora*; our Houses join, and when he looks at my Window, you fancy 'tis at yours.

*Leo.* But when he attacks my Door, Madam, and almost breaks it down, I don't know how in the World to fancy 'tis yours.

*Ifab.* A Man may do that to disguise his real Inclination.

*Leo.* Nay, if you please, believe he's dying for you. I wish he were; then I shou'd be troubled no more with him. Be sure, *Jacinta*, you don't open a Window to-night.

*Ifab.* Not while I'm here at least; for if he knows that, he may chance to press in.

*Leo.* Look you, *Isabella*, 'tis entirely alike to me, who he's fond of; but I'm so much your Friend, I can't endure to see you deceiv'd.

*Ifab.* And since I have the same Kindness for you, *Leonora*, know in short, that my Brother is so alarm'd at his Passion for me, that he has forbid him the Street.

*Leo.* Bless my Soul! and don't you plainly see by that, he's jealous of him upon my account?

*Ifab.* *smiling*] He's jealous of his Honour, Madam, least he shou'd debauch his Sister.

*Leo.* I say, he's jealous of his Love, lest he shou'd corrupt his Mistress.

*Ifab.* But why all this Heat? If you love my Brother, why are you concern'd Don *John* shou'd love me?

*Leo.* I'm not concern'd; I have no Designs upon him, I care not who he loves.

+

*Ifab.*

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*Isab.* Why then are you angry ?

*Leo.* Why do you say he does not care for me?

*Isab.* Well, to content you then ; I know nothing certain but that I love him.

*Leo.* And to content you ; I know nothing so certain, as that I neither love him, nor never can love him : And so I hope we are Friends again.

*Isab.* Kiss me then, and let us never be otherwise.

*Leo.* Agreed : [ *They kiss.* ] And now my Dear, as my Misfortune's nearest, I am first to be pity'd. I am the most wretched Woman living. My Father every moment expects a Gentleman from *Flanders*, to whom he has resolv'd to marry me. But neither Duty, nor Prudence, nor Danger, nor Resolution, nor all I can summon to my Aid, can drive your Brother from my Heart ; but there he's fixt to ruin me.

*Jacin.* Madam, here's Don *Guzman* at the Chamber-Door ; he begs so passionately to come in, sure you can't refuse him.

*Leo.* Heav'ns ; but does he consider to what he exposes me ?

*Jacin.* Madam, he considers nothing ; if he did, I'd say he were an impudent Fellow to pretend to be in love with you.

*Leo.* Shall I venture, *Isabella* ?

*Isab.* You know best.

*Enter Don Guzman.*

*Jacin.* Marry, methinks he knows best of us all, for here he comes.

*Don Guz.* Forgive me, lovely *Leonora* ; 'tis the last time perhaps that I may beg your Pity. My Rival is not far ; Excess of Modesty is now our Ruin. Break through it, for this moment you have left, and own to your old Father how you love. He once did so himself ; our Scene of Sorrow may perhaps recall some small remembrance of his tender Years, and melt him into Mercy.

*Leo.* Alas, Don *Guzman*——

*Jacin.* O Heav'ns, Madam ——

*Leo.* What's the matter ?

*Jacin.* Y'are undone, here's your Father.

*Isab.*

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*Ifab.* What an unlucky Accident !

*Leo.* Has he seen Don *Guzman* ?

• *Jacin.* Nay the *Deux* knows.

*Ifab.* Where shall he hide himself ?

• *Jacin.* In the Moon, if he can get thither.

*Enter Don Felix.*

*Don Guz.* I must e'en stand it now.

*Don Fel.* Good News, my Daughter, good News ; I come to acquaint you, that——How now ? What's the meaning of this ? *Don Guzman* in my Daughter's Chamber !

*Don Guz.* I see your Surprize, Sir, but you need not be disturb'd ; 'twas some sudden Business with my Sister, brought me here.

*Don Fel.* 'Tis enough, Sir : I'm glad to find you here ; you shall be a Witness, that I know how to preserve the Honour of my Family.

*Don Guz.* What mean you, Sir ?

*Don Fel.* To marry *Leonora* this moment.

*Don Guz.* How say you ?

*Don Fel.* I say you shall have nothing left to ask of me.

*Don Guz.* Is't possible ? O Heavens ! what Joy I feel ?

*Don Fel.* *Leonora*, prepare your Hand and Heart.

*Leo.* They both are ready, Sir ; and in giving me the Man I love, you charge me with a Debt of Gratitude, can never be repay'd.

*Don Guz.* [*Kneeling.*] Upon my Knees, I thank the best of Men, for blessing me with all that's blest in Woman.

*Ifab.* How well that kind, that gentle Look becomes him !

*Jacin.* Now methinks he looks like an old Rogue. I don't like his Looks. [*Aside.*]

*Enter Lopez.*

*Lop.* To all whom it may concern, greeting. Don *Pedro Ojorio* acknowledging himself not unworthy of the Honour intended him, in the Person of the fair *Leonora*, addresses himself (by me his small Ambassador)

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to the Generosity of Don *Felix*, for leave to walk in and take possession.

Don *Fel.* I had already given order for his entrance.

Don *Guz.* What is't I hear!

Leo. Support me.

*Isab.* She faints.

Don *Guz.* Look Tyrant here, and if thou can't be cruel!  
[*Holding her.*]

Don *Fel.* Bring in Don *Pedro*.

Don *Guz.* Barbarian!

*Jacin.* Look up, Madam, for Heaven's sake; since you must marry the Fellow, e'en make the most on't.

Leo. Hoh——

*Enter Don Pedro and Don John.*

*Jacin.* So—— How d'ye do now? Come, cheer up. See, here he comes. By my Troth, and a pretty turn'd Fellow. [*Aside.*] He'll set all to rights by to-morrow Morning, I'll answer for him.

Don *Fel.* Don *Pedro*, you are welcome; let me embrace you.

Don *Ped.* In what Terms, Sir, shall I express what I owe you for the Honour you do me? And with what prospect of Return can I receive this inestimable Present? Your Picture, Madam, made what Impression Art cou'd stamp, but Nature has done more. What Wounds your Sex can give, or ours receive, I feel.

Don *Fel.* Come Son, (for I'm in haste to call you so)—— But what's this I see? *Alvarada* here! Whence, Sir, this Insolence; to come within my Doors after you know what has past? Who brought you here?

Don *Ped.* 'Twas I, Sir.

Don *Fel.* But do you know that he——

Don *Ped.* Sir, he's the best of my Friends.

Don *Fel.* But do you know, I say, that he wou'd——

Don *Ped.* Hinder this Marriage, 'tis true.

Don *Fel.* Yes, because he design'd——

Don *Ped.* I know his Design, Sir, 'tis to hinder all his Friends from marrying. Pray forgive him.

Don *Fel.* Then to prevent for ever, his Designs here, come hither, *Leonora*, and give Don *Pedro* your hand.

Don



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Don *John*. Keep down, my kindling Jealousy : I've something tortures me I never felt but now.     [*Aside.*

Don *Ped. to Leo.*] Why this backwardness, Madam? Where a Father chuses, a Daughter may with modesty approve. Pray give me your Hand.

Don *Guz.* I cannot see it.     (*Turning from 'em.*

Don *Fel. to Leo. aside.*) Are you distracted? Will you let him know your Folly? Give him your Hand, for shame.

Leo. Hoh! Don *Guzman*, I am yours.

(*Sighing, and giving carelessly her Hand.*

Don *Guz.* Madam!     (*Turning.*

Don *Fel.* What a fatal slip!     (*Aside.*

Leo. 'Twas not to you I spoke, Sir.

Don *Ped.* But him it was she nam'd, and thought on too, I fear. I'm much alarm'd.

Don *Fel. to Leo.*) Repair what you have done, and look more cheerful on him.

Leo. Repair what you have done, and kill me.

Don. *Fel.* Fool.

Leo. Tyrant.

*Jacin.* A very hum-drum Marriage this.     (*Aside.*

Don *Guz.* Pray, Sister, let's retire; for I can bear this sight no longer.

*Isab.* My Dear, farewell, I pity you indeed.

Leo. I am indeed an Object of your Pity.

(*Exit Don Guz. and Isab.*

Don *Fel.* Come Daughter, come my Son, let's to the Church and tie this happy Knot.

Don *Ped.* I'll wait upon you, Sir.

(*Exit Don Fel. leading Leo.*

Don *John.* I love her, and I'll love her still. Fate, do thy worst, I'll on.     (*Aside.*

Don *Ped.* To name another Man, in giving me her Hand!

Don *John aside.*) How am I wrackt and torn with Jealousy?

Don *Ped.* 'Tis doubtless so, Don *Guzman* has her Heart.     (*Aside.*

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*Don John aside.*) The Bridegroom's thoughtful. The Ladies Trip has furnish'd him with some Matrimonial Reflections: They'll agree with him at this time perhaps, better than my Company. I'll leave him. *Don Pedro*, adieu, we shall meet again at Night.

*Don Ped.* Pray stay: I have need of a Friend's Counsel.

*Don John.* What already?

*Don Ped.* Already.

*Don John.* That's to say, you have already enough of Matrimony.

*Don Ped.* I scarce know what I have, nor am I sure of what I am.

*Enter Lopez.*

*Lop.* An't please your Honour, yonder's your Man *Bertrand* just arriv'd; his Horse and he so tired of one another, that they both came down upon the Pavement at the Stable-Door.

*Don Ped. to Don John.*) He brings News from my Father.

*Lop.* I believe he does, and hasty News too; but if you stay till he brings it hither, I believe it will come but slowly. But here's his Packet; I suppose that will do as well as his Company. *(Gives a Letter.*

*Don Ped. reads to himself.*) My dear Friend, here's ill News.

*Don John.* What's the matter?

*Don Ped.* My poor old Father's dying.

*Don John.* I'm mighty sorry for't; 'tis a weighty Stroke I must confess; the burden of his Estate will almost bear you down. But we must submit to Heaven's Good-will.

*Don Ped.* You talk, *Alvarada*, like a perfect Stranger to that Tenderness methinks every Son shou'd feel for a good Father: For my part, I've receiv'd such repeated Proofs of an uncommon Affection from mine, that the Loss of a Mistress cou'd scarce touch me nearer. You'll believe me, when you see me leave *Leonora* a Virgin, till I have seen the good old Man.

Don

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Don *John*. That will be a proof indeed; Heaven's Blessing must needs fall upon so dutiful a Son; but I don't know how its Judgments may deal with so indifferent a Lover.

Don *Ped*. O! I shall have time enough to repair this seeming small Neglect: But before I go, pray a word or two with you alone. *Lopez*, wait without.

[*Exit Lopez.*

You see, my dearest Friend, I am engag'd with *Leonora*; perhaps I have done wrong; but 'tis gone too far, to talk or think of a Retreat; I shall go directly from this place to the Altar, and there seal the eternal Contract. That done, I'll take Post to see my Father, if I can, before he dies. I leave then here a young and beauteous Bride; but that which touches every string of Thought, I fear, I leave her wishing I were *Guzman*. If it be so, no doubt he knows it well; and he that knows he's lov'd by *Leonora*, can let no fair occasion pass to gain her; my Absence is his Friend, but you are mine, and so the danger's balanc'd.

Into your hands, my dear, my faithful *Alvarada*, [*Embracing him*] I put my Honour, I put my Life; for both depend on *Leonora's* Truth. Observe her Lover, and ——— neglect not her. You are wise, you are active, you are brave and true. You have all the Qualities that Man shou'd have for such a Trust; and I by consequence have all the Assurance Man can have; you'll, as you ought, discharge it.

Don *John*. A very hopeful Business you wou'd have me undertake, keep a Woman honest; Udsdeath, I'd as soon undertake to keep *Portocarero* honest. Look you, we are Friends, intimate Friends; you must not be angry if I talk freely. Women are naturally bent to Mischief, and their Actions run in one continued Torrent till they die. But the less a Torrent's check, the less Mischief it does; let it alone, perhaps 'twill only kiss the Banks and pass; but stop it, 'tis insatiable.

Don

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*Don Ped.* I wou'd not stop it; but cou'd I gently turn its Course where it might run, and vent it self with Innocence, I wou'd. *Leonora* of her self is virtuous; her Birth, Religion, Modesty and Sense, will guide her Wishes where they ought to point. But yet, let Guards be what they will, that Place is safest that is ne'er attack'd.

*Don John.* As far as I can serve you, in hindring *Guzman's* Approaches, you may command me.

*Don Ped.* That's all I ask.

*Don John.* Then all you ask is granted.

*Don Ped.* I am at ease, farewell.

*Don John.* Heaven bring you safe to us again.

[*Exit Don Ped.*

*Don John solus.*

Yes, I shall observe her, doubt it not. I wish nobody may observe me, for I find I'm no more Master of my self. *Don Guzman's* Passion for her, adds to mine; but when I think on what *Don Pedro*'ll reap, I'm Fire and Flame. Something must be done: What, let Love direct, for I have nothing else to guide me.

*Enter Lopez.*

*Lop. aside.*] *Don Pedro* is mounting for his Journey, and leaves a young, warm, liquorish Hussy with a watry Mouth, behind him——Hum—— If she falls handsomely in my Master's way, let her look to her—— It—— there he is. Doing what? Thinking? That's new: And if any Good comes on't, that will be newer still.

*Don John aside.*) How! Abuse the Trust a Friend reposes in me? And while he thinks me waking for his Peace, employ the stretch of Thought to make him wretched?

*Lop.* Not to interrupt your pious Meditations, Sir, pray have you seen—— Seen what, Fool? Why he can't see thee. I'gad, I believe the little blind Bastard has whipt him through the Heart in earnest.

*Don John aside.*) *Pedro* wou'd never have done this by me—— How do I know that?—— Why—— he swore he was my Friend—— Well; and I swore

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swore I was his—— Why then if I find I can break my Oath, why should not I conclude he would do as much by his?

*Lop. aside.*) His Countenance begins to clear up : I suppose Things may be drawing to a Conclusion.

*Don John aside.*) Ay, 'tis just so : And I don't believe he wou'd have debated the Matter half so long as I have done : I'gad I think I have put my self to a great Expence of Morality about it. I'm sure at least, my Stock's out. But I have a Fund of Love, I hope may last a little longer.

O, are you there, Sir! (*Seeing Lop.*)

*Lop.* I think so, Sir. I won't be positive in any thing.

*Don John.* Follow me ; I have some Business to employ you in, you'll like. (*Exit Don John.*)

*Lop.* I won't be positive in that neither. I guess what you are going about—— There's Roguery a-foot : This is at *Leonora*, who I know hates him ; nothing under a Rape will do't —— He'll be hang'd —— And then, what becomes of thee, my little *Lopez* ?

Why, the Honour to a —— dingle dangle by him. Which he'll have the Good-nature to be mighty sorry for. But I may chance to be before-hand with him : If we are not taken in the Fact, they'll perhaps do him the Honour to set a Reward upon his Head. Which if they do, Don, I shall go near to follow your moral Example, secure my Pardon, make my Fortune, and hang you up for the Good of your Country.



ACT



A C T III.

SCENE, *Don Felix's House.*

*Enter Don Felix, Don Pedro, Leonora, and Jacinta.*

Don Fel. **H**O W Son! oblig'd to leave us immediately, say you?

Don Ped. My ill Fortune, Sir, will have it so.

Leo. *aside.*) What can this be?

Don Fel. Pray what's the matter? You surprize me.

Don Ped. This Letter, Sir, will inform you.

Don. Fel. (*Reads.*) *My Dear Son, Bertrand has brought me the welcome News of your Return, and has given me your Letter; which has in some sort reviv'd my Spirits in the Extremity I am in. I daily expect my Exit from this World: 'Tis now six Years since I have seen you; I shou'd be glad to do it once again before I die: If you will give me that Satisfaction, you must be speedy. Heaven preserve you.*

(*To Don Ped.*) 'Tis enough: The Occasion I'm sorry for, but since the Ties of Blood and Gratitude oblige you, far be it from me to hinder you. Farewel my Son, may you have a happy Journey, and if it be Heaven's Will, may the sight of so good a Son revive so kind a Father. I leave you to bid your Wife adieu.

(*Exit Don. Fel.*)

Don Ped. I must leave you, my lovely Bride; but 'tis with bitter pangs of Separation. Had I your Heart to chear me on my way, I might with such a Cordial run my Course: But that Support you want the power to give me.

Leo. Who tells you so?

Don Ped. My Eyes and Ears, and all the Pains I bear.

Leo.

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*Leo.* When Eyes and Ears are much indulg'd, like Favourite Servants they are apt to abuse the too much Trust, their Master places in 'em.

*Don. Ped.* If I'm abus'd, assist me with some fair Interpretation of all that present Trouble and Disquiet, which is not in my power to overlook, nor yours to hide.

*Leo.* You might methinks have spar'd my Modesty; and without forcing me to name your Absence, have laid my trouble there.

*Don. Ped.* No, no, my fair deluder, that's a Veil too thin to cover what's so hard to hide, my Presence not my Absence is the Cause: your cold Reception at my first approach, prepar'd me for the Stroke; and 'twas not long before your Mouth confirm'd my doom, *Don. Guzman*, I am yours.

*Leo.* Is't then possible the Mouth shou'd utter one Name for another?

*Don. Ped.* Not at all, when it follows the Dictates of the Heart.

*Leo.* Were it even so, what wrong is from that Heart receiv'd, where Duty and where Virtue are its Rulers?

*Don. Ped.* Where they preside, our Honour may be safe, yet our Minds be on the Wreck.

*Leo.* This Discourse will scarce produce a Remedy; we'll end it therefore if you please, and leave the rest to time. Besides, the Occasion of your Journey presses you.

*Don. Ped.* The Occasion of my Delay presses you, I fear, much more; you count the tedious Minutes I am with you, and are reduc'd to mind me of my Duty, to free your self from my sight.

*Leo.* You urge this thing too far, and do me wrong. The Sentiments I have for you are much more favourable than your Jealousy suffers 'em to appear. But if my Heart has seem'd to lean another way, before you had a Title to it, you ought not to conclude I shall suffer it to do so long.

*Don. Ped.* I know you have Virtue, Gratitude and Truth; and therefore 'tis, I love you to my Ruin.  
Cou'd

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Cou'd I believe you false, Contempt wou'd soon release me from my Chains, which yet I can't but wish to wear for ever ; therefore indulge at least your Pity to your Slave, 'tis the soft Path in which we tread to love. I leave behind a tortur'd Heart to move you :

*Weigh well its Pains, think on its Passion too,  
Remember all its Torments spring from you,  
And if you cannot love, at least be true.*

[Exit Don Pedro.]

*Jac.* Now by my troth, Madam, I'm ready to cry. He's a pretty Fellow, and deserves better Luck.

*Leo.* I own he does : And his Behaviour wou'd engage any thing that were unengag'd. But, alas ! I want his Pity more than he does mine.

*Jac.* You do ! Now I'm of another mind. The moment he sees your Picture, he's in love with you ; the moment he's in love with you, he imbarks ; and, like Lightning, in a moment more he's here : where you are pleas'd to receive him with a Don *Guzman*, I am yours. Ah—— poor Man !

*Leo.* I own, *Facinta*, he's unfortunate, but still I say my Fate is harder yet. The irresistible Passion I have for *Guzman*, renders Don *Pedro*, with all his Merit, odious to me ; yet I must in his favour make eternal War, against the Strength of Inclination and the Man I love.

*Jac.* [*Aside.*] Um—— If I were in her case, I cou'd find an Expedient for all this Matter. But she makes such a bustle with her Virtue, I dare not propose it to her.

*Leo.* Besides, Don *Pedro* possesses what he loves, but I must never think on poor Don *Guzman* more. [*Weeping.*]

*Jac.* Poor Don *Guzman* indeed ! We han't said a word of the pickle he's in yet. Hark ! somebody knocks—— at the old Rendezvous. It's he, on my Conscience.

*Leo.* Let's be gone ; I must think of him no more.

*Jac.* Yes, let's be gone ; but let's know whether 'tis he or not first.

*Leo.* No, *Facinta* ; I must not speak with him any more. [*Sighing.*] I'm married to another.

*Jac.*



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*Fac.* Married to another! well, married to another; why, if one were married to twenty others, one may give a civil Gentleman an Answer.

*Leo.* Alas! what would'st thou have me say to him?

*Fac.* Say to him! Why, one may find twenty things to say to a Man: Say, that 'tis true you are married to another, and that a——'twou'd be a Sin to think of anybody but your Husband, and that——you are of a timorous Nature, and afraid of being damn'd; and that a—— You wou'd not have him die neither; That a——Folks are mortal, and things sometimes come strangely about, and a Widow's a Widow, and—

*Leo.* Peace, Levity. (*Sighing.*) But see who 'tis knocks.

*Fac.* Who's there?

*Isa.* (*Behind the Scenes.*) 'Tis I, *Isabella.*

*Leo.* *Isabella!* What do you want, my Dear?

*Isa.* Your Succour, for Heaven's sake, *Leonora.* My Brother will destroy himself.

*Leo.* Alas! it is not in my power to save him.

*Isa.* Permit him but to speak to you, that possibly may do.

*Leo.* Why, have not I the Force to refuse him?

[*Don Guz.* *behind the Scenes.*] Is it you, I hear, my poor lost Mistress? Am I so happy once more to meet you, where I so often have been blest?

*Fac.* Courage, Madam, say a little something to him.

*Don Guz.* Not one kind word to a distracted Lover? No pity for a Wretch you have made so miserable?

*Leo.* The only way to end that Misery, is to forget we ever thought of Happiness.

*Don Guz.* And is that in your power? Ah, *Leonora,* you ne'er lov'd lik'd me.

*Leo.* How I have lov'd, to Heaven I appeal! But Heaven does now permit that Love no more.

*Don Guz.* Why does it then permit us Life and Thought? Are we deceiv'd in its Omnipotence? Is it reduc'd to find its Pleasures in its Creatures Pain?

*Leo.* In what, or where, the Joys of Heaven consist, lies deeper than a Woman's Line can fathom; but this we know, a Wife must in her Husband seek for hers, and

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and therefore I must think of you no more. Farewel.

[Exit Leo.

Don Guz. Yet hear me, cruel *Leonora*.

*Jac.* It must be another time then, for she's whipt off now. All the Comfort I can give you is, that I see she durst not trust her self any longer in your Company. But hush, I hear a Noise, get you gone, we shall be catch'd.

Leo. *within.*] *Jacinta!*

*Jac.* I come, I come, Madam.

[Exit Jac.

Enter Lopez.

*Lop.* If I mistake not, there are a Brace of Lovers intend to take some pains about Madam, in her Husband's Absence. Poor Don *Pedro!* Well; methinks a Man's in a very merry mood that marries a handsome Wife: When I dispose of my Person, it shall be to an ugly one. They take it so kindly, and are so full of Acknowledgment; watch you, wait upon you, nurse you, humour you, are so fond, and so chaste. Or if the Husky has Presumption enough to think of being otherwise, away with her into the Mountains fifty Leagues off; no body opposes. If she's mutinous, give her Discipline; every body approves on't. Hang her, says one, he's kinder than she deserves; Damn her, says another, why does not he starve her? But if she's handsome, Ah the Brute, cries one; Ah the *Turk*, cries t'other: Why don't she cuckold him, says this Fellow? Why does not she poison him, says that? and away comes a Pacquet of Epistles to advise her to't. Ah poor Don *Pedro!* But enough: 'Tis now Night, all's hush and still: every body's a-bed, and what am I to do? Why as other trusty Domesticks, sit up to let the Thief in, But I suppose he won't be here yet; with the help of a small Nap beforehand, I shall be in a better Condition to perform the duty of a Centinel when I go to my Post. This corner will just fit me: Come *Lopez*, lie thee down, short Prayers, and to sleep.

[He lies down.

Enter *Jacinta*, with a Candle in her hand.

*Ja.* So, I have put my poor Lady to bed with nothing but Sobs, Tears, Sighs, Wishes, and a Pillow to mumble,

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instead of a Bridegroom, poor Heart. I pity her; but every body has their Afflictions, and by the Beads of my Grandmother, I have mine.

Tell me, kind Gentlemen, if I have not something to excite you? Methinks I have a roguish Eye, I'm sure I have a mettled Heart. I'm soft and warm, and sound, may it please ye,

Whence comes it then, this Rascal *Lopez*, who now has been two Hours in the Family, has not yet thought it worth his while to make one Motion towards me? Not that the Blockhead's Charms have mov'd me, but I'm angry mine han't been able to move him. I doubt I must begin with the Lubber; my Reputation's at stake upon't, and I must rouse the Drone somehow.

*Lopez, rubbing his Eyes, and coming on.*

*Lop.* What a damn'd Condition is that of a Valet? No sooner do I, in comfortable Slumber, close my Eyes, but methinks my Master's upon me, with fifty Slaps o'th'Back, for making him wait in the Street. I have his Orders to let him in here to-night, and so I had e'en——Who's that?——*Facinta!*——Yes, ——a Catterwauling!—— like enough.

*Fac.* The Fellow's there; I had best not lose the Occasion. *(Aside.*

*Lop.* The Slut's handsome, I begin to kindle: But if my Master shou'd be at the Door ——Why there let him be, till the Matter's over. *(Aside.*

*Fac.* Shall I advance? *(Aside.*

*Lop.* Shall I venture? *(Aside.*

*Fac.* How severe a Look he has. *(Aside.*

*Lop.* She seems very reserv'd. *(Aside.*

*Fac.* If he shou'd put the Negative upon me. *(Aside.*

*Lop.* She seems a Woman of great Discretion; I tremble. *(Aside.*

*Fac.* Hang it, I must venture. *(Aside.*

*Lop.* Faint Heart never won fair Lady. *(Aside.*

*Fac.* *Lopez?*

*Lop.* *Facinta!*

*Fac.* O dear heart! is't you?

*Lop.* Charming *Facinta!* fear me not.

*Fac.*

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*Jac.* O ho! he begins to talk soft——then let us take upon us again. (*Aside.*)

*Lop.* Cruel *Facinta*, whose Mouth (small as it is) has made but one Morfel of my Heart.

*Jac.* It's well he prevents me, I was going to leap about the Rascal's Neck. (*Aside.*)

*Lop.* Barbare *Facinta*, cast your Eyes On your poor *Lopez*, e'er he dies.

*Jac.* Poetry too! Nay then I have done his Business. (*Aside.*)

*Lop.* Feel how I burn with hot Desire,  
Ah! pity me, and quench my Fire;  
Deaf my fair Tyrant, deaf to my Woes,  
Nay then, Barbarian, in it goes. (*Drawing a Knife.*)

*Jac.* Why how now Jack-Sauce? why how now Presumption? what Encouragement have I given you, Jack-a-lent, to attack me with your Tenders? I cou'd tear your Eyes out, Sirrah, for thinking I am such a one. What Indecency have you seen in my Behaviour, Impudence, that you shou'd think me for your beastly Turn, you Goat you.

*Lop.* Patience, my much offended Goddess, 'tis honourably I wou'd share your Bed.

*Jac.* Peace, I say——*Mr. Liquorish.* I, for whom the most successful Cavaliers imploy their Sighs in vain, shall I look down upon a crawling Worm? Pha—— See that crop Ear there, that Vermin, that wants to eat at a Table would set his Master's mouth a watering.

*Lop.* May I presume to make an humble Meal upon what savoury Remnants he may leave?

*Jac.* No.

*Lop.* 'Tis hard! 'tis wondrous hard!

*Jac.* Leave me.

*Lop.* 'Tis pitiful, 'tis wondrous pitiful!

*Jac.* Be gone, I say.

Thus Ladies 'tis, perhaps sometimes with you,  
With Scorn you fly the thing which you pursue.

(*Exit Jac.*)

*Lop. solus.* 'Tis very well, Mrs. Flipflap, 'tis very well; but do you hear——Tawdery, you are not so al-

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luring as you think you are——Comb-brush, nor I so much in love——your Maidenhead may chance to grow mouldy with your Airs——the Pox be your Bed-fellow, there's that for you. Come, let's think no more on't, Sailors must meet with Storms; my Master's going to Sea too. He may chance to fair no better with the Lady, than I have done with her *Abigail*: There may be foul Weather there too. I reckon at present he may be lying by under a Mizen at the Street-Door, I think it rains too for his Comfort. What if I shou'd leave him there an hour or two in fresco, and try to work off the Amour that way? No; People will be physick'd their own way. But perhaps I might save his Life by't,——yes, and have my Bones broke for being so officious; therefore if you are at the Door, Don *John*, walk in, and take your Fortune. (*Opens the Door.*)

*Enter Don John.*

*Don John.* Hift! hift!

*Lop.* Hift! hift!

*Don John.* *Lopez!*

*Lop.* [*Aside.*] The Devil——Tread softly.

*Don John.* Are they all asleep?

*Lop.* Dead.

*Don John.* Enough, shut the Door.

*Lop.* 'Tis done.

*Don John.* Now be gone.

*Lop.* What! Shut the Door first, and then be gone? Now, methinks, I might as well have gone first, and then shut the Door.

*Don John.* I bid you be gone, you Dog you, do you find the way.

*Lop.* [*Aside.*] Stark mad, and always so when a Woman's in chafe. But, Sir, will you keep your chief Minister out of the Secrets of your State? Pray let me know what this night's Work is to be.

*Don John.* No Questions, but march.

(*Lop. goes to the Door, and returns.*)

*Lop.* Very well——

But, Sir, shall I stay for you in the Street?

*Don John.* No, nor stir out of the House.

*Lop.*

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Lop. So: Well, Sir, I'll do just as you have order'd me; I'll be gone, and I'll stay; and I'll march, and I won't stir, and——just as you say, Sir.

Don John. I see you are afraid, you Rascal you.

Lop. Passably.

Don John. Well, be it so; but you shan't leave the House, Sir; therefore be gone to your Hog-stye, and wait further Orders.

Lop. [*Aside.*] But first I'll know how you intend to dispose of your self. (Lop. hides behind the Door.)

Don John solus.

Don John. All's hush and still; and I am at the point of being a happy——Villain. That Thought comes uninvited——Then like an uninvited Guest let it be treated: Be gone, Intruder. *Leonora's* Charms turn Vice to Virtue, Treason into Truth; Nature, who has made her the supreme Object of our Desires, must needs have design'd her the Regulator of our Morals. Whatever points at her, is pointed right. We are all her Due, Mankind's the Dower which Heaven has settled on her; and he's the Villain that wou'd rob her of her Tribute. I therefore, as in Duty bound, will in, and pay her mine.

Lop. [*aside.*] There he goes, i'faith; he seem'd as if he had a Qualm just now; but he never goes without a Dram of Conscience-Water about him, to set Matters right again.

Don John. [*Aside.*] This is her Door, 'tis lock'd; but I have a Smith about me will make her Staple fly.

[*Pulls out some Irons, and forces the Lock.*]

Lop. [*Aside.*] Hark! hark! if he is not equipt for a Housebreaker too. Very well, he has provided two Strings to his Bow; if he 'scapes the Rape, he may be hang'd upon the Burglary.

Don John [*Aside.*] There, 'tis done. So: No Watch-Light burning. [*Peeping into her Chamber.*] All in darkness? so much the better, 'twill save a great deal of Blushing on both sides. Methinks I feel my self mighty modest, I tremble too; that's not proper at this time. Be firm, my Courage, I have Business for thee——So——How am I now?——pretty well.

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Then by your leave, Don *Pedro*, I must supply your Neglect. You shou'd not have married till you were ready for Consummation ; a Maidenhead ought no more to lie upon a handsome Bride, than an Impeachment upon an innocent Minister.

[*Don John enters the Chamber.*

*Lop.* [*Coming forwards.*] Well done, well done ; Gad-a-mercy, my little *Judas*. Unfortunate Don *Pedro* ! thou hast left thy Purse in the hands of a Robber ; and while thou art gallopping to pay the last Duty to thy Father, he's at least upon the Trot to pay the first to thy Wife. Ah the Traitor ! What a Capilotade of Damnation will there be cook'd up for him. But softly : Let's lay our Ear to the Door, and pick up some Curiosities.——I hear no Noise——There's no Light ; we shall have him blunder where he shou'd not do by and by.——Commit a Rape upon her Tea-Table perhaps, break all her China, and then she'll be sure to hang him. But hark —— now I hear——nothing ; she does not say a word ; she sleeps curiously. ——How if she shou'd take it all for a Dream now ? Or her Virtue shou'd be fallen into an Apoplex ? Where the Pox will all this end ?

[*Leo. within.*] *Facinta ! Beatrix ! Fernandes !*  
Murder ! Murder ! help ! help ! help !

*Lop.* Now the Play begins, it opens finely.

[*Leo. within.*] Father ! *Alphonso !* Save me ! O save me !

*Lop.* Comedy or Tragedy for a Ducate ? for fear of the latter, decamp *Lopez*. (Exit *Lopez*.)

S C E N E *changes to Leonora's Bed-Chamber, discovers Leonora in a Gown, holding Don John by the Sleeve.*

*Leo.* Whoever you are, Villain, you shan't escape me ; and tho your Efforts have been in vain, you shan't fail

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to receive the Recompence of your Attempt: Help, ho, help there! help!

*(Don John breaks from her, but can't find the Door.*

Don John. *(Aside.)* 'Sdeath, I shall be undone! where is this damn'd Door?

Leo. He'll get away: a Light there, quickly.

*Enter Don Guzman with his Sword drawn.*

Don Guz. Where are you, fair Angel? I come to lose my Life in your Defence.

Don John. *(Aside.)* That's Guzman's Voice; the Devil has sent him: But we are still in the dark; I have one Tour yet, Impudence be my Aid. Lights there, ho! - Where is the Villain that durst attempt the virtuous Leonora?

Don Guz. His Life shall make her Satisfaction.

Don John. Or mine shall fall in his Pursuit.

Don Guz. 'Tis by my hands that she shall see him die.

Don John. My Sword shall lay him bleeding at her Feet.

Leo. *(Aside.)* What can this mean? But here's Lights at last, thank the just bounteous Heaven.

Don John. Enter with the Light there; but secure the Door, lest the Traitor 'scape my Vengeance.

*Enter Don Pedro with a Light, he finds Leonora between them; both their Swords drawn.*

Leo. O Heavens! what is't I see?

Don John. Don Pedro here?

Don Ped. What monstrous Scene is this? *(Aside.)*

Don Guz. What Accident has brought him here? *(Aside.)*

Don John. Now I'm intrigu'd indeed. *(Aside.)*

*(Don Pedro steps back, and shuts the Door.)*

Don Ped. *(Aside.)* This Mystery must unfold before we part. What Torments has my Fate provided me? Is this the Comfort I'm to reap, to dry my Tears for my poor Father's Death? *(To Leo.)* Ah Leonora!

Leo. *(Aside)* Alas! where will this end?

*(Falling into a Chair.)*

Don Ped. *(Aside.)* Naked; and thus attended at the dead of Night, my Soul is froze at what I see. Confusion



tion fits in all their Faces, and in large Characters I read the Ruin of my Honour and my Love.

(*To the Men.*) Speak, Statues, if you yet have power to speak, why at this time of Night you are found with *Leonora*? — None speak! — *Don John*, it is from you I ought to know.

*Don John*. My Silence may inform you.

*Don Ped.* Your Silence does inform me of my Shame, but I must have some Information more; explain the whole.

*Don John*. I shall. You remember, *Don Pedro*—

*Don Ped.* Be quick.

*Don John*. You remember you charg'd me before you went.—

*Don Ped.* I remember well, go on.

*Don John*. With the Care of your Honour.

*Don Ped.* I did; dispatch.

*Don John*. Very well; you see *Don Guzman* in this Apartment, you see your Wife naked, and you see me, my Sword in my hand; that's all.

*Don Ped.* (*Drawing upon Don Guz.*) 'Tis here then I am to revenge my Wrongs.

*Don Guz.* Hold.

*Don Ped.* Villain, defend thy self.

*Leo.* O Heaven!

*Don Guz.* Yet hear me.

*Don Ped.* What can't thou say?

*Don Guz.* The Truth, as holy Heaven it self is Truth. I heard the Shrieks and Cries of *Leonora*; what the Occasion was I knew not, but she repeated them with so much Vehemence, I found, whatever her Distress might be, her Succour must be sudden; so leapt the Wall that parts our Houses, and flew to her Assistance. *Don John* can, if he please, inform you more.

*Don Ped.* (*Aside.*) Mankind's a Villain, and this may be true; yet 'tis too monstrous for a quick Conception. I shou'd be cautious how I wrong *Don John*. Sure 'tis not right to ballance. I yet have but their Words against their Words; I know *Don John* for my Friend, and

*Guzman*

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*Guzman* for my Rival. What can be clearer? Yet hold: If *Leonora's* innocent, she may untangle all.

Madam, I shou'd be glad to know (if I have so much Interest left) which way your Evidence will point my Sword?

*Leo.* My Lord, I'm in the same perplexity with you: All I can say is this; one of them came to force me, t'other to save me: but the Night confounding the Villany of the Guilty with the Generosity of the Innocent, I still am ignorant to which I owe my Gratitude or my Resentment.

*Don Guz.* But, Madam, did you not hear me cry I came to help you?

*Leo.* I own it.

*Don John.* And did you not hear me threaten to destroy the Author of your Fears?

*Leo.* I can't deny it.

*Don Guz.* What can there be more clear to me?

*Don John.* Or me?

*Don Ped.* Yet one's a Villain still.

(*Aside.*) My Confusion but increases; yet why confus'd? It is, it must be *Guzman*. But how came *Don John* here? Right. *Guzman* has said how he came to her Aid, but *Alvarada* cou'd not enter but by Treason. Then perish—

*Don Guz.* Who?

*Don John.* Who?

*Don Ped.* Just Gods! instruct me who.

*Don Felix knocks.*

(*Don Fel. within.*) Let me in, open the Door.

*Leo.* 'Tis my Father.

*Don Ped.* No matter, keep the Door fast.

(*Aside.*) I'll have this matter go no further, till I can reach the depth on't. *Don Guzman*, leave the House; I must suspend my Vengeance for a time.

*Don Guz.* I obey you; but I'll lose my Life, or shew my Innocence. (Exit *Don Guz.*)

*Don Fel. within.*) Open the Door, why am I kept out?

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*Don Ped.* *Don John*, follow me by this back way :  
And you, *Leonora*, retire. (*Exit Leonora.*)

(*Don John aside, following Don Ped.*) If *Don Guzman's* Throat were cut, wou'd not this Bustle end? —  
Yes — Why then if his Throat be not cut, may this Bustle end me.



ACT IV.

SCENE, *Don Guzman's House.*

*Enter Don Guzman, and Galindo.*

*Don Guz. musing.*) **G** *Alindo!*  
*Gal.* Sir.

*Don Guz.* Try if you can see *Jacinta*, let her privately know I wou'd fain speak with her.

*Gal.* It shall be done, Sir. (*Exit Gal.*)

*Don Guzman solus.*

Sure Villany and Impudence were never on the stretch before! This Traitor has wreckt them till they crack. To what a Plunge the Villain's Tour has brought me. *Pedro's* Resentment must at last be pointed here: But that's a Trifle, had he not ruin'd me with *Leonora*, I easily had pass'd him by the rest. — What's to be done? Which way shall I convince her of my Innocence? The Blood of him, who has dar'd declare me guilty, may satisfy my Vengeance, but not aid my Love. No, I'm lost with her for ever —

*Enter Jacinta.*

Speak; is't not so, *Jacinta*? Am I not ruin'd with the virtuous *Leonora*?

*Jac.* One of you, I suppose, is.

*Don Guz.* Which dost thou think?

*Jac.* Why he that came to spoil all, who shou'd it be?

Don

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*Don Guz.* Prithce be serious with me if thou can'st for one small Moment, and advise me which way I shall take to convince her of my Innocence, That it was I that came to do her Service?

*Jacin.* Why you both came to do her Service, did not you?

*Don Guz.* Still trifling?

*Jacin.* No by my Troth, not I.

*Don Guz.* Then turn thy Thoughts to ease me in my Torment, and be my faithful Witness to her, That Heaven and Hell and all their Wrath I imprecate, if ever once I knew one fleeting Thought, that durst propose to me so impious an Attempt. No, *Jacinta*, I love her well; but love with that humility, whatever Misery I feel, my Torture ne'er shall urge me on to seize, more than her Bounty gives me leave to take.

*Jacin.* And the Murrain take such a Lover, and his Humility both, say I. Why sure, Sir, you are not in earnest in this Story, are you?

*Don Guz.* Why do'st thou question it?

*Jacin.* Because I really and seriously thought you innocent.

*Don Guz.* Innocent! What dost thou mean?

*Jacin.* Mean! Why what shou'd I mean? I mean that I concluded you lov'd my Lady to that degree, you cou'd not live without her: And that the thought of her being given up to another, made your Passion flame out like Mount *Etna*: That upon this your Love got the Bridle in his Teeth, and ran away with you into her Chamber, where that impertinent Spy upon her and you, *Don John*, follow'd and prevented farther proofs of your Affection.

*Don Guz.* Why sure——

*Jacin.* Why sure, thus I thought it was, and thus she thinks it is. If you have a mind in the depth of your Discretion to convince her of your Innocence—— May your Innocence be your Reward. I'm sure were I in her place, you shou'd never have any other from me.

*Don Guz.* Was there, then no Merit, in flying to her Assistance when I heard her Cries?

*Jacin.*

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*Facin.* As much as the Constable and the Watch might have pretended to, something to drink.

*Don Guz.* This is all Raillery, 'tis impossible she can be pleas'd with such an Attempt.

*Facin.* 'Tis impossible she can be pleas'd with being reduc'd to make the Attempt upon you.

*Don Guz.* But was this a proper way to save her Blushes?

*Facin.* 'Twas in the dark, that's one way.

*Don Guz.* But it must look like downright Violation.

*Facin.* If it did not feel like it, what did that signify? Come, Sir, Wagery apart: You know I'm your Servant, I have given you proofs on't. Therefore don't distrust me now if I tell you, this Quarrel may be made up with the Wife, tho perhaps not with the Husband. In short, she thinks you were first in her Chamber, and has not the worse Opinion of you for it; she makes allowance for your Sufferings, and has still love enough for you, not to be displeas'd with the utmost Proofs you can give, that you have still a warm remain for her.

*Don Guz.* If this be true, and that she thought 'twas me, why did she cry out to expose me?

*Facin.* Because at that time she did not think 'twas you. Will that content you? And now she does think 'twas you, your Business is to let her think so on; for in a word, I can see she's concern'd at the Danger she has brought you into, and I believe wou'd be heartily glad, to see you well out on't.

*Don Guz.* ——— 'Tis impossible she can forgive me.

*Facin.* Oons ——— Now Heaven forgive me, for I had a great Oath upon the very tip of my Tongue; you'd make one mad with your Impossible and your Innocence, and your Humilities. 'Sdeath Sir, d'you think a Woman makes no distinction between the Assaults of a Man she likes and one she don't? My Lady hates *Don John*, and if she thought 'twas he had done this Job, she'd hang him for't in her own Garters; she likes you, and if you shou'd do such another, you might still die in your Bed like a Bishop for her.

*Don Guz.* Well, I'll dispute no farther. I put my self into thy hands. What am I to do next?

*Facin.*

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*Jacin.* Why, do as she bids you; be in the way at the old Rendezvous, she'll take the first Occasion she can to speak to you; and when you meet, do as I bid you, and instead of your Innocent and Humble, be Guilty and Resolute. Your Mistress is now marry'd, Sir, consider that. She has chang'd her Situation, and so must you your Battery. Attack a Maid gently, a Wife warmly, and be as rugged with a Widow as you can. Good buy t'ye Sir. [*Exeunt several ways.*]

SCENE, *Don Felix's House.*

*Enter Don Pedro solus.*

In what distraction have I past this Night? Sure I shall never close my Eyes again. No Rack can equal what I feel. Wounded in both my Honour and my Love; they have pierc'd me in two tender parts. Yet cou'd I take my just Revenge, it wou'd in some degree assuage my Smart. O guide me Heaven to that Cordial-drop — Hold! A Glance of Light I think begins to — Yes — Right. When yesterday I brought Don *John* hither, was not Don *Felix* much disturb'd? — He was; and why? — That may be worth enquiring. But something more occurs. At my arrival in this City, was I not told two Cavaliers were warm in the pursuit of *Leonora*? One I remember well they nam'd; 'twas *Guzman*: The other, I am yet a stranger to. I fear I shall not be so long — 'Tis *Alvarada*; O the Traytor! yet I may wrong him much. I have *Guzman's* own Confession that he past the Wall to come to *Leonora* — O, but 'twas to her Assistance — And so it might, and he a Villain still. There are Assistances of various sorts — What were her Wants? — That's dark — But whatsoever they were, he came to her Assistance. Death be his Portion for his ready Service.

*Enter Don Eelix.*

*Don Fel.* You avoid me, *Don Pedro*; 'tis not well. Am I not your Father, have you not reason to believe I am your Friend? Don

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*Don Ped.* I have.

*Don Fel.* Why do you not then treat me like a Father and a Friend? The Mystery you make to me of last Night's disturbance, I take unkindly from you. Come tell me your Grief, that if I can I may assuage it.

*Don Ped.* Nothing but Vengeance can give me ease.

*Don Fel.* If I desire to know your Wrongs, 'tis to assist you in revenging 'em.

*Don Ped.* Know then, that last Night in this Apartment I found *Don Guzman* and *Don John*.

*Don Fel.* *Guzman* and *Alvarada*?

*Don Ped.* Yes; and *Leonora* almost naked between them, crying out for Aid.

*Don Fel.* Were they both guilty?

*Don Ped.* One was come to force her, t'other to rescue her.

*Don Fel.* Which was the Criminal?

*Don Ped.* Of that I yet am ignorant. They accuse each other.

*Don Fel.* Can't your Wife determine it?

*Don Ped.* The Darkness of the Night put it out of her power.

*Don Fel.* But I perhaps may bring some Light to aid you. I have part in the Affront: And tho my Arm's too old and weak to serve you, my Counsel may be useful to your Vengeance. Know then, that *Don Guzman* has a long time pursu'd my Daughter; and I as resolutely refus'd his Suit: Which however has not hindered him from searching all Occasions to see and speak to her.

*Don John*, on his side——

*Don Ped.* *Don John's* my Friend, and I am confident——

*Don Fel.* That Confidence destroys you. Hear my Charge, and be your self his Judge. He too has been a pressing Suitor to my Daughter.

*Don Ped.* Impossible.

*Don Fel.* To me my self, he has own'd his Love to her.

*Don*

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Don Ped. Good Gods! Yet still this leaves the Mystery where it was; this Charge is equal.

Don Fel. 'Tis true; but yonder's one (if you can make her speak) I have reason to believe can tell us more. Ho, *Jacinta!*

*Enter Jacinta.*

*Jacin.* Do you call me, Sir?

Don Fel. Yes; Don Pedro wou'd speak with you.

[*To Don Pedro aside.*] I'll leave you with her; press her both by Threats and Promises, and if you find your Wife in fault, old as I am, her Father too, I'll raise my Arm to plunge this Dagger in her Breast; and by that Firmety convince the World, my Honour's dearer to me than my Child. [*Ex. Don Fel.*

Don Ped. *aside.*] Heaven grant me power to stifle my Rage, till 'tis time to let my Vengeance fly.

*Jacinta* come near: I have some Business with you.

*Jacin. aside.*] His Business with me at this time can be good for nothing, I doubt.

[*Jacin. to Don Ped.*] What Commands have you, Sir, for me? for I'm not very well.

Don Ped. What's your disorder?

*Jacin.* A little sort of a something towards an Ague, I think.

Don Ped. You don't seem so ill, but you may tell me ———

*Jacin.* O, I can tell you nothing, Sir, I assure you.

Don Ped. You answer me before you hear my Question. That looks as if you knew——

*Jacin.* I know that what you are a going to ask me, is a Secret I'm out at.

Don Ped. *offering her a Purse.*] Then this shall let thee into it.

*Jacin.* I know nothing of the matter.

Don Ped. Come, tell me all, and take thy Reward.

*Jacin.* I know nothing of the matter, I say.

Don Ped. *drawing his Sword.*] Speak; or by all the Flame and Fire of Hell Eternal——

*Jacin.* O Lard, O Lard, O Lard!

Don Ped. Speak; or th'art dead.

*Jacin.*



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*Facin.* But if I do speak, shan't I be dead for all that?

*Don Ped.* Speak, and thou art safe.

*Facin.* Well—— O Lard—— I'm so frightened—— But if I must speak then—— O dear heart—— give me the Purse.

*Don Ped.* There.

*Facin.* Why truly, between a Purse in one's hand—— and—— a Sword in one's Guts, I think there's little room left for debate.

*Don Ped.* Come, begin, I'm impatient.

*Facin.* Begin! let me see; where shall I begin? at *Don Guzman*, I think.

*Don Ped.* What of him?

*Facin.* Why he has been in love with my Lady these six Years.

*Don Ped.* I know it; but how has she receiv'd him?

*Facin.* Receiv'd him! Why—— as young Maids use to receive handsome Fellows; at first ill, afterwards better.

*Don Ped. aside.]* Furies! Did they ever meet?

*Facin.* A little.

*Don Ped.* By Day or Night?

*Facin.* Both.

*Don Ped.* Distraction! Where was their Rendezvous?

*Facin.* Where they cou'd not do one another much good.

*Don Ped.* As how?

*Facin.* As through a Hole in a Wall.

*Don Ped.* The Strumpet banters me: Be serious, Insolence, or I shall spoil your Gaiety; I'm not dispos'd to Mirth.

*Facin.* Why I am serious, if you like my Story the better for't.

*Don Ped. aside.]* How miserable a Wretch am I!

*Facin.* I tell you there's a Wall parts their two Houses, and in that Wall there's a Hole. How the Wall came

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came by the Hole, I can't tell; may hap by chance, may hap by no chance; but there 'tis, and there they use to prattle.

*Don Ped.* And this is Truth?

*Jacin.* I can't bate you a word on't, Sir.

*Don Ped.* When did they meet there last?

*Jacin.* Yesterday; I suppose 'twas only to bid one another Adieu.

*Don Ped.* Ah, *Jacinta*, thou hast pierc'd my Soul.

*Jacin. aside.*] And yet I han't told you half I cou'd tell you, my Don.

*Don Ped.* Where is this place you speak of?

*Jacin.* There 'tis, if you are curious.

*Don Ped.* When they wou'd speak with one another, what's the Call?

*Jacin.* Tinkle, Tinkle.

*Don Ped.* A Bell?

*Jacin.* It is.

*Don Ped.* Ring.

*Jacin.* What do you mean, Sir?

*Don Ped. hastily.*] Ring.

*Jacin.* 'Tis done.

*Don Ped. aside.*] I'll make use of her to examine him.

Does he come?

*Jacin.* Not yet.

*Don Ped.* Pull again.

*Jacin.* You must give him time, Sir: My Lady always does so.

*Don Ped.* I hear something.

*Jacin.* 'Tis he.

*(Don Guz. within.)* Who's there?

*(Don Ped. softly.)* Say you are *Leonora*.

[*Dumb show of her unwillingness, and his threatning.*]

*(Jacin. softly.)* 'Tis *Leonora*.

*Don Guz.* What are your Commands, Madam? Is it possible so unfortunate a Wretch as I, can be capable of serving you?

[*Don Ped. whispers Jacinta, who seems backwards to speak.*]

*Jacin.*

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*Jacin.* I come to ask you, how you cou'd so far forget that infinite Regard you have profess'd, to make an attempt so dangerous both to your self and me; and which, with all the Esteem and Love I have ever borne you, you scarce cou'd hope I ever shou'd forgive you.

*Don Guz.* Alas! my Hopes and Fears were vanish'd too. My Counsel, was my Love and my Despair. If they advis'd me wrong, of them complain, for it was you who made 'em my Directors.

*Don Ped. aside.)* The Villain owns the Fact. It seems he thinks he has not much to fear, from her Repentment. O Torture!

*Enter Leonora.*

*Jacin. aside.)* So, She's here; that's as I expected: now we are blown up.

*(Leo. aside, not seeing them.)* If I don't mistake, I heard *Don Guzman's* call. I can't refuse to answer it; forgive me, Gods, and let my Woman's Weakness plead my Cause—— How! My Husband here! Nay then——

*Don Ped.* You seem disorder'd, Madam; pray what may be the Cause?

*(Leo. confus'd.)* I don't know really; I'm not—— I don't know that——

*Don Ped.* You did not know that I was here, I guess.

*Leo.* Yes I did, and—— came to speak with you.

*Don Ped.* I'm not at present in a talking Humour, but if your Tongue is set to Conversation, there's one behind the Wall will entertain you.

*Don Guz.* But is it possible, fair *Leonora*, that you can pardon my Attempt?

[*Don Ped. to Leo.*] You hear him, Madam, he dares own it to you.

*Leo. aside.]* *Facinta* winks; I guess what Scene they have been acting here. My Part is now to play.

[*To Don Ped.*] I see, Sir, he dares own it: Nor is he the first Lover has presum'd beyond the Countenance he ever has receiv'd. Pray draw near, and hear what he has more to say: It is my Interest you shou'd know the Depth of all has ever pass'd between us.

[*Leo.*

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[*Leo. to Don Guz.*] I fain wou'd know, Don *Guzman*, whether in the whole Conduct of my Life, you have known one step, that cou'd encourage you to hope I ever cou'd be yours, but on the terms of Honour which you fought me?

Don *Guz.* Not one.

*Leo.* Why then shou'd you believe I cou'd forgive the taking that by force, which you already were convinc'd I valu'd more the keeping, than my Life?

Don *Guz.* Had my Love been as temperate as yours, I with your Reason had perhaps debated. But not in Reason, but in Flames, I flew to *Leonora*.

*Leo.* If strong Temptation be allow'd a Plea, Vice, in the worst of shapes, has much to urge: No, cou'd any thing have shaken me in Virtue, it must have been the strength of it in you. Had you shone bright enough to dazzle me, I blindly might have mist the Path I meant to tread: But now you have clear'd my sight for ever. If therefore from this moment more, you dare to let me know one Thought of Love, tho' in the humblest Stile, expect to be a Sacrifice to him you attempt to wrong. Farewel.

[*She retires from him.*]

Don *Guz.* O stay and hear me, I have wrong'd my self, I'm innocent; by all that's Sacred, Just and Good, I'm innocent.

Don *Ped. aside.*] What does he mean?

Don *Guz.* I have own'd a Fact I am not guilty of; *Jacinta* can inform you, she knows I never——

*Jacin.* I know! The Man's mad; Pray be gone, Sir, my Lady will hear no more. I'll shut him out, Madam, shan't I?

[*She shuts the Hole.*]

*Leo.* I have no farther Business with him.

*Enter Isabella hastily.*

*Isab.* O Heavens, *Leonora*, where are you? Don *Pedro*, you can assist me better.

*Leo.* What's the matter?

Don *Ped.* What is it, Madam, I can serve you in?

*Isab.* In what the Peace of my whole Life consists, the Safety of my Brother; Don *John's* Servant has this moment left me a Letter for him, which I have open'd, knowing

knowing there is an Animosity of some time between 'em.

*Don Ped.* Well, Madam !

*Ifab.* O dear, it is a Challenge, and what to do I know not ; if I shew it my Brother, he'll immediately fly to the place appointed : and if I don't, he'll be accus'd of Cowardice. One way I risque his Life, t'other I ruin his Honour.

*Don Ped.* What wou'd you have me do, Madam ?

*Ifab.* I'll tell you, Sir : I only beg you'll go to the place where *Don John* expects him ; tell him I have intercepted his Letter, and make him promise you he'll send no more : By this generous Charity you may hinder two Men (whose Piques are on a frivolous occasion) from murdering one another ; and by this good Office, you'll repay the small Debt you owe my Brother, for flying last Night to *Leonora's* Succour ; and doubly pay the Obligation you have to me upon the same occasion.

*Don Ped.* What Obligation, Madam ? I am ignorant, pray inform me.

*Ifab.* 'Twas I, Sir, that first heard *Leonora's* Cries, and rais'd my Brother to her Aid. Pray let me receive the same assistance from your Prudence, which you have had from my Care, and my Brother's Generosity. But pray lose no time, *Don John* is perhaps already on the spot, and not meeting my Brother, may send a second Message, which may be fatal.

*Don Ped.* Madam, be at rest ; you shall be satisfy'd, I'll go this moment. I'll only ask you first whether you are sure you heard my Wife call out for Succour, before your Brother past the Wall ?

*Ifab.* I did ; why do you ask that Question ?

*Don Ped.* I have a reason, you may be sure.

(*Aside.*) Just Heaven I adore thee, the Truth at last shines clear, and by that Villain *Alvarada* I'm betray'd. But enough, I'll make use of this Occasion for my Vengeance. (*To Ifab.*) Where, Madam, is it, *Don John* tis waiting ?

*Ifab.* But here, in a small Field behind the Garden.

Don

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*Don Ped. aside.*) His Blood shall do me Reason for his Treachery.

*Ifab.* Will you go there directly?

*Don Ped.* I will. Be satisfy'd. (*Ex. Don Ped.*)

*Leo.* You weep, *Ifabella.*

*Ifab.* You see my trouble for a Brother, for whom I wou'd die, and a Lover for whom I wou'd live. They both are Authors of my Grief.

*Leo.* They both are Instruments of my Misfortune.



A C T V.

*Enter Lopez.*

**O** H O, my good Sgnior Don *John*, you are mistaken in your Man; I am your humble Valer, 'tis true, and I am to obey you: but when you have got the Devil in your Body, and are upon your Rantipole Adventures, you shall *Quixot* it by your self for *Lopez*. Yonder he is, waiting for poor *Guzman*, with a Sword of a Fathom and a half, a Dagger for close Engagement; and (if I don't mistake) a Pocket Pistol for extraordinary Occasions. I think I am not in the wrong to keep a little out of the way: These matters will end in a Court of Justice, or I'm wrong in my foresight: Now that being a place where I am pretty well known, and not over-much reputed, I believe 'tis best, neither to come in for Prisoner nor Evidence. But hold; yonder comes another *Toledo*. Don *Guzman* I presume, but I presume wrong, 'tis—— who is't? Don *Pedro*, by all the Powers. What the Pox does he here, or what the Pox do I here? I'm sure as matters stand, I ought to fly him like a Creditor; but he sees me, 'tis too late to slip him.

*Enter Don Pedro.*

*Don Ped.* How now, *Lopez*, where are you going?

*Lop.*

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*Lop.* I'm going, Sir, I—— I'm going—— if you please I'm going about my Business.

*Don Ped.* From whence do you come?

*Lop.* Only, only Sir, from—— taking the Air a little, I'm mightily muddled with a Whur—— round about in my Head for this day or two, I'm going home to be let Blood, as fast as I can, Sir,

*Don Ped.* Hold, Sir, I'll let you blood here.

This Rascal may have borne some part in this late Adventure: He's a Coward, I'll try to frighten it out of him.

[*Seizing him by the Collar, and drawing his Poignard.*]

You Traytor you, y'are dead.

*Lop.* Mercy, *Don Pedro.*

*Don Ped.* Are you not a Villain? (Lo. *Kneeling.*)

*Lop.* Yes if you please.

*Don Ped.* Is there so great a one upon Earth?

*Lop.* With respect to my Master; No.

*Don Ped.* Prepare then to die.

*Lop.* Give me but time, and I will. But noble *Don Pedro*, just *Don Pedro*, generous *Don Pedro*, what is it I have done?

*Don Ped.* What if thou dar'st deny, I'll plunge this Dagger deep into thy Throat, and drive the falshood to thy Heart again. Therefore take heed, and on thy Life declare; did'st thou not this last Night open my doors to let *Don Guzman* in?

*Lop.* *Don Guzman!*

*Don Ped.* *Don Guzman?* Yes, *Don Guzman*, Traytor, him.

*Lop.* Now may the Sky crush me, if I let in *Don Guzman*.

*Don Ped.* Who did you let in then? It wan't your Master sure! if it was him, you did your Duty, I have no more to say.

*Lop.* Why then if I let in any body else, I'm a Son of a Whore. (Rising.)

*Don Ped.* Did he order you before-hand, or did you do't upon his knocking?

†

*Lop.*

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*Lop.* Why he ; I'll tell you Sir, he—— pray put up that Brilliant ; it sparkles so in my Eyes, it almost blinds me—— thank you, Sir, (*Don Ped. puts it up.*

Why, Sir, I'll tell you just how the matter was, but I hope you won't consider me as a Party.

*Don Ped.* Go on, thou art safe.

*Lop.* Why then, Sir, when (for our Sins) you had left us, says my Master to me, *Lopez*, says he, go and stay at old *Don Felix's* House, till *Don Pedro* returns, they'll pass thee for his Servant, and think he has order'd thee to stay there. And then, says he, dost hear, open me the Door by *Leonora's* Apartment to-night, for I have a little business, says he, to do there.

*Don Ped. aside.)* Perfidious Wretch !

*Lop.* Indeed, I was at first, a little wresty, and stood off ; being suspicious (for I knew the Man) that there might be some ill Intentions. But he knew me too, takes me upon the weak side, whips out a long Sword, and by the same Means makes me do the thing, as you have made me discover it. (*Aside.*) There's neither Liberty nor Property in this Land, since the Blood of the *Bourbon's* came amongst us.

*Don Ped.* Then you let him in, as he bid you ?

*Lop.* I did : If I had not, I had never liv'd to tell you the Story. Yes, I let him in.

*Don Ped.* And what follow'd ?

*Lop.* Why he follow'd.

*Don Ped.* What ?

*Lop.* His Inclinations.

*Don Ped.* Which way ?

*Lop.* The old Way ; To a Woman.

*Don Ped.* Confound him !

*Lop.* In short, he got to Madam's Chamber, and before he had been there long, (tho you know, Sir, a little time goes a great way in some matters) I heard such a clutter of small Shot, Murder, Murder, Murder, Rape, Fire, Help, and so forth—— But hold, here he comes himself, and can give you a more circumstantial account of the Skirmish.

Don



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*Don Ped.* I thank thee Heaven at last, for having pointed me to the Victim I am to sacrifice. (*Ex. Lop.*)

*Enter Don John.*

*Drawing.*) Villain, defend thy self.

*Don John.* What do you mean?

*Don Ped.* To punish a Traytor.

*Don John.* Where is he?

*Don Pen.* In the Heart of a sworn Friend.

*Don John aside.*) I saw *Lopez* go from him; without doubt he has told him all. (*To Don Ped.*) Of what am I suspected?

*Don Ped.* Of betraying the greatest Trust that Man cou'd place in Man.

*Don John.* And by whom am I accus'd?

*Don Ped.* By me: Have at thy Traytor's Heart.

*Don John.* Hold! And be not quite a Madman!

*Pedro,* you know me well: You know I am not backward upon these Occasions, nor shall I refuse you any Satisfaction you'll demand; but first, I will be heard, and tell you, That for a Man of Sense, you are pleas'd to make very odd Conclusions.

*Don Ped.* Why, what is't possible thou canst invent to clear thy self?

*Don John.* To clear my self! Of what? I'm to be thank'd for what I have done, and not reproach'd. I find I have been an Ass, and push'd my Friendship to that Point, you find not Virtue in your self enough to conceive it in another. But henceforward, I shall be a better Husband on't.

*Don Ped.* I shou'd be loth to find Ingratitude cou'd e'er be justly charg'd upon me: But after what your Servant has confess'd—

*Don John.* My Servant! right, my Servant! The very thing I guess'd. Fie, fie, *Don Pedro*; Is't from a Servant's Mouth a Friend condemns a Friend? or can Servants always judge at what their Masters outward Actions point? But some Allowances I shou'd make for the wild Agitation you must needs be in. I'm therefore calm, and thus far pass all by.

Don

Don *Ped.* If you are innocent, Heaven be my Aid, that I may find you so. But still——

Don *John.* But still you wrong me, if you still suspect. Hear then, in short, my part of this Adventure. In order to acquit my self of the Charge you laid upon me in your Absence, I went last Night, just as 'twas dark, to view the several Approaches to the House where you had left your Wife; and I observ'd not far from one of the back Doors, two Persons in close eager Conference: I was disguis'd, so ventur'd to pass near 'em, and by a word or two I heard, I found 'twas *Guzman* talking to *Jacinta*. My Concern for your Honour, made me at first resolve to call him to an immediate account. But then reflecting that I might possibly o'er-hear some part of their Discourse, and by that judge of *Leonora's* Thoughts, I rein'd my Passion in; and by the help of an advancing Buttress, which kept me from their sight, I learnt the black Conspiracy. Don *Guzman* said, he had great Complaint to make; and since his honourable Love had been so ill return'd, he could with ease forgive himself, if by some rougher means he should procure, what Prayers and Tears, and Sighs, had urg'd in vain.

Don *Ped.* Go on,

Don *John.* His kind Assistant clos'd smoothly with him, and inform'd him with what ease that very Night she'd introduce him to her Chamber. At last, they parted, with this agreement, That at some Overture in a Wall, he should expect her to inform him when *Leonora* was in Bed, and all the Coast was clear.

Don *Ped.* Dispatch the rest—— Is't possible after all he should be innocent!

Don *John.* I must confess the Resolution taken, made me tremble for you: How to prevent it now and for ever, was my next care. I immediately order'd *Lopez* to go lie at Don *Felix's*, and to open me the door when all the Family were in Bed. He did as I directed him. I enter'd, and in the dark found my way to *Leonora's* Apartment; I found the Door open, at which I was surpriz'd. I thought I heard some stirring in her Cham-

Chamber, and in an instant heard her cry for Aid. At this I drew, and rush'd into the Room; which *Guzman* alarm'd at, cry'd out to her assistance. His ready Impudence, I must confess, at first quite struck me speechless; but in a moment I regain'd my Tongue, and loud proclaim'd the Traitor.

*Don Ped.* Is't possible!

*Don John.* Yet more: your arrival hindring me at that time from taking vengeance for your Wrong, I at this instant expect him here, to punish him (with Heaven's righteous Aid) for daring to attempt my Ruin with the Man, whose Friendship I prefer to all the Blessings Heaven and Earth dispense.

And now, *Don Pedro*, I have told you this, if still you have a mind to take my Life, I shall defend it with the self-same warmth, I intended to expose it in your Service.

[*Draws.*  
*Don Ped. aside.*] If I did not know he was in love with *Leonora*, I could be easily surpriz'd with what he has told me. But—— But yet 'tis certain he has destroyed the Proofs against him; and if I only hold him guilty as a Lover, why must *Don Guzman* pass for innocent? Good Gods, I am again returning to my Doubts!

*Don John aside.*] I have at last reduc'd him to a Ballance, but one Lye more tost in, will turn the Scale.

*To Don Ped.*] One Obligation more, my Friend, you owe me; I thought to have let it pass, but it shall out. Know then, I lov'd, like you, the beauteous *Leonora*; but from the moment, I observ'd how deep her Dart had pierc'd you, I tore my Passion from my bleeding Heart, and sacrific'd my Happiness to yours. Now, I have no more to plead; if still you think your Vengeance is my due, come pay it me.

*Don Ped.* Rather ten thousand Ponyards strike me dead. O *Alvarada*! Can you forgive a wild distracted Friend? Gods! Whither was my jealous Frenzy leading me? Can you forget this barbarous Injury?

*Don John.* I can: No more. But for the future, think me what I am, a faithful and a zealous Friend. Retire, and leave me here. In a few moments I hope

to bring you farther Proofs on't. *Guzman* I instantly expect, leave me to do you Justice on him.

*Don Ped.* That must not be. My Revenge can ne'er be satisfy'd by any other hand but this.

*Don John.* Then let that do't. You'll in a moment have an opportunity.

*Don Ped.* You mistake, he won't be here.

*Don John.* How so?

*Don Ped.* He has not had your Challenge. His Sister intercepted it, and desir'd I would come to prevent the Quarrel.

*Don John.* What then is to be done?

*Don Ped.* I'll go and find him out immediately.

*Don John.* Very well: Or hold—— [Aside] I must hinder 'em from talking, Gossiping may discover me.

Yes: Let's go and find him: Or, let me see——  
Ay—— 'twill do better.

*Don Ped.* What?

*Don John.* Why—— That the Punishment should suit the Crime.

*Don Ped.* Explain.

*Don John.* Attack him by his own Laws of War—— 'Twas in the Night he would have had your Honour, and in the Night you ought to have his Life.

*Don Ped.* His Treason cannot take the Guilt from mine.

*Don John.* There is no Guilt in fair Retaliation. When 'tis a point of Honour founds the Quarrel, the Laws of Sword-Men must be kept, 'tis true: But if a Thief glides in to seize my Treasure, methinks I may return the Favour on my Dagger's Point, as well as with my Sword of Ceremony six times as long.

*Don Ped.* Yet still the nobler Method I wou'd chuse; it better satisfies the Vengeance of a Man of Honour.

*Don John.* I own it, were you sure you shou'd succeed: But the Events of Combats are uncertain. Your Enemy may 'scape you: You perhaps may only wound him; you may be parted. Believe me, *Pedro*, the Injury's too great for a Punctilio Satisfaction.

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*Don Ped.* Well, guide me as you please, so you direct me quickly to my Vengeance. What do you propose?

*Don John.* That which is easy, as 'tis just to execute. The Wall he pass, to attempt your Wife, let us get over to prevent his doing so any more. 'Twill let us into a private Apartment by his Garden, where every Evening in his amorous Solitudes, he spends some time alone, and where I guess his late fair Scheme was drawn. The deed done, we can retreat the way we enter'd; let me be your Pilot, 'tis now e'en dark, and the most proper time.

*Don Ped.* Lead on; I'll follow you.

*Don John aside.]* How many Villanies I'm forc'd to act, to keep one secret! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE, *Don Guzman's Apartments.*

*Don Guzman, sitting, solus.*

With what Rigour does this unfaithful Woman treat me? Is't possible it can be she, who appear'd to love me with so much tenderness? How little stress is to be laid upon a Woman's Heart? Sure they're not worth those anxious Cares they give. *[Rising.]* Then burst my Chains, and give me room to search for nobler Pleasures. I feel my Heart begin to mutiny for Liberty; there is a Spirit in it yet, will struggle hard for Freedom: but Solitude's the worst of Seconds. Ho, *Sancho, Galinda*, who waits there? Bring some Lights. Where are you?

*Enter Galinda, rubbing his Eyes, and drunk.*

*Galind.* I can't well tell. Do you want me, Sir?

*Don Guz.* Yes, Sir, I want you. Why am I left in the dark? what were you doing?

*Galind.* Doing, Sir! I was doing—— what one does when one sleeps, Sir.

*Don Guz.* Have you no Light without?

*Galind. Yawning.]* Light!—— No, Sir,—— I have no Light. I am us'd to Hardship. I can sleep in the dark. *Don*

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Don Guz. You have been drinking, you Rascal, you are drunk.

Galin. I have been drinking, Sir, 'tis true, but I am not drunk. Every Man that is drunk, has been drinking; confess'd. But every Man that has been drinking, is not drunk. Confess that too.

Don Guz. Who is't has put you in this Condition; you Sot?

Galin. A very honest Fellow: Madam Leonora's Coachman, no body else. I have been making a little debauch with Madam Leonora's Coachman; yes.

Don Guz. How came you to drink with him, Beast?

Galin. Only *par* Complaisance, Sir. The Coachman was to be drunk upon Madam's Wedding; and I being a Friend, was desir'd to take part.

Don Guz. And so, you Villain, you can make your self merry, with what renders me miserable.

Galin. No, Sir, no; 'twas the Coachman was merry: I drank with Tears in my Eyes. The remembrance of your Misfortunes, made me so sad, so sad, that every Cup I swallow'd, was like a Cup of Poison to me.

Don Guz. Without doubt.

Galin. Yes; and to mortify my self upon melancholy Matters, I believe I took down fifty. Yes.

Don Guz. Go fetch some Lights, you drunken Sot you.

Galin. I will. If I can find the Door, that's to say—— The Devil's in the Door; I think 'tis grown too little for me—— Shrunk this wet Weather, I presume. } *Feeling for the Door, and running against it.* [Ex. Galin.]

Don Guzman alone.

Absence, the old Remedy for Love, must e'en be mine; to stay and brave the Danger, were Presumption: Farewel *Valencia* then, and farewel *Leonora*. And if thou can'st, my Heart, redeem thy Liberty; secure it by a Farewel eternal to her Sex.

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*Re-enter Galindo with a Candle, he falls, and puts it out.*

*Galin.* Here's light, Sir—— So.

*Don Guz.* Well done. You foolish Rascal, come no more in my sight. { *Passing angrily into another Chamber.*

*Ex. Don Guz.*

*Galin.* These Boards are so uneven—— You shall see now I shall neither find the Candle—— nor the Candle-stick; it shan't be for want of searching however. { *Rising and feeling about for the Candle.*

—— O ho, have I got you? enough, I'll look for your Companion to-morrow.

*Enter Don Pedro and Don John.*

*Don Ped.* Where are we now?

*Don John.* We are in the Apartment I told you of—— Softly—— I hear something stir—— Ten to one but 'tis he.

*Galin.* Don't I hear somewhat?—— No—— when one has Wine in one's Head, one has such a bustle in one's Ears.

*Don Ped.* to *Don John.* Who is that talking to himself?

*Don John.* 'Tis his Servant, I know his Voice, keep still.

*Galin.* Well; since my Master has banish'd me his sight, I'll redeem by my Obedience, what I have lost by my Debauch. I'll go sleep twelve Hours in some melancholy Hole where the Devil shan't find me. Yes.

*[Ex. Galin.]*

*Don John.* He's gone; but hush, I hear somebody coming.

*Don Guz.* Ho there, will no body bring light?

*[Behind the Scene.]*

*Don Ped.* 'Tis *Guzman.*

*Don John.* 'Tis so, prepare.

*Don Ped.* Shall I own my Weakness, I feel an inward Check; I wish this could be done some other way.

*Don*

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Don John. Distraction all! is this a time to balance? Think on the Injury he would have done you, 'twill fortify your Arm, and guide your Dagger to his Heart.

Don Ped. Enough, I'll hesitate no more; be satisfy'd, hark, he's coming.

*Don Guzman passes the Stage.*

Don Guz. I think these Rogues are resolv'd to leave me in the dark all Night. *[Ex. Don Guz.]*

Don John. Now's your time, follow him, and strike home.

Don Ped. To his Heart, if my Dagger will reach it.

*[Don Pedro follows him.]*

Don John *aside.*] If one be kill'd, I'm satisfy'd; 'tis no great matter which.

*Re-enter Don Guzman, Don Pedro following him, with his Dagger ready to strike.*

Don Guz. *aside.*] My Chamber-Door's lock'd, and I think I hear somebody tread — Who's there? — Nobody answers. But still I hear something stir. Hold there! Sancho, are you all drunk? some Lights here quickly. *[Exit.]*

*Don Guzman passes by the Corner where Don John stands, and goes off the Stage; Don Pedro following him, stabs Don John.*

Don Ped. *aside.*] I think I'm near him now: —  
Traytor, take that, my Wife has sent it thee.

Don John. Ah, I'm dead.

Don Ped. Then thou hast thy due.

Don John. I have indeed, 'tis I that have betray'd thee.

Don Ped. And 'tis I that am reveng'd on thee for doing it.

Don John. I wou'd have forc'd thy Wife.

Don Ped. Die then with the Regret, to have fail'd in thy Attempt.

Don John. Farewel, if thou can'st forgive me — *[dies.]*

Don Ped. I have done the deed, there's nothing left, but to make our escape. Don John, where are you? let's be gone, I hear the Servants coming.



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*Lopez knocks hard at the Door.*

*Lop.* Open there quickly, open the Door.

*Don Ped.* That's *Lopez*, we shall be discover'd. But 'tis no great matter, the Crime will justify the Execution; but where's *Don John*? *Don John*, where are you?

*Lopez knocks again.*

*Lop.* Open the Door there, quickly. Madam, I saw 'em both pass the Wall, the Devil's in't if any good comes on't.

*Leo.* I am frightned out of my Senses: ho, *Isabella*!

*Don Ped.* 'Tis *Leonora*. She's welcome. With her own Eyes let her see her *Guzman* dead.

*Enter Don Guzman, Leonora, Isabella, Jacinta and Lopez, with Lights.*

*Don Ped.* Ha, What is't I see? *Guzman* alive? Then who art thou?     [*Looking on Don John.*

*Don Guz.* *Guzman* alive! Yes, *Pedro*, *Guzman* is alive.

*Don Ped.* Then Heaven is just, and there's a Traytor dead.

*Isabella weeps.]* Alas, *Don John*?

*Lop. looking upon Don John.]* *Bonus Nocius.*

*Don Guz.* What has produc'd this bloody Scene?

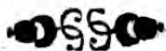
*Don Ped.* 'Tis I, have been the Actor in't, my Poyard, *Guzman*, I intended in your Heart; I thought your Crime deserv'd it: but I did you wrong, and my hand in searching the Innocent, has by Heaven's Justice been directed to the Guilty. *Don John* with his last breath, confess'd himself the Offender. Thus my Revenge's satisfied, and you are clear'd.

*Don Guz.* Good Heaven, how equitable are thy Judgments!

*Don Ped. to Leo.* Come, Madam, my Honour now is satisfied, and if you please my Love may be so too.

*Leo.* If it is not,

*You to your self alone shall owe your smart,  
For where I've given my Hand, I'll give my Heart.*



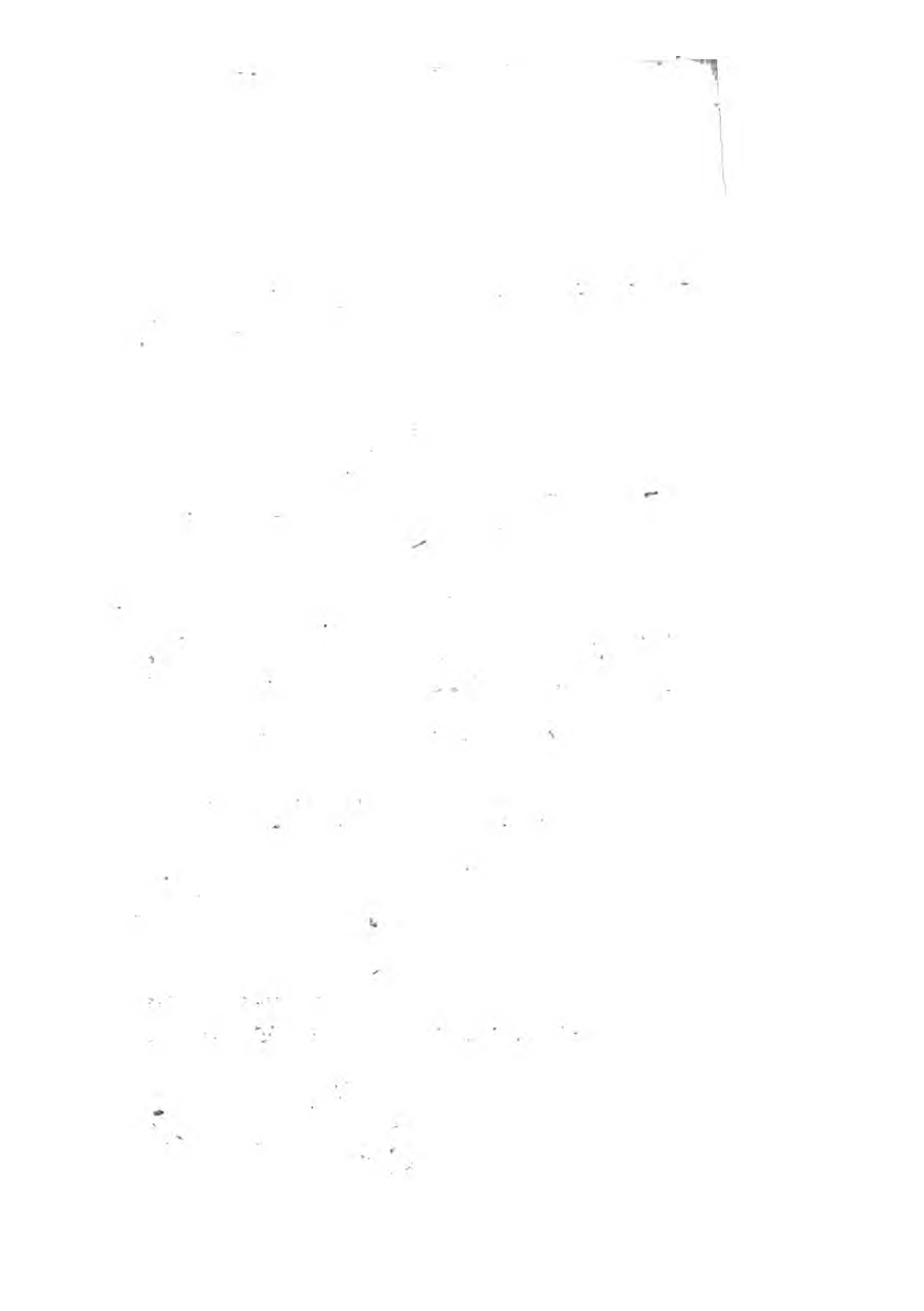
THE



THE  
MISTAKE:  
A  
COMEDY;

As it is Acted at the  
Queen's Theatre in the *Hay-*  
*Market.*







# PROLOGUE;

Written by Mr. Steele.

Spoken by Mr. Booth.



*U.R. Author's Wit and Raillery to-night  
 Perhaps might please, but that your Stage-  
 (delight  
 No more is in your Minds, but Ears and  
 Sight.*

*With Audiences compos'd of Belles and Beaux,  
 The first Dramatick Rule is, have good Clothes.  
 To charm the gay Spectator's gentle Breast,  
 In Lace and Feather Tragedy's express'd,  
 And Heroes die unpity'd, if ill-dress'd.*

*The other Style you full as well advance ;  
 If 'tis a Comedy, you ask—— Who dance ?  
 For oh ! what dire Convulsions have of late  
 Torn and distracted each Dramatick State,  
 On this great Question, which House first should sell  
 The New French Steps, imported by Ruel ?  
 Desbarques can't rise so high, we must agree,  
 They've half a Foot in Height more Wit than we.  
 But tho' the Genius of our Learned Age  
 Thinks fit to Dance and Sing quite off the Stage,  
 True Action, Comick Mirth, and Tragick Rage ;  
 Yet as your Taste now stands, our Author draws  
 some Hopes of your Indulgence and Applause.*

For that great End this Edifice he made,  
 Where humble Swain at Lady's Feet is laid;  
 Where the pleas'd Nymph her conquer'd Lover spies,  
 Then to Glass Pillars turns her conscious Eyes,  
 And points a-new each Charm, for which he dies.

}

The Muse, before nor Terrible nor Great,  
 Enjoys by him this awful gilded Seat:  
 By him Theatrick Angels mount more high,  
 And Mimick Thunders shake a broader Sky.

Thus all must own, our Author has done more  
 For your Delight, than ever Bard before.  
 His Thoughts are still to raise your Pleasures fill'd;  
 To Write, Translate, to Blazon, or to Build.  
 Then take him in the Lump, nor nicely pry  
 Into small Faults, that 'scape a busy Eye;  
 But kindly, Sirs, consider, he to-day  
 Finds you the House, the Actors, and the Play:  
 So, tho' we Stage-Mechanick Rules omit,  
 You must allow it in a Whole-Sale Wit.



## EPILOGUE;

Written by Mr. Motteux.



'M thinking, now good Husbands are so few,  
 To get one like my Friend, what I must do.  
 Camillo ventur'd hard; yet at the worst,  
 She stole Love's Honey-Moon, and try'd her  
 (Lover first.

Many poor Damsels, if they dar'd to tell,  
 Have done as much, but have not scap'd so well.

'Tis

*'Tis well the Scene's in Spain; thus in the dark,  
 I shou'd be loth to trust a London Spark.  
 Some Accident might, for a private Reason,  
 Silence a Female, all this acting Season.  
 Hard Fate of Woman! Any one wou'd vex,  
 To think what odds, you Men have, of our Sex.  
 Restraint and Customs share our Inclination,  
 You Men can try, and run o'er half the Nation.  
 We dare not, even to avoid Reproach,  
 When you're at White's, peep out of Hackney-Coach;  
 Nor with a Friend at Night, our Fame regarding,  
 With Glafs drawn up, drive about Covent-Garden.  
 If poor Town-Ladies steal in here, you rail,  
 Tho like chaste Nuns, their modest Looks they veil;  
 With this Decorum, they can hardly gain  
 To be thought Virtuous, even in Drury-Lane.  
 Tho this you'll not allow, yet sure you may  
 A Plot to snap you, in an honest Way.  
 In Love-Affairs, one scarce would spare a Brother:  
 All cheat; and married Folks may keep a pother,  
 But look as if they cheated one another.  
 You may pretend, our Sex dissembles most,  
 But of your Truth none have much cause to boast:  
 You promise bravely; but for all your Storming,  
 We find you're not so valiant at performing.  
 Then sure Camillo's Conduct you'll approve:  
 Wou'd you not do as much for one you love?  
 Wedlock's but a blind Bargain at the best,  
 You venture more, sometimes, to be not half so blest.  
 All, soon or late, that dang'rous Venture make,  
 And some of you may make a worse Mistake.*



## Dramatis Personæ.

### M E N.

<i>Don Alvarez</i> , Father to <i>Leonora</i> .	<i>Mr. Betterton</i> .
<i>Don Felix</i> , Father to <i>Lorenzo</i> .	<i>Mr. Bright</i> .
<i>Don Carlos</i> , in love with <i>Leonora</i> .	<i>Mr. Booth</i> .
<i>Don Lorenzo</i> , in love with <i>Leonora</i> .	<i>Mr. Husbands</i> .
<i>Metaphrastus</i> , Tutor to <i>Camillo</i> .	<i>Mr. Freeman</i> .
<i>Sancho</i> , Servant to <i>Carlos</i> .	<i>Mr. Dogget</i> .
<i>Lopez</i> , Servant to <i>Lorenzo</i> .	<i>Mr. Pack</i> .
A Bravo.	

### W O M E N.

<i>Leonora</i> , Daughter to <i>Alvarez</i> .	<i>Mrs. Bowman</i> .
<i>Camillo</i> , suppos'd Son to <i>Alvarez</i> .	<i>Mrs. Harcourt</i> .
<i>Isabella</i> , her Friend.	<i>Mrs. Porter</i> .
<i>Jacinta</i> , Servant to <i>Leonora</i> .	<i>Mrs. Baker</i> .

T H E




THE  
MISTAKE.



ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *the Street.*

*Enter Carlos and Sancho.*

*Car.*  Tell thee, I am satisfy'd, I'm in-love enough to be suspicious of every body.

*San.* And yet methinks, Sir, you should leave me out.

*Car.* It may be so ; I can't tell : but I'm not at ease. If they don't make a Knave, at least they'll make a Fool of thee.

*San.* I don't believe a word on't : But good faith, Master, your Love makes somewhat of you ; I don't know what 'tis ; but methinks when you suspect me, you don't seem a Man of half those Parts I us'd to take you for. Look in my Face, 'tis round and comely,  
not



not one hollow Line of a Villain in it : Men of my Fabrick don't use to be suspected for Knaves ; and when you take us for Fools, we never take you for wise Men. For my part, in this present Case, I take my self to be mighty deep. A Stander-by, Sir, sees more than a Gamester. You are pleas'd to be jealous of your poor Mistress without a Cause, she uses you but too well, in my humble Opinion ; she sees you, and talks with you, till I am quite tired on't sometimes ; and your Rival that you are so scar'd about, forces a Visit upon her, about once in a Fortnight.

*Car.* Alas, thou art ignorant in these Affairs, he that's the civilly'st receiv'd is often the least car'd for : Women appear warm to one, to hide a Flame for another. *Lorenzo* in short appears too compos'd of late to be a rejected Lover, and the Indifference he shews upon the Favours I seem to receive from her, poisons the Pleasure I else should taste in them, and keeps me upon a perpetual Rack. No—— I would fain see some of his jealous Transports, have him fire at the sight o'me, contradict me whenever I speak, affront me wherever he meets me, challenge me, fight me——

*San.* ——Run you through the Guts.

*Car.* But he's too calm, his Heart's too much at ease, to leave me mine at Rest.

*San.* But, Sir, you forget that there are two ways for our Hearts to get at ease ; when our Mistresses come to be very fond of us, or we—— not to care a Fig for them. Now suppose, upon the Rebukes you know he has had, it should chance to be the latter.

*Car.* Again thy Ignorance appears : Alas, a Lover who has broke his Chain will shun the Tyrant that enslav'd him, Indifference never is his Lot, he loves or hates for ever ; and if his Mistress prove another's Prize, he cannot calmly see her in his Arms.

*San.* For my part, Master, I'm not so great a Philosopher as you be, nor (thank my Stars) so bitter a Lover, but what I see—— that I generally believe ; and when *Jacinta* tells me she loves me dearly, I have good Thoughts enough of my Person never to doubt the Truth on't. See, here the Baggage comes. *En*

*Enter Jacinta with a Letter.*

Hist ! *Jacinta* ! my Dear.

*Jacin.* Who's that ? Blunderbus ! Where's your Master ?

*San.* Hard by. [*Shewing him.*

*Jacin.* O, Sir, I'm glad I have found you at last ; I believe I have travell'd five Miles after you, and could neither find you at home, nor in the Walks, nor at Church, nor at the Opera, nor——

*San.* Nor any where else, where he was not to be found ; if you had look'd for him where he was, 'twas ten to one but you had met with him.

*Jacin.* I had, Jack-a-dandy !

*Car.* But, prithee, what's the matter ? Who sent you after me ?

*Jacin.* One who's never well but when she sees you, I think ; 'twas my Lady.

*Car.* Dear *Jacinta*, I fain would flatter my self, but am not able ; the Blessing's too great to be my Lot : Yet 'tis not well to trifle with me ; how short soe'er I am in other Merit, the Tendernefs I have for *Leonora* claims something from her Generosity, I should not be deluded.

*Jacin.* And why do you think you are ? methinks she's pretty well above board with you, what must be done more to satisfy you ?

*San.* Why, *Lorenzo* must hang himself, and then we are content.

*Jacin.* How ! *Lorenzo* !

*San.* If less will do, he'll tell you.

*Jacin.* Why, you are not mad, Sir, are you ? Jealous of him ! Pray which way may this have got into your Head ? I took you for a Man of Sense before.—— Is this your Doings, Log ? [*To Sancho.*

*San.* No, Forsooth *Pert*, I'm not much given to Suspicion, as you can tell, Mrs. *Forward* —— If I were, I might find more cause, I guess, than your Mistress has given our Master here. But I have so many pretty Thoughts of my own Person, Housewife, more than I have of yours, that I stand in dread of no Man.

*Jacin.*

*Jacin.* That's the way to prosper; however, so far I'll confess the Truth to thee; at least if that don't do, nothing else will. Men are mighty simple in Love-matters, Sir: When you suspect a Woman's falling off, you fall a plaguing her to bring her on again, attack her with Reason, and a four Face: Udsife, Sir, attack her with a Fiddle, double your good Humour——give her a Ball——powder your Perriwig at her,——let her cheat you at Cards a little, and I'll warrant all's right again. But to come upon a poor Woman with the gloomy Face of Jealousy, before she gives the least Occasion for't, is to set a complaisant Rival in too favourable a Light. Sir, Sir, I must tell you, I have seen those have ow'd their Success to nothing else.

*Car.* Say no more; I have been to blame, but there shall be no more on't.

*Jacin.* I should punish you but justly however for what's past, if I carry'd back what I have brought you; but I'm good-natur'd, so here 'tis; open it, and see how wrong you tim'd your Jealousy.

*Car. reads.]* *If you love me with that Tenderness you have made me long believe you do, this Letter will be welcome; 'tis to tell you, you have leave to plead a Daughter's Weakness to a Father's Indulgence: and if you prevail with him to lay his Commands upon me, you shall be as happy as my Obedience to them can make you.*

Leonora.

Then I shall be what Man was never yet; [*Kissing the Letter.*] Ten thousand Blessings on thee for thy News, I could adore thee as a Deity. (*Embracing Jacin.*)

*San.* True Flesh and Blood, every Inch of her, for all that.

*Car. reads again.]* *And if you prevail with him to lay his Commands upon me, you shall be as happy as my Obedience to them can make you.*

O happy, happy Carlos! But what shall I say to thee for this welcome Message? (*To Jacinta.*) Alas! I want

Words——

The MISTAKE. 163

Words———But let this speak for me, and this, and this, and——— [*Giving her his Ring, Watch, and Purse.*

*San.* Hold, Sir; pray leave a little something for our Board-Wages. You can't carry 'em all, I believe: (*To Jacinta.*) Shall I ease thee of this?

[*Offering to take the Purse.*

*Jacin.* No; but you may carry———That, Sirrah.

[*Giving him a Box o'th' Ear.*

*San.* The Jade's grown Purse-proud already.

*Car.* Well, dear *Jacinta*, say something to your charming Mistress, that I am not able to say my self: But, above all, excuse my late unpardonable Folly, and offer her my Life to expiate my Crime.

*Jacin.* The best Plea for Pardon will be never to repeat the Fault.

*Car.* If that will do, 'tis seal'd for ever.

*Jacin.* Enough; but I must be gone; Success attend you with the old Gentleman. Good-by t'ye, Sir.

[*Exit Jacin.*

*Car.* Eternal Blessings follow thee.

*San.* I think she has taken them all with her; the Jade has got her Apron full.

*Car.* Is not that *Lorenzo* coming this way?

*San.* Yes, 'tis he; for my part now I pity the poor Gentleman.

*Enter Lorenzo.*

*Car.* I'll let him see at last I can be chearful too. Your Seryant, Don *Lorenzo*; how do you do this Morning?

*Lor.* I thank you, Don *Carlos*, perfectly well, both in Body and in Mind.

*Car.* What! Cur'd of your Love then?

*Lor.* No, nor I hope I never shall. May I ask you how 'tis with yours?

*Car.* Encreasing every hour; we are very constant both.

*Lor.* I find so much Delight in being so, I hope I never shall be otherwise.

*Car.* Those Joys I am well acquainted with, but should lose them soon, were I to meet a cool Reception.

*Lor.*

*Lor.* That's every generous Lover's Case, no doubt; an Angel could not fire my Heart but with an equal Flame.

*Car.* And yet you said you still lov'd *Leonora*.

*Lor.* And yet I said I loved her.

*Car.* Does she then return you——

*Lor.* Every thing my Passion can require.

*Car.* Its Wants are small, I find.

*Lor.* Extended as the Heavens.

*Car.* I pity you.

*Lor.* He must be a Deity that does so.

*Car.* Yet I'm a Mortal, and once more can pity you. Alas, *Lorenzo*, 'tis a poor Cordial to an aching Heart, to have the Tongue alone announce it happy; besides 'tis mean, you should be more a Man.

*Lor.* I find I have made you an unhappy one, so can forgive the Boilings of your Spleen.

*Car.* This seeming Calmness might have the Effect your Vanity proposes by it; had I not a Testimony of her Love would (should I shew it) sink you to the Center.

*Lor.* Yet still I'm calm as ever.

*Car.* Nay, then have at your Peace. Read that, and end the Farce. *(Gives him Leonora's Letter.*

*Lor. reads.)* I have read it.

*Car.* And know the Hand?

*Lor.* 'Tis *Leonora's*; I have often seen it.

*Car.* I hope you then at last are satisfy'd.

*Lor.* I am, *(smiling.)* Good-morrow *Carlos*.

*(Exit Lor.)*

*San.* Sure he's mad, Master.

*Car.* Mad! say'st thou?

*San.* And yet, By'r Lady, that was a sort of a dry sober Smile at going off.

*Car.* A very sober one! Had he shewn me such a Letter, I had put on another Countenance.

*San.* Ay, o' my Conscience had you.

*Car.* Here's Mystery in this——I like it not.

*San.* I see his Man and Confident there, *Lopez*. Shall I draw him on a *Scotch* Pair of Boots, Master, and make him tell all?

*Car.*

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*Car.* Some Questions I must ask him ; call him hither.

*San.* Hem, *Lopez*, hem !

*Enter Lopez.*

*Lop.* Who calls ?

*San.* I, and my Master.

*Lop.* I can't stay.

*San.* You can indeed, Sir. (*Laying hold on him.*)

*Car.* Whither in such haste, honest *Lopez* ? What ! upon some Love-Errand ?

*Lop.* Sir, your Servant ; I ask your pardon, but I was going ———

*Car.* I guess where ; but you need not be shy of me any more, thy Master and I are no longer Rivals, I have yielded up the Cause ; the Lady will have it so, so I submit.

*Lop.* Is it possible, Sir ? Shall I then live to see my Master and you Friends again ?

*San.* Yes ; and what's better, thou and I shall be Friends too. There will be no more fear of Christian Bloodshed, I give thee up *Facinta* ; she's a slippery Housewife, so Master and I are going to match our selves elsewhere.

*Lop.* But is it possible, Sir, your Honour should be in earnest ? I'm afraid you are pleas'd to be merry with your poor humble Servant.

*Car.* I'm not at present much dispos'd to Mirth, my Indifference in this Matter is not so thorowly form'd ; but my Reason has so far master'd my Passion, to shew me 'tis in vain to pursue a Woman whose Heart already is another's. 'Tis what I have so plainly seen of late, I have rouz'd my Resolution to my Aid, and broke my Chains for ever.

*Lop.* Well, Sir, to be plain with you, this is the joy-fullest News I have heard this long time ; for I always knew you to be a mighty honest Gentleman, and good Faith it often went to the Heart o'me to see you so abused. Dear, dear, have I often said to my self (when they have had a private Meeting just after you have been gone) ———

*Car.*

*Car.* Ha!

*San.* Hold, Master, don't kill him yet.

*Lop.* I say I have said to my self, what wicked things are Women, and what pity it is they should be suffer'd in a Christian Country; what a Shame they should be allow'd to play Will-in-the-Whisp with Men of Honour, and lead them thro Thorns and Briars, and Rocks, and rugged ways, till their Hearts are torn in pieces, like an old Coat in a Fox-Chace? I say, I have said to my self —

*Car.* Thou hast said enough to thy self, but say a little more to me: Where were these secret Meetings thou talk't of?

*Lop.* In sundry Places, and by divers Ways; sometimes in the Cellar, sometimes in the Garret, sometimes in the Court, sometimes in the Gutter; but the Place where the Kifs of Kisses was given was —

*Car.* In Hell.

*Lop.* Sir!

*Car.* Speak, Fury, what dost thou mean by the Kifs of Kisses?

*Lop.* The Kifs of Peace, Sir; the Kifs of Union; the Kifs of Consummation.

*Car.* Thou ly'st, Villain.

*Lop.* I don't know but I may, Sir. — What the Devil's the matter now? *(Aside.)*

*Car.* There's not one word of Truth in all thy cursed Tongue has utter'd.

*Lop.* No, Sir, I — I — believe there is not.

*Car.* Why then didst thou say it, Wretch?

*Lop.* O — only in jest, Sir.

*Car.* I am not in a jesting Condition.

*Lop.* Nor I — at present, Sir.

*Car.* Speak then the Truth, as thou wouldst do it at the Hour of Death.

*Lop.* Yes, at the Gallows, and be turn'd off as soon as I've done. *(Aside.)*

*Car.* What's that you murmur?

*Lop.* Nothing but a short Prayer.

*Car.* I am distracted, and fright the Wretch from telling me what I am upon the Rack to know. (*Aside.*) Forgive me, *Lopez*, I am to blame to speak thus harshly to thee: Let this obtain thy Pardon. (*Gives him Money.*) Thou see'st I am disturb'd.

*Lop.* Yes, Sir, I see I have been led into a Snare; I have said too much.

*Car.* And yet thou must say more; nothing can lessen my Torment, but a farther Knowledge of what causes my Misery. Speak then! Have I any thing to hope?

*Lop.* Nothing; but that you may be a happier Bachelor, than my Master may probably be a married Man.

*Car.* Married, sayst thou?

*Lop.* I did, Sir, and I believe he'll say so too in a Twelvemonth.

*Car.* O Torment!—But give me more on't: when, how, to who, where?

*Lop.* Yesterday, to *Leonora*, by the Parson in the Pantry.

*Car.* Look to't, if this be false, thy Life shall pay the Torment thou hast given me: Be gone.

*Lop.* With the Body and the Soul o'me. (*Exit Lopez.*)

*San.* Base News, Master.

*Car.* Now my insulting Rival's Smile speaks out: O cursed, cursed Woman!

*Enter Jacinta.*

*Jacin.* I'm come in haste to tell you, Sir, that as soon as the Moon's up, my Lady'll give you a Meeting in the Close-Walk by the Back-Door of the Garden; she thinks she has something to propose to you will certainly get her Father's Consent to marry you.

*Car.* Past Sufferance! this Aggravation is not to be borne: go, thank her——with my Curses: Fly——and let them blast her, while their Venom's strong.

(*Exit Car.*)

*Jacin.*——Won't thou explain? What's this Storm for?

*San.* And dar'st thou ask me Questions, smooth-fac'd Iniquity, Crocodile of Nile, Syren of the Rocks? Go, carry



carry back the too gentle Answer thou hast receiv'd; only let me add with the Poet:

*We are no Fools, Trollop, my Master, nor me;  
And thy Mistress may go——to the Devil with thee.*  
(Exit Sancho.

Jacinta *sola.*

Am I awake! — I fancy not; a very idle Dream this. Well: I'll go talk in my Sleep to my Lady about it; and when I awake, we'll try what Interpretation we can make on't. (Exit.



## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter Camillo and Isabella.*

*Ifab.* **H**OW can you doubt my Secrecy? Have you not Proofs of it?

*Cam.* Nay, I am determin'd to trust you; but are we safe here? Can no body overhear us?

*Ifab.* Safer much than in a Room. No body can come within hearing, before we see them.

*Cam.* And yet how hard 'tis for me to break Silence?

*Ifab.* Your Secret sure must be of great Importance.

*Cam.* You may be sure it is, when I confess 'tis with Regret I own it e'en to you; and were it possible, you shou'd not know it.

*Ifab.* 'Tis frankly own'd indeed; but 'tis not kind, perhaps not prudent, after what you know I already am acquainted with. Have not I been bred up with you? And am I ignorant of a Secret, which were it known—

*Cam.* Wou'd be my Ruin, I confess it wou'd. I own you know why both my Birth and Sex are thus disguis'd; you know how I was taken from my Cradle to secure the Estate, which had else been lost by young *Camillo's* Death; but which is now safe in my suppos'd Father's hands,

hands; by my passing for his Son; and 'tis because you know all this, I have resolv'd to open farther Wonders to you. But before I say any more, you must resolve one Doubt, which often gives me great Disturbance; whether Don *Alvarez* ever was himself privy to the Mystery which has disguis'd my Sex, and made me pass for his Son?

*Isab.* What you ask me, is a thing has often perplex'd my Thoughts, as well as yours, nor cou'd my Mother ever resolve the Doubt. You know when that young Child *Camilla* dy'd, in whom was wrapp'd up so much Expectation, from the great Estate his Uncle's Will (even before he came into the World) had left him; his Mother made a Secret of his Death to her Husband *Alvarez*, and readily fell in with a Proposal made her to take you (who then were just *Camilla's* Age) and bring you up in his room. You have heard how you were then at Nurse with my Mother, and how your own was privy and consenting to the Plot; but Don *Alvarez* was never let into it by 'em.

*Cam.* Don't you then think it probable his Wife might after tell him?

*Isab.* 'Twas ever thought, nothing but a Death-bed Repentance cou'd draw it from her to any one; and that was prevented by the Suddenness of her Exit to t'other World, which did not give her even Time to call Heaven's Mercy on her. And yet, now I have said all this, I own the Correspondence and Friendship I observe he holds with your real Mother, gives me some Suspicion, and the Presents he often makes her (which People seldom do for nothing) confirm it. But since this is all I can say to you on that Point, pray let us come to the Secret, which you have made me impatient to hear.

*Cam.* Know then, that tho *Cupid* is blind, he is not to be deceiv'd; I can hide my Sex from the World, but not from him; his Dart has found the way thro the manly Garb I wear, to pierce a Virgin's tender Heart.—  
I love—

*Isab.* How!

*Cam.* Nay, ben't surpriz'd at that, I have other Wonders for you.

*Ifab.* Quick, let me hear 'em.

*Cam.* I love *Lorenzo*.

*Ifab.* *Lorenzo*! Most nicely hit. The very Man from whom your Imposture keeps this vast Estate; and who on the first Knowledge of your being a Woman wou'd enter into Possession of it. This is indeed a Wonder.

*Cam.* Then wonder farther still, I am his Wife.

*Ifab.* Ha! his Wife!

*Cam.* His Wife, *Isabella*; and yet thou hast not all my Wonders, I am his Wife without his Knowledge: he does not even know I am a Woman.

*Ifab.* Madam, your humble Servant, if you please to go on, I won't interrupt you, indeed I won't.

*Cam.* Then hear how these strange things have past: *Lorenzo*, bound unregarded in my Sister's Chains, seem'd in my Eyes a Conquest worth her Care. Nor cou'd I see him treated with Contempt, without growing warm in his Interest: I blam'd *Leonora* for not being touch'd with his Merit; I blam'd her so long, till I grew touch'd with it my self: And the Reasons I urg'd to vanquish her Heart, insensibly made a Conquest of my own: 'Twas thus, my Friend, I fell. What was next to be done, my Passion pointed out; my Heart I felt was warm'd to a noble Enterprize, I gave it way, and boldly on it led me. *Leonora*'s Name and Voice, in the dark Shades of Night, I borrow'd, to engage the Object of my Wishes. I met him, *Isabella*, and so deceiv'd him; he cannot blame me sure, for much I blest him. But to finish this strange Story: In short I own, I long had lov'd, but finding my Father most averse to my Desires, I at last had forc'd my self to this secret Correspondence; I urg'd the Mischiefs wou'd attend the Knowledge on't, I urg'd them so, he thought them full of weight, so yielded to observe what Rules I gave him: they were, to pass the Day with cold Indifference, to avoid even Signs or Looks of Intimacy, but gather for the still, the secret Night, a Flood of Love to recompense the Losses of the Day. I will not trouble you with Lovers Cares,  
nor

nor what Contrivances we form'd to bring this Toying to a solid Bliss. Know only, when three Nights we thus had pass'd, the fourth it was agreed shou'd make us one for ever ; each kept their Promise, and last Night has join'd us.

*Isab.* Indeed your Talents pass my poor Extent ; you serious Ladies are well form'd for Business : What wretched Work a poor Coquet had made on't ? But still there's that remains will try your Skill, you have your Man, but——

*Cam.* Lovers think no farther, the Object of that Passion possesses all Desire ; however, I have open'd to you my wondrous Situation, if you can advise me in my Difficulties to come, you will. But see——my Husband !

*Enter Lorenzo.*

*Lor.* You look as if you were busy, pray tell me if I interrupt you, I'll retire.

*Cam.* No, no, you have a Right to interrupt us, since you were the Subject of our Discourse.

*Lor.* Was I ?

*Cam.* You were ; nay, I'll tell you how you entertain'd us too.

*Lor.* Perhaps I had as good avoid hearing that.

*Cam.* You need not fear, it was not to your disadvantage ; I was commending you, and saying, if I had been a Woman, I had been in danger ; nay I think I said I shou'd infallibly have been in love with you.

*Lor.* While such an If is in the way, you run no great risque in declaring ; but you'd be finely catch'd now, shou'd some wonderful Transformation give me a Claim to your Heart.

*Cam.* Not sorry for't at all, for I ne'er expect to find a Mistress please me half so well as you wou'd do, if I were yours.

*Lor.* Since you are so well inclin'd to me in your Wishes, Sir, I suppose (as the Fates have ordain'd it) you wou'd have some pleasure in helping me to a Mistress, since you can't be mine your self.

*Cam.* Indeed I shou'd not.

*Lor.* Then my Obligation is but small to you.

*Cam.* Why, wou'd you have a Woman, that is in love with you her self, imploy her Interest to help you to another?

*Lor.* No, but you being no Woman might.

*Cam.* Sir, 'tis as a Woman I say what I do, and I suppose my self a Woman when I design all these Favours to you: Therefore out of that Supposition, I have no other good Intentions to you than you may expect from any one that says, he's — Sir, your humble Servant.

*Lor.* So unless Heav'n is pleas'd to work a Miracle, and from a sturdy young Fellow, make you a kind-hearted young Lady, I'm to get little by your good Opinion of me.

*Cam.* Yes; there is one means yet left (on this side a Miracle) that wou'd perhaps engage me, if with an honest Oath you cou'd declare. Were I Woman, I might dispute your Heart, even with the first of my pretending Sex.

*Lor.* Then solemnly and honestly I swear, that had you been a Woman, and I the Master of the World, I think I shou'd have laid it at your Feet.

*Cam.* Then honestly and solemnly I swear, henceforwards all your Interest shall be mine.

*Lor.* I have a Secret to impart to you will quickly try your Friendship.

*Cam.* I have a Secret to unfold to you, will put you even to a fiery Trial.

*Lor.* What do you mean, *Camillo*?

*Cam.* I mean that I love, where I never durst yet own it. yet where 'tis in your power to make me the happiest of —

*Lor.* Explain, *Camillo*; and be assur'd, if your Happiness is in my power, 'tis in your own.

*Cam.* Alas! you promise me you know not what.

*Lor.* I promise nothing but what I will perform; name the Person.

*Cam.* 'Tis one who's very near to you.

*Lor.* If 'tis my Sister, why all this Pain in bringing forth the Secret?

*Cam.* Alas! It is your——

*Lor.* Speak!

*Cam.* I cannot yet; Farewel.

*Lor.* Hold! Pray speak it now.

*Cam.* I must not: But when you tell me your Secret, you shall know mine.

*Lor.* Mine is not in my power, without the Consent of another.

*Cam.* Get that Consent, and then we'll try who best will keep their Oaths.

*Lor.* I am content.

*Cam.* And I. Adieu.

*Lor.* Farewel.

(Exit Lorenzo.)

Enter Leonora and Jacinta.

*Leo.* 'Tis enough: I will revenge my self this way; if it does but torment him, I shall be content to find no other pleasure in it. Brother, you'll wonder at my Change; after all my ill Usage of Lorenzo, I am determin'd to be his Wife.

*Cam.* How, Sister! so sudden a Turn? This Inequality of Temper indeed is not commendable.

*Leo.* Your Change, Brother, is much more justly surprizing; you hitherto have pleaded for him strongly, accus'd me of Blindness, Cruelty, and Pride; and now I yield to your Reasons, and resolve in his Favour, you blame my Compliance, and appear against his Interest.

*Cam.* I quit his Service for what's dearer to me, yours I have learn'd from sure Intelligence, the Attack he made on you was but a Feint, and that his Heart is in another's Chain; I would not therefore see you so expos'd, to offer up your self to one who must refuse you.

*Leo.* If that be all, leave me my Honour to take care of; I am no Stranger to his Wishes, he won't refuse me, Brother, nor I hope will you, to tell him of my Resolution: if you do, this moment with my own Tongue (thro' all a Virgin's Blushes) I'll own to him I

am determin'd in his Favour——You pause as if you'd let the Task lie on me.

*Cam.* Neither on you, nor me ; I have a Reason you are yet a Stranger to : Know then there is a Virgin young and tender, whose Peace and Happiness so much are mine, I cannot see her miserable ; she loves him with that Torrent of Desire, that were the World resign'd her in his stead, she'd still be wretched ; I will not pique you to a Female Strife, by saying you have not Charms to tear him from her ; but I would move you to a Female Softness, by telling you her Death wou'd wait your Conquest. What I have more to plead is as a Brother, I hope that gives me some small Interest in you ; whate'er it is, you see how I'd imploy it.

*Leo.* You ne'er cou'd put it to a harder Service. I beg a little time to think : Pray leave me to my self a while.

*Cam.* I shall ; I only ask that you wou'd think, and when you won't refuse me. [Exit Cam.]

*Facin.* Indeed, Madam, I'm of your Brother's mind, who for another Cause ; but sure 'tis worth thinking twice on for your own sake : You are too violent.

*Leo.* A slighted Woman knows no Bounds. Vengeance is all the Cordial she can have, so snatches at the nearest. Ungrateful Wretch ! to use me with such Insolence.

*Facin.* You see me as much enrag'd at it, as you are your self, yet my Brain is roving after the Cause, for something there must be ; never Letter was receiv'd by Man with more Passion and Transport ; I was almost as charming a Goddess as your self, only for bringing it. Yet when in a moment after I come with a Message worth a dozen on't, never was Witch so handled ; something must have pass'd between one and t'other, that's sure.

*Leo.* Nothing cou'd pass worth my enquiring after, since nothing cou'd happen that can excuse his Usage of me ; he had a Letter under my Hand which own'd him Master of my Heart ; and till I contradicted it with my Mouth, he ought not to doubt the Truth on't.

*Facin.*

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*Jacin.* Nay I confess, Madam, I han't a Word to say for him, I'm afraid he's but a Rogue at bottom, as well as my Shameless that attends him; we are bit, by my Troth, and haply well enough serv'd, for listning to the glib Tongues of the Rascals: But be comforted, Madam; they'll fall into the hands of some foul Sluts or other, before they die, that will set our Account even with 'em.

*Leon.* Well: Let him laugh; let him glory in what he has done: He shall see I have a Spirit can use him as I ought.

*Jacin.* And let one thing be your Comfort by the way, Madam, that in spite of all your dear Affections to him, you have had the Grace to keep him at Arms end. You han't thank'd me for't; but good Faith 'twas well I did not stir out of the Chamber that fond Night. For there are Times the stoutest of us are in Danger, the Rascals wheedle so.

*Leon.* In short, my very Soul is fir'd with this Treatment: and if ever that perfidious Monster should relent, tho he shou'd crawl like a poor Worm beneath my Feet, nay plunge a Dagger in his Heart, to bleed for Pardon; I charge thee strictly, charge thee on thy Life, thou do not urge a Look to melt me toward him, but strongly buoy me up in brave Resentment; and if thou see'st (which Heav'ns avert) a Glance of Weakness in me, rouse to my Memory the vile Wrongs I've borne, and blazen them with skill in all their glaring Colours.

*Jacin.* Madam, never doubt me; I'm charg'd to the Mouth with Fury, and if ever I meet that fat Traytor of mine, such a Volley will I pour about his Ears—— Now Heav'n prevent all hasty Vows; but in the Humour I am, methinks I'd carry my Maiden-Head to my cold Grave with me, before I'd let it simper at the Rascal. But soft; here comes your Father.

*Enter Alvarez.*

*Alv. Leonora,* I'd have you retire a little, and send your Brother's Tutor to me, *Metaphrastus.*

[*Exit Leo. and Jacin.*



*Solus.*

I'll try if I can discover, by his Tutor, what 'tis that seems so much to work his Brain of late; for something more than common there plainly does appear, yet nothing sure that can disturb his Soul, like what I have to torture mine upon his account. Sure nothing in this World is worth a troubled Mind: What Racks has Avarice stretch'd me on! I wanted nothing, kind Heav'n had given me a plenteous Lot, and seated me in great Abundance; why then approve I of this Imposture? What have I gain'd by it? Wealth and Misery. I have barter'd peaceful Days for restless Nights; a wretched Bargain! and he that merchandizes thus, must be undone at last.

*Enter Metaphrastus.*

*Metaph.* *Mandatum tuum curo diligenter.*

*Alv.* Master, I had a mind to ask you——

*Metaph.* The Title, Master, comes from *Magis* and *Ter*, which is as much as to say, *Thrice worthy*.

*Alv.* I never heard so much before, but it may be true for ought I know: But, Master——

*Metaph.* Go on.

*Alv.* Why so I will if you'll let me, but don't interrupt me then.

*Metaph.* Enough, proceed.

*Alv.* Why then, Master, for a third time, my Son *Camillo* gives me much uneasiness of late; you know I love him, and have many careful Thoughts about him.

*Metaph.* 'Tis true. *Filio non potest praeferri, nisi Filius.*

*Alv.* Master, when one has Business to talk on, these Scholastick Expressions are not of use; I believe you a great Latinist; possibly you may understand *Greek*; those who recommended you to me, said so, and I am willing it should be true: But the thing I want to discourse you about at present, does not properly give you an Occasion to display your Learning. Besides, to tell you Truth, 'twill at all times be lost upon me; my Father was a wise Man, but he taught me nothing beyond common Sense; I know but one Tongue in the World,  
which

which luckily being understood by you as well as me, I fancy whatever Thoughts we have to communicate to one another, may reasonably be convey'd in that, without having recourse to the Language of *Julius Caesar*.

*Metaph.* You are wrong, but may proceed.

*Alv.* I thank you: What is the matter, I do not know; but tho' it is of the utmost consequence to me to marry my Son, what Match soever I propose to him, he still finds some Pretence or other to decline it.

*Metaph.* He is, perhaps, of the humour of a Brother of *Marcus Tullius*, who——

*Alv.* Dear Master, leave the *Greeks*, and the *Latins*, and the *Scotch*, and the *Welsh*, and let me go on in my Business; what have those People to do with my Son's Marriage?

*Metaph.* Again you are wrong; but go on.

*Alv.* I say then, that I have strong Apprehensions from his refusing all my Proposals, that he may have some secret Inclination of his own; and to confirm me in this Fear, I yesterday observ'd him (without his knowing it) in a Corner of the Grove, where no body comes——

*Metaph.* A Place out of the way, you would say; a Place of Retreat.

*Alv.* Why, the Corner of the Grove, where no body comes, is a place of Retreat, is it not?

*Metaph.* In *Latin*, *Secessus*.

*Alv.* Ha!

*Metaph.* As *Virgil* has it, *Est in Secessu Locus*.

*Alv.* How could *Virgil* have it, when I tell you no Soul was there but he and I?

*Metaph.* *Virgil* is a famous Author, I quote his Saying as a Phrase more proper to the Occasion than that you use, and not as one who was in the Wood with you.

*Alv.* And I tell you, I hope to be as famous as any *Virgil* of 'em all, when I have been dead as long, and have no need of a better Phrase than my own to tell you my Meaning.

*Metaph.* You ought however to make choice of the words most us'd by the best Authors. *Tu vivendo bonos,* as they say, *Scribendo sequare peritos.*

*Alv.* Again!

*Metaph.* 'Tis *Quintilian's* own Precept.

*Alv.* Oons ———

*Metaph.* And he has something very learned upon it, that may be of service to you to hear.

*Alv.* You Son of a Whore, will you hear me speak?

*Metaph.* What may be the Occasion of this unmanly Passion? What is it you would have with me?

*Alv.* What you might have known an Hour ago, if you had pleas'd.

*Metaph.* You would then have me hold my peace—— I shall.

*Alv.* You will do very well.

*Metaph.* You see I do well; go on.

*Alv.* Why then, to begin once again, I say my Son *Camillo*——

*Metaph.* Proceed; I shan't interrupt you.

*Alv.* I say, my Son *Camillo*——

*Metaph.* What is it you say of your Son *Camillo*?

*Alv.* That he has got a Dog of a Tutor, whose Brains I'll beat out, if he won't hear me speak.

*Metaph.* That Dog is a Philosopher, contemns Passion, and yet will hear you.

*Alv.* I don't believe a word on't, but I'll try once again; I have a mind to know from you, whether you have observ'd any thing in my Son——

*Metaph.* Nothing that is like his Father. Go on.

*Alv.* Have a care.

*Metaph.* I do not interrupt you; but you are long in coming to a Conclusion.

*Alv.* Why thou hast not let me begin yet.

*Metaph.* And yet 'tis high time to have made an end.

*Alv.* Dost thou know thy Danger? I have not—— thus much Patience left.

(*Shewing the end of his Finger.*)

*Metaph.*

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*Metaph.* Mine is already consum'd. I do not use to be thus treated; my Profession is to teach, and not to hear, yet I have hearken'd like a School-Boy, and am not heard, altho a Master.

*Alv.* Get out of the Room.

*Metaph.* I will not. If the Mouth of a wise Man be shut, he is, as it were, a Fool; for who shall know his Understanding? therefore a certain Philosopher said well, Speak, that thou may'st be known; great Talkers, without Knowledge, are as the Winds that whistle; but they who have Learning, should speak aloud. If this be not permitted, we may expect to see the whole Order of Nature o'erthrown; Hens devour Foxes, and Lambs destroy Wolves, Nurses suck Children, and Children give Suck; Generals mend Stockings, and Chambermaids take Towns; we may expect, I say——

*Alv.* That, and that, and that, and——

[*Strikes him, and kicks him; and then follows him off with a Bell at his Ear.*]

*Metaph.* O Tempera! O Mores!



ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *the Street.*

*Enter Lopez.*

*Lop.* Sometimes Fortune seconds a bold Design, and when Folly has brought us into a Trap, Impudence brings us out on't. I have been caught by this hot-headed Lover here, and have told like a Puppy what I shall be beaten for like a Dog. Come! Courage, my dear *Lopez*; Fire will fetch out Fire: Thou hast told one body thy Master's Secret, e'en tell it to half a dozen more, and try how that will thrive; go tell it to the  
two

two old Dons, the Lovers Fathers. The Thing's done, and can't be retriev'd ; perhaps they'll lay their two ancient Heads together, club a Penniworth of Wisdom a-piece, and with great Penetration at last find out, that 'tis best to submit, where 'tis not in their power to do otherwise. This being resolv'd, there's no Time to be lost.

[Knocks at Alvarez's Door.

Alv. Who knocks?

[Within.

Lop. Lopez.

Alv. What dost want?

[Looking out.

Lop. To bid you Good-morrow, Sir.

Alv. Well, Good-morrow to thee again.

[Retires.

Lop. What a—— I think he does not care for my Company.

[Knocks again.

Alv. Who knocks?

Lop. Lopez.

Alv. What would'st have?

[Looking out.

Lop. My old Master, Sir, gives his Service to you, and desires to know how you do.

Alv. How I do? Why, well; how shou'd I do? Service to him again.

[Retires.

Lop. Sir.

Alv. *returning.*] What the Deuce wouldst thou have with me, with thy Good-morrows, and thy Services.

Lop. This Man does not understand good Breeding, I find. [*Aside.*] Why, Sir, my Master has some very earnest Business with you.

Alv. Business! About what? What Business can he have with me?

Lop. I don't know, truly; but 'tis some very important Matter: He has just now (as I hear) discover'd some great Secret, which he must needs talk with you about.

Alv. Ha! a Secret, say'st thou?

Lop. Yes; and bid me bring him word, if you were at home, he'd be with you presently. Sir, your humble Servant.

[Exit Lopez.

Alvarez *solus.*

A Secret; and must speak with me about it! Heav'n's, how I tremble! What can this Message mean? I have

very

very little Acquaintance with him, what Business can he have with me? An important Secret 'twas, he said, and that he had just discover'd it. Alas, I have in the World but one, if it be that — I'm lost; an eternal Blot must fix upon me. How unfortunate am I, that I have not follow'd the honest Counsels of my Heart, which have often urg'd me to set my Conscience at ease, by rendring to him the Estate that is his Due, and which by a foul Imposture I keep from him. But 'tis now too late; my Villany is out, and I shall not only be forc'd with shame to restore him what is his, but shall be perhaps condemn'd to make him Reparation with my own. O terrible View!

*Enter Don Felix.*

*Don Fel.* My Son to go and marry her, without her Father's Knowledge? this can never end well. I don't know what to do, he'll conclude I was privy to it, and his Power and Interest are so great at Court, he may with ease contrive my Ruin: I tremble at his sending to speak with me — Mercy on me, there he is.

*Alv.* Ah! Shield me, kind Heav'n! There's Don Felix come: How I am struck with the Sight of him! O the Torment of a guilty Mind!

*Don Fel.* What shall I say to soften him? *[Aside.]*

*Alv.* How shall I look him in the Face? *[Aside.]*

*Don Fel.* 'Tis impossible he can forgive it. *[Aside.]*

*Alv.* To be sure he'll expose me to the whole World. *[Aside.]*

*Don Fel.* I see his Countenance change. *[Aside.]*

*Alv.* With what Contempt he looks upon me? *[Aside.]*

*Don Fel.* I see, Don Alvarez, by the Disorder of your Face, you are but too well inform'd of what brings me here.

*Alv.* 'Tis true.

*Don Fel.* The News may well surprize you, 'tis what I have been far from apprehending.

*Alv.* Wrong, very wrong indeed.

Don Fel. This Action is certainly to the last Point to be condemn'd, and I think no body should pretend to excuse the Guilty.

Alv. They are not to be excus'd, tho Heav'n may have Mercy.

Don Fel. That's what I hope you will consider.

Alv. We should act as Christians.

Don Fel. Most certainly.

Alv. Let Mercy then prevail.

Don Fel. It is indeed of heav'nly Birth.

Alv. Generous Don Felix!

Don Fel. Too indulgent Alvarez!

Alv. I thank you on my Knee.

Don Fel. 'Tis I ought to have been there first.

[They kneel.]

Alv. Is it then possible we are Friends?

Don Fel. Embrace me to confirm it. [They embrace.]

Alv. Thou best of Men!

Don Fel. Unlook'd-for Bounty!

Alv. Did you know the Torment [rising] this unhappy Action has given me——

Don Fel. 'Tis impossible it could do otherwise; nor has my Trouble been less.

Alv. But let my Misfortune be kept secret.

Don Fel. Most willingly; my Advantage is sufficient by it, without the Vanity of making it publick to the World.

Alv. Incomparable Goodness! That I shou'd thus have wrong'd a Man so worthy! [Aside.] My Honour then is safe.

Don Fel. For ever, even for ever let it be a Secret, I am content.

Alv. Noble Gentleman! [Aside.] As to what Advantages ought to accrue to you by it, it shall be all to your entire Satisfaction.

Don Fel. Wonderful Bounty! [Aside.] As to that, Don Alvarez, I leave it entirely to you, and shall be content with whatever you think reasonable.

Alv. I thank you, from my Soul I must, you know I must. This must be an Angel, not a Man. [Aside.]

Don

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Don Fel. The Thanks lie on my side, *Alvarez*, for this unexpected Generosity ; but may all Faults be forgot, and Heav'n ever prosper you.

*Alv.* The same Prayer I, with a double Fervour, offer up for you.

Don Fel. Let us then once more embrace, and be Forgiveness seal'd for ever.

*Alv.* Agreed ; thou best of Men, agreed.

[*They embrace.*

Don Fel. This thing then being thus happily terminated, let me own to you, Don *Alvarez*, I was in extreme Apprehensions of your utmost Resentment on this Occasion ; for I could not doubt but you had form'd more happy Views in the Disposal of so fair a Daughter as *Leonora*, than my poor Son's inferiour Fortune e'er can answer : but since they are join'd, and that——

*Alv.* Ha !

Don Fel. Nay, 'tis very likely to discourse of it may not be very pleasing to you, tho' your Christianity and natural Goodness have prevail'd on you so generously to forgive it. But to do justice to *Leonora*, and skreen her from your too harsh Opinion in this unlucky Action, 'twas that cunning wicked Creature that attends her, who by unusual Arts wrought her to this Breach of Duty, for her own Inclinations were dispos'd to all the Modesty and Resignation a Father could ask from a Daughter ; my Son I can't excuse, but since your Bounty does so, I hope you'll quite forget the fault of the less-guilty *Leonora*.

*Alv.* What a Mistake have I lain under here ! And from a groundless Apprehension of one Misfortune, find my self in the certainty of another. (*Aside.*

Don Felix. He looks disturb'd ; what can this mean ?

(*Aside.*

*Alv.* My Daughter marry'd to his Son !—— Confusion. But I find my self in such unruly Agitation, something wrong may happen if I continue with him ; I'll therefore leave him. (*Aside.*

Don Felix. You seem thoughtful, Sir, I hope there's no——

*Alv.*



*Alv.* A sudden Disorder I am seiz'd with; you'll pardon me, I must retire. (*Ex. Alvarez.*)

*Don Felix solus.*

I don't like this:—— He went oddly off.—— I doubt he finds this Bounty difficult to go through with. His natural Resentment is making an Attack upon his acquir'd Generosity: Pray Heaven it ben't too strong for't. The Misfortune is a great one, and can't but touch him nearly. It was not natural to be so calm: I wish it don't yet drive him to my Ruin. But here comes this young hot-brain'd Coxcomb, who with his mid-night Amours has been the Cause of all this Mischief to me.

*Enter Lorenzo.*

So, Sir, you are come to receive my Thanks for your noble Exploit? You think you have done bravely now, ungracious Offspring, to bring perpetual Troubles on me. Must there never pass a Day, but I must drink some bitter Potion or other of your Preparation for me?

*Lor.* I am amaz'd, Sir; pray what have I done to deserve your Anger?

*Don Fel.* Nothing; no manner of Thing in the World; nor never do. I am an old testy Fellow, and am always scolding, and finding fault for nothing; complaining that I have got a Coxcomb of a Son that makes me weary of my Life, fancying he perverts the Order of Nature, turning Day into Night, and Night into Day; getting Whims in my Brain, that he consumes his Life in Idleness, unless he rouses now and then to do some noble Stroke of Mischief; and having an impertinent Dream at this time, that he has been making the Fortune of the Family, by an underhand Marriage with the Daughter of a Man who will crush us all to Powder for it. Ah—— ungracious Wretch; to bring an old Man into all this Trouble: The Pain thou gav'st thy Mother to bring thee into the World, and the Plague thou hast given me to keep thee here, make the Getting thee (tho 'twas in our Honey-Moon) a bitter Remembrance to us both. (*Ex. Don Felix.*)

Loren

Lorenzo *solus.*

So—— all's out—— Here's a noble Storm arising, and I'm at Sea in a Cock-boat. But which way could this Business reach him? By this Traytor Lopez; it must be so; it could be no other way! for only he, and the Priest that marry'd us, know of it. The Villain will never confess tho, I must try a little Address with him, and conceal my Anger. O, here he comes.

Enter Lopez.

Lor. Lopez.

Lop. Do you call, Sir?

Lor. I find all's discover'd to my Father, the Secret's out; he knows my Marriage?

Lop. He knows your Marriage. How the Pest should that happen? Sir, 'tis impossible; that's all.

Lor. I tell thee 'tis true; he knows every Particular of it.

Lop. He does!—— Why then, Sir, all I can say is, That Satan and he are better acquainted than the Devil and a good Christian ought to be.

Lor. Which way he has discover'd it I can't tell, nor am I much concern'd to know, since beyond all my Expectations, I find him perfectly easy at it, and ready to excuse my Fault with better Reasons than I can find to do it my self.

Lop. Say you so?—— I'm very glad to hear that, then all's safe. *(Aside.)*

Lor. 'Tis unexpected good Fortune; but it could never proceed purely from his own Temper, there must have been pains taken with him to bring him to this Calm: I'm sure I owe much to the Bounty of some Friend or other; I wish I knew where my Obligation lay, that I might acknowledge it as I ought.

Lop. Are you thereabouts, I'faith? Then Sharp's the Word; I'gad I'll own the Thing, and receive his Bounty for't. *[Aside.]* Why, Sir—— not that I pretend to make a Merit o'the Matter, for alas, I am but your poor Hireling, and therefore bound in Duty to render you all the Service I can—— But—— 'tis I have don't.

Lor.

Lor. What hast thou done?

Lop. What no Man else could have done; the Job, Sir; told him the Secret, and then talk'd him into a liking on't.

Lor. 'Tis impossible; thou dost not tell me true.

Lop. Sir, I scorn to reap any thing from another Man's Labours; but if this poor piece of Service carries any Merit with it, you now know where to reward it.

Lor. Thou art not ferious.

Lop. I am; or may Hunger be my Mefs-mate.

Lor. And may Famine be mine, if I don't reward thee for't, as thou deserv'st—— Dead.

(Making a Pass at him.

Lop. Have a care there. [Leaping on one side.] What do you mean, Sir? I bar all Surprize.

Lor. Traytor, is this the fruit of the Trust I plac'd in thee—— Villain? [Making another Thrust at him.

Lop. Take heed, Sir; you'll do one a Mischief before y'are aware.

Lor. What Recompence can'tt thou make me, Wretch, for this piece of Treachery? Thy sordid Blood can't expiate the Thousandth—— But I'll have it however. (Thrusts again.

Lop. Look you there again: Pray, Sir, be quiet; is the Devil in you? 'Tis bad jesting with edg'd Tools. I'gad that last Push was within an Inch o'me. I don't know what you make all this Bustle about, but I'm sure I've done all for the best, and I believe 'twill prove for the best too at last, if you'll have but a little Patience. But if Gentlemen will be in their Airs in a Moment—— Why, what the deus—— I'm sure I have been as eloquent as Cicero in your behalf; and I don't doubt, to good Purpose too, if you'll give Things time to work. But nothing but foul Language, and naked Swords about the House, sa, sa; run you through, you Dog: Why no body can do Business at this rate.

Lor. And suppose your Project fail, and I'm ruin'd by't, Sir:

Lop. Why, 'twill be time enough to kill me then, Sir; won't it? What should you do it for now? Besides,

sides, I an't ready, I'm not prepar'd, I might be undone by't.

*Lor.* But what will *Leonora* say to her Marriage being known, Wretch?

*Lop.* Why may she'll draw—— her Sword too. [*Shewing his Tongue.*] But all shall be well with you both, if you will but let me alone.

*Lor.* Peace; here's her Father.

*Lop.* That's well: We shall see how Things go presently.

*Enter Don Alvarez.*

*Alv.* The more I recover from the Disorder this Discourse has put me in, the more strange the whole Adventure appears to me. *Leonora* maintains there is not a word of Truth in what I have heard; that she knows nothing of Marriage: And indeed she tells me this with such a naked Air of Sincerity, that for my part I believe her. What then must be their Project? Some villanous Intention, to be sure; tho' which way, I yet am ignorant. But here's the Bridegroom; I'll accost him.—— I am told, Sir, you take upon you to scandalize my Daughter, and tell idle Tales of what can never happen.

*Lop.* Now methinks, Sir, if you treated your Son-in-Law with a little more Civility, things might go just as well in the main.

*Alv.* What means this insolent Fellow by my Son-in-Law? I suppose 'tis you, Villain, are the Author of this impudent Story.

*Lop.* You seem angry, Sir—— perhaps without Cause.

*Alv.* Cause, Traytor! Is a Cause wanting where a Daughter's defam'd, and a Noble Family scandaliz'd?

*Lor.* There he is; let him answer you.

*Alv.* I should be glad he'd answer me; why, if he had any Desires to my Daughter, he did not make his Approaches like a Man of Honour.

*Lop.* Yes; and so have had the Doors bolted against him, like a House-breaker. (*Aside.*)

*Lor.*

*Lor.* Sir, to justify my Proceeding, I have little to say; but to excuse it, I have much; if any Allowance may be made to a Passion, which in your Youth you have your self been sway'd by: I love your Daughter to that excess——

*Alv.* You would undo her for a Night's Lodging.

*Lor.* Undo her, Sir?——

*Alv.* Yes, that's the Word; you knew it was against her Interest to marry you, therefore you endeavour'd to win her to't in private; you knew her Friends would make a better Bargain for her, therefore you kept your Designs from their knowledge, and yet you love her to that excess——

*Lor.* I'd readily lay down my Life to serve her.

*Alv.* Could you readily lay down fifty thousand Pistoles to serve her, your excessive Love would come with better Credentials; an Offer of Life is very proper for the Attack of a Counterscarp, but a thousand Ducats will sooner carry a Lady's Heart; you are a young Man, but will learn this when you are older.

*Lop.* But since things have succeeded better this once, Sir, and that my Master will prove a most incomparable good Husband (for that he'll do, I'll answer for him) and that 'tis too late to recall what's already done, Sir——

*Alv.* What's done, Villain?

*Lop.* Sir, I mean, that since my Master and my Lady are marry'd, and——

*Alv.* Thou ly'st; they are not marry'd.

*Lop.* Sir!—— I say, that since they are marry'd, and that they love each other so passing dearly, indeed I fancy that——

*Alv.* Why, this Impudence is beyond all bearing: Sir, do you put your Rascal upon this?

*Lor.* Sir, I am in a Wood; I don't know what it is you mean.

*Alv.* And I am in a Plain, Sir, and think I may be understood; do you pretend you are marry'd to my Daughter?

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*Lop.* Sir, 'tis my Happiness on one side, as it is my Misfortune on another.

*Alv.* And you do think this idle Project can succeed? You do believe your affirming you are marry'd to her will induce both her and me to consent it shall be so.

*Lop.* Sir, I see you make my Master almost out of his Wits to hear you talk so: but I, who am but a stander-by now, as I was at the Wedding, have mine about me, and desire to know, Whether you think this Project can succeed? Do you believe your affirming they are not marry'd, will induce both him and I to give up the Lady? One short Question to bring this matter to an Issue, Why do you think they are not marry'd?

*Alv.* Because she utterly renounces it.

*Lop.* And so she will her Religion, if you attack it with that dreadful Face. D'ye hear, Sir? the poor Lady is in love heartily, and I wish all poor Ladies that are so, would dispose of themselves so well as she has done; but you scare her out of her Senses: bring her here into the Room, speak gently to her, tell her you know the thing is done, that you have it from a Man of Honour, Me. That may be you wish it had been otherwise, but are a Christian, and profess Mercy, and therefore have resolv'd to pardon her: Say this, and I shall appear a Man of Reputation, and have Satisfaction made me.

*Alv.* Or an impudent Rogue, and have all your Bones broke.

*Lop.* Content.

*Alv.* Agreed. *Leonora!* who's there? call *Leonora.*

*Lop.* All will go rarely, Sir; we shall have shot the Gulf in a moment. (*Aside to Lorenzo.*)

*Enter Leonora.*

*Alv.* Come hither, *Leonora.*

*Lop.* So, now we shall see.

*Alv.* I call'd you to answer for your self; here's a strong Claim upon you; if there be any thing in the pretended Title, conceal it no farther, it must be known at last, it may as well be so now. Nothing is so un-

easy

easy as Uncertainty, I would therefore be gladly freed from it: if you have done what I am told you have, 'tis a great Fault indeed; but as I fear 'twill carry much of its Punishment along with it, I shall rather reduce my Resentment into mourning your Misfortune, than suffer it to add to your Affliction; therefore speak the Truth.

*Lop.* Well, this is fair Play; now I speak, Sir: You see, fair Lady, the Goodness of a tender Father, nothing need therefore hinder you from owning a most loving Husband. We had like to have been all together by the Ears about this Business, and Pails of Blood were ready to run about the House: but, thank Heav'n, the Sun shines out again, and one word from your sweet Mouth makes fair Weather for ever. My Master has been forc'd to own your Marriage, he begs you'll do so too.

*Leon.* What does this impudent Rascal mean?

*Lop.* Ha! ——— Madam!

*Leon.* Sir, I should be very glad to know [*To Lorenzo*] what can have been th' Occasion of this wild Report; sure you cannot be your self a Party in it.

*Lop.* He, he ———

*Lor.* Forgive me, dear *Leonora*, I know you had strong Reasons for the Secret being longer kept; but 'tis not my Fault, our Marriage is disclos'd.

*Leon.* Our Marriage, Sir! ———

*Lor.* 'Tis known, my Dear, tho' much against my Will; but since it is so, 'twould be in vain for us to deny it longer.

*Leon.* Then, Sir, I am your Wife? I fell in love with you, and marry'd you without my Father's Knowledge?

*Lor.* I dare not be so vain to think 'twas Love; I humbly am content to owe the Blessing to your Generosity; you saw the Pains I suffer'd for your sake, and in Compassion eas'd 'em.

*Leon.* I did, Sir! Sure this exceeds all human Impudence.

*Lop.* Truly, I think it does. She'd make an incomparable Actress. [*Aside.*]

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Lor. I begin to be surpriz'd, Madam, at your carrying this thing so far ; you see there's no occasion for it, and for the Discovery, I have already told you 'twas not my fault.

Lop. My Master's! no, 'twas I did it : Why what a Bustle's here? I knew things would go well, and so they do, if Folks would let 'em. But if Ladies will be in their Merriments, when Gentlemen are upon serious Business, why what a deus can one say to 'em?

Leo. I see this Fellow is to be an Evidence in your Plot, where you hope to drive, it is hard to guess ; for if any thing can exceed its Impudence, it is its Folly. A noble Stratagem indeed to win a Lady by ! I cou'd be diverted with it, but that I see a Face of Villany requires a rougher Treatment: I cou'd almost, methinks, forget my Sex, and be my own Avenger.

Lor. Madam, I am surpriz'd beyond all——

Lop. Pray, Sir, let me come to her ; you are so surpriz'd, you'll make nothing on't: She wants a little snubbing. Look you, Madam, I have seen many a pleasant Humour amongst Ladies, but you out-cut them all. Here's Contradiction with a vengeance ; you han't been married eight and forty Hours, and you are flap——at your Husband's Beard already: Why, do you consider who he is? —— Who this Gentleman is? And what he can do——by Law? Why, he can lock you up——knock you down——tie you Neck and Heels——

Lor. Forbear, you insolent Villain, you.

[Offering to strike him.

Leo. That——for what's past however.

[Giving him a Box o' th' Ear.

Lop. I think——she gave me a Box o' th' Ear ; ha !

[Exit Leonora.

Sir, will you suffer your old Servants to be us'd thus by new Comers? It's a shame, a mere shame: Sir, will you take a poor Dog's Advice for once? She denies she's married to you: Take her at her word ; you have seen some of her Humours,——let her go.

Alv.



*Alv.* Well, Gentlemen, thus far you see I have heard all with Patience; have you Content? Or how much farther do you design to go with this Business?

*Lop.* Why truly, Sir, I think we are near at a stand.

*Alv.* 'Tis time, you Villain you.

*Lop.* Why and I am a Villain now, if every word I've spoke be not as true as——as the *Gazette*: And your Daughter's no better than a —— a —— a whimsical young Woman, for making Disputes among Gentlemen. And if every body had their Deserts, she'd have a good——I won't speak it out to inflame Reconings; but let her go, Master.

*Alv.* Sir, I don't think it well to spend any more words with your impudent and villanous Servant here.

*Lop.* Thank you, Sir: but I'd let her go.

*Alv.* Nor have I more to say to you than this, that you must not think so daring an Affront to my Family can go long unresented. Farewel. [*Exit Alvarez.*

*Lor.* Well, Sir, what have you to say for your self now?

*Lop.* Why, Sir, I have only to say, that I am a very unfortunate——middle-ag'd Man; and that I believe all the Stars upon Heav'n and Earth have been concern'd in my Destiny. Children now unborn will hereafter sing my Downfall in mournful Lines, and Notes of doleful Tune: I am at present troubled in Mind, Despair around me, signify'd in appearing Gibbets, with a great Bundle of Dog-whips by way of Preparation.

I therefore will go seek some Mountain high,

If high enough some Mountain may be found,

With distant Valley, dreadfully profound,

And from the horrid Cliff—look calmly all around.

Farewel. (*Aside.*)

*Lor.* No, Sirrah! I'll see your wretched End my self. Die here, Villain. [*Drawing his Sword.*

*Lop.* I can't, Sir, if any body looks upon me.

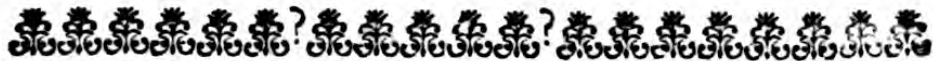
*Lor.* Away, you trifling Wretch; but think not to escape, for thou shalt have thy Recompence.

[*Exit Lorenzo.*

*Solus.*

*Solus.*

*Lop.* Why, what a mischievous Jade is this, to make such an Uproar in a Family the first Day of her Marriage? Why my Master won't so much as get a Honey-Moon out of her; I gad let her go. If she be thus in her soft and tender Youth, she'll be rare Company at threescore: Well, he may do as he pleases, but were she my Dear, I'd let her go——Such a Foot at her Tail, I'd make the Truth bounce out at her Mouth, like a Pellet out of a Pot-gun. [Exit.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter Camillo and Isabella.*

*Isab.* 'TIS an unlucky Accident indeed.

*Cam.* Ah *Isabella!* Fate has now determin'd my Undoing. This thing can ne'er end here, *Leonora* and *Lorenzo* must soon come to some Explanation; the Dispute is too monstrous to pass over, without further Enquiry, which must discover all, and what will be the Consequence, I tremble at: for whether *Don Alvarez* knows of the Imposture, or whether he is deceiv'd with the rest of the World, when once it breaks out, and the Consequence is the Loss of that great Wealth he now enjoys by it, what must become of me? All paternal Affections then must cease, and regarding me as an unhappy Instrument in the Trouble which will then o'erload him, he will return me to my humble Birth, and then I'm lost for ever. For what, alas! will the deceiv'd *Lorenzo* say? A Wife, with neither Fortune, Birth, nor Beauty, instead of one most plenteously endow'd with all. Oh Heav'ns! What a Sea of Misery I have before me!

*Isab.* Indeed you reason right, but these Reflections are ill-tim'd; why did you not employ them sooner?

*Cam.* Because I lov'd.

*Ifab.* And don't you do so now?

*Cam.* I do, and therefore 'tis I make these cruel just Reflections.

*Ifab.* So that Love, I find, can do any thing.

*Cam.* Indeed it can: Its Powers are wondrous great, its Pains no Tongue can tell, its Blifs no Heart conceive, Crowns cannot recompense its Torments, Heav'n scarce supplies its Joys. My Stake is of this Value: O counsel me how I shall save it.

*Ifab.* Alas! that Counsel's much beyond my Wisdom's Force, I see no way to help you.

*Cam.* And yet 'tis sure there's one.

*Ifab.* What?

*Cam.* Death.

*Ifab.* There possibly may be another; I have a Thought this moment——perhaps there's nothing in it; yet a small Passage comes to my Remembrance, that I regarded little when it happen'd——I'll go and search for one may be of service. But hold; I see *Don Carlos*: He'll but disturb us now, let us avoid him.

[*Exeunt Camillo and Isabella.*

*Enter Don Carlos and Sancho.*

*Car.* Repuls'd again! This is not to be borne. What tho this Villain's Story be a Falshood, was I to blame to hearken to it? This Usage cannot be supported: How was it she treated thee?

*San.* Never was Ambassador worse receiv'd. Madam, my Master asks ten thousand Pardons, and humbly begs one moment's Interview:——Be gone, you Rascal you. Madam, what Answer shall I give my Master?——Tell him he's a Villain. Indeed, fair Lady, I think this is hasty Treatment——Here, my Footmen, toss me this Fellow out at the Window; and away she went to her Devotions.

*Car.* Did you see *Jacinta*?

*San.* Yes; she saluted me with half-a-score Rogues and Rascals too. I think our Destinies are much alike, Sir: And, o'my Conscience, a couple of scurvy Jades we are hamper'd with.

†

*Car.*

*Car.* Ungrateful Woman, to receive with such Contempt so quick a Return of a Heart so justly alarm'd.

*San.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Car.* What, no Allowance to be made to the first Transports of a Lover's Fury, when rous'd by so dreadful an Appearance? As just as my Suspicions were, have I long suffer'd them to arraign her?

*San.* No.

*Car.* Have I waited for Oaths or Imprecations to clear her?

*San.* No.

*Car.* Nay, even now is not the whole World still in suspense about her? whilst I alone conclude her innocent.

*San.* 'Tis very true.

*Car.* She might, methinks, thro this profound Respect, observe a Flame another would have cherish'd; she might support me against groundless Fears, and save me from a Rival's Tyranny; she might release me from these cruel Racks, and wou'd, no doubt, if she cou'd, love as I do.

*San.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Car.* But since she don't, what do I whining here? Curse on the base Humilities of Love.

*San.* Right.

*Car.* Let Children kiss the Rod that fleas them, let Dogs lie down and lick the Shoe that spurns them.

*San.* Ay.

*Car.* I am a Man by Nature meant for Power; the Scepter's given us to wield, and we betray our Trust whenever we meanly lay it at a Woman's Feet.

*San.* True, we are Men, boo—Come, Master, let us both be in a Passion; here's my Scepter, [*Shewing a Cudgel.*] Subject *Jacinta*, look about you. Sir, was you ever in *Muscovy*? the Women there love the Men dearly; why? because—[*Shaking his Stick*] there's your Love-powder for you. Ah, Sir, were we but wise and stout, what work shou'd we make with them? But this humble Love-making spoils them all. A rare way indeed to bring matters about with them; we are per-

suading them all day they are Angels and Goddeses, in order to use them at night like human Creatures ; we are like to succeed truly.

*Car.* For my part, I never yet cou'd bear a slight from any thing, nor will I now. There's but one way however to resent it from a Woman ; and that's to drive her bravely from your Heart, and place a worthier in her vacant Throne.

*San.* Now with Submission to my Betters, I have another way, Sir ; I'll drive my Tyrant from my Heart, and place my self in her Throne. Yes ; I will be Lord of my own Tenement, and keep my Household in order. Wou'd you wou'd do so too, Master ; for, look you, I have been Servitour in a College at *Salamancha*, and read Philosophy with the Doctors ; where I found that a Woman, in all times, has been observ'd to be an Animal hard to understand, and much inclin'd to Mischief. Now as an Animal is always an Animal, and a Captain always a Captain, so a Woman is always a Woman : Whence it is that a certain *Greek* says, her Head is like a Bank of Sand ; or, as another, a solid Rock ; or, according to a third, a dark Lanthorn. Pray, Sir, observe, for this is close Reasoning ; and so as the Head is the Head of the Body ; and that the Body without a Head, is like a Head without a Tail ; and that where there is neither Head nor Tail, 'tis a very strange Body : So I say a Woman is by Comparison, do you see (for nothing explains things like Comparisons) I say by Comparison, as *Aristotle* has often said before me, one may compare her to the raging Sea ; for as the Sea, when the Wind rises, knits its Brows like an angry Bull, and that Waves mount upon Rocks, and Rocks mount upon Waves ; that Porpusses leap like Trouts, and Whales skip about like Gudgeons ; that Ships roll like Beer-Barrels, and Mariners pray like Saints ; just so, I say, a Woman——A Woman, I say, just so, when her Reason is shipwreck'd upon her Passion, and the Hulk of her Understanding lies thumping against the Rock of her Fury ; then it is, I say, that by certain Imotions, which——um——cause, as one may suppose,

pose, a sort of Convulsive——yes——hurricaneous——  
um—like——in short, a Woman is like the Devil.

*Car.* Admirably reason'd indeed, *Sancho*.

*San.* Pretty well, I thank Heav'n ; but here come the  
Crocodiles to weep us into Mercy.

*Enter Leonora and Jacinta.*

Master, let us shew our selves Men, and leave their briny  
Tears to wash their dirty Faces.

*Car.* It is not in the power of Charms to move me.

*San.* Nor me, I hope ; and yet I fear those Eyes  
will look out sharp to snatch up such a Prize.

[*Pointing to Jacinta.*

*Jacin.* He's coming to us, Madam, to beg Pardon ;  
but sure you'll never grant it him ?

*Leo.* If I do, may Heav'n ne'er grant me mine.

*Jacin.* That's brave.

*Car.* You look, Madam, upon me, as if you thought  
I came to trouble you with my usual Importunities ; I'll  
ease you of that Pain, by telling you, my Business now  
is calmly to assure you, but I assure it you with Heav'n  
and Hell for Seconds ; for may the Joys of one fly  
from me, whilst the Pains of t'other overtake me, if all  
your Charms display'd e'er shake my Resolution ; I'll  
never see you more.

*San.* Bon.

*Leo.* You are a Man of that nice Honour, Sir, I know  
you'll keep your Word ; I expected this Assurance from  
you, and came this way only to thank you for't.

*Jacin.* Very well.

*Car.* You did, imperious Dame, you did : How base  
is Woman's Pride ? How wretched are the Ingredients it  
is form'd of. If you saw Cause for just Disdain, why  
did you not at first repulse me ? Why lead a Slave in  
Chains, that cou'd not grace your Triumphs ? If I am  
thus to be contemn'd, think on the Favours you have  
done the Wretch, and hide your Face for ever.

*San.* Well argu'd.

*Leo.* I own you have hit the only Fault the World  
can charge me with : the Favours I have done to you,

I am indeed ashamed of ; but since Women have their Frailties, you'll allow me mine.

*Car.* 'Tis well, extremely well, Madam. I'm happy however, you at last speak frankly. I thank you for it ; from my Soul I thank you : but don't expect me groveling at your Feet again ; don't, for if I do——

*Leo.* You will be treated as you deserve ; trod upon.

*Car.* Give me Patience ;——but I don't want it ; I am calm : Madam, farewell ; be happy if you can ; by Heav'n's I wish you so, but never spread your Net for me again ; for if you do——

*Leo.* You'll be running into it.

*Car.* Rather run headlong into Fire and Flames ; rather be torn with Pincers Bit from Bit ; rather be broil'd like Martyrs upon Gridirons——But I am wrong ; this sounds like Passion, and Heaven can tell I am not angry : Madam, I think we have no farther Business together ; your most humble Servant.

*Leo.* Farewel t'ye, Sir.

*Car.* Come along.

[To Sancho.]

[Goes to the Scene, and returns.

Yet once more before I go (lest you should doubt my Resolution) may I starve, perish, rot, be blasted, dead, damn'd, or any other thing that Men or Gods can think on, if on any Occasion whatever, Civil or Military, Pleasure or Business, Love or Hate, or any other Accident of Life, I, from this moment, change one Word or Look with you.

[Going off, Sancho claps him on the Back.

*Leo.* Content : Come away, Jacinta.

*Carlos returns.*

*Car.* Yet one word, Madam, if you please ; I have a little thing here belongs to you, a foolish Bawble I once was fond of. [Twitching her Picture from his Breast.] Will you accept a Trifle from your Servant ?

*Leo.* Willingly, Sir ; I have a Bawble too I think you have some Claim to ; you'll wear it for my sake.

[Breaks a Bracelet from her Arm, and gives it him.

*Car.* Most thankfully ; this too I shou'd restore you, it once was yours——

[Giving her a Table-Book.

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By your Favour, Madam——there is a Line or two in it, I think you did me once the Honour to write with your own fair Hand. Here it is. [Reads.]

*You love me, Carlos, and would know  
The secret Movements of my Heart :  
Whether I give you mine or no,  
With yours, methinks, I'd never, never part.*

Thus you have encourag'd me, and thus you have deceiv'd me.

San. Very true.

Leo. I have some faithful Lines too ; I think I can produce 'em.

[Pulls out a Table-Book ; reads, and then gives it him.]

*How long soe'er, to sigh in vain,  
My Destiny may prove,  
My Fate (in spite of your Disdain)  
Will let me glory in your Chain,  
And give me leave eternally to love.*

There, Sir, take your Poetry again.

[Throwing it at his Feet.]

'Tis not much the worse for my wearing ; 'twill serve again upon a fresh Occasion.

Jacin. Well done.

Car. I believe I can return the Present, Madam, with  
——a Pocket full of your Prose——There——

[Throwing a handful of Letters at her Feet.]

Leo. Jacinta, give me his Letters. There, Sir, not to be behind hand with you.

[Takes a handful of his Letters out of a Box,  
and throws them in his Face.]

Jacin. And there, and there, and there, Sir.

[Jacinta throws the rest at him.]

San. 'Cods my Life, we want Ammunition ; but for a shift——There, and there, you saucy Slut you.

[Sancho pulls a Pack of dirty Cards out of his Pocket, and throws 'em at her ; then they close ;



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*close; he pulls off her Headclothes, and she his Wig, and then part, she running to her Mistress, he to his Master.*

*Jacin.* I think, Madam, we have clearly the better on't.

*Leo.* For a proof, I resolve to keep the Field.

*Jacin.* Have a care he don't rally and beat you yet tho : pray walk off.

*Leo.* Fear nothing.

*San.* How the Armies stand and gaze at one another after the Battel ! What think you, Sir, of shewing your self a great General, by making an honourable Retreat ?

*Car.* I scorn it : Oh *Leonora ! Leonora !* A Heart like mine should not be treated thus.

*Leo.* *Carlos ! Carlos !* I have not deserv'd this Usage.

*Car.* Barbarous *Leonora !* but 'tis usefess to reproach you ; she that is capable of what you have done, is form'd too cruel ever to repent of it. Go on then, Tyrant ; make your Bliss compleat ; torment me still, for still, alas ! I love enough to be tormented.

*Leo.* Ah *Carlos !* little do you know the tender Movements of that thing you name ; the Heart where Love presides, admits no Thought against the Honour of its Ruler.

*Car.* 'Tis not to call that Honour into doubt, if conscious of our own Unworthiness, we interpret every Frown to our Destruction.

*Leo.* When Jealousy proceeds from such humble Apprehensions, it shews it self with more Respect than yours has done.

*Car.* And where a Heart is guiltless, it easily forgives a greater Crime.

*Leo.* Forgiveness is not now in our Debate ; if both have been in fault, 'tis fit that both should suffer for it ; our Separation will do Justice on us.

*Car.* But since we are our selves the Judges of our Crimes, what if we should inflict a gentler Punishment ?

*Leo.* 'Twou'd but encourage us to sin again.

*Car.*

*Car.* And if it shou'd——

*Leo.* 'Twou'd give a fresh Occasion for the pleasing Exercise of Mercy.

*Car.* Right ; and so we act the Part of Earth and Heav'n together, of Men and Gods, and taste of both their Pleasures.

*Leo.* The Banquet's too inviting to refuse it.

*Car.* Then thus let us fall on, and feed upon't for ever.

[*Carries her off, embracing her, and kissing her Hand.*

*Leo.* Ah Woman ! foolish, foolish Woman !

*San.* Very foolish indeed.

*Facint.* But don't expect I'll follow her Example.

*San.* You wou'd, Mopsy, if I'd let you.

*Facint.* I'd sooner tear my Eyes out ; ah———:hat she had a little of my Spirit in her.

*San.* I believe I shall find thou hast a great deal of her Flesh, my Charmer ; but 'twon't do ; I am all Rock, hard Rock, very Marble.

*Facint.* A very Pumice-stone, you Rascal you, if one wou'd try thee ; but to prevent thy Humilities, and shew thee all Submission would be vain ; to convince thee thou hast nothing but Misery and Despair before thee, here———take back thy poultry Thimble, and be in my Debt, for the Shirts I have made thee with it.

*San.* Nay, if y'are at that Sport, Mistress, I believe I shall lose nothing by the Balance of thy Presents. There, take thy Tobacco-stopper, and stop thy———

*Facin.* Here———take thy Sattin Pincushion, with thy curious half hundred of Pins in't, thou mad'st such a vapouring about yesterday : Tell them carefully, there's not one wanting.

*San.* There's thy Ivory-hafted Knife again, whet it well ; 'tis so blunt 'twill cut nothing but Love.

*Facint.* And there's thy pretty Pocket-Scissars thou hast honour'd me with, they'il cut off a Leg or an Arm, Heav'n bless them.

*San.* Here's the enchanted Handkerchief you were pleas'd to endear with your precious Blood, when the

Violence of your Love at Dinner t'other day made you cut your Fingers. ——— There.

[Blows his Nose in it, and gives it her.

*Jacint.* The Rascal so provokes me, I won't even keep his paltry Garters from him. D' you see these? You pitiful beggarly Scoundrel you: ——— There, take 'em, there.

[She takes her Garters off, and flaps them about his Face.

*San.* I have but one thing more of thine. [Shewing his Cudgel.] I own 'tis the top of all thy Presents, and might be useful to me; but that thou may'st have nothing to upbraid me with, e'en take it again with the rest of them.

[Lifting it up to strike her, she leaps about his Neck.

*Jacint.* Ah cruel *Sancho!* ——— Now beat me, *Sancho*, do.

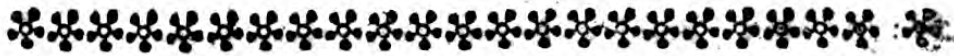
*San.* Rather, like *Indian* Beggars, beat my precious self. [Throws away his Stick, and embraces her.

Rather let Infants Blood about the Streets,  
Rather let all the Wine about the Cellar,  
Rather let ——— Oh *Jacinta* ——— thou hast o'ercome.  
How foolish are the great Resolves of Man!  
Resolves, which we neither would keep, nor can.  
When those bright Eyes in Kindness please to shine,  
Their Goodness I must needs return, with mine:  
Bless my *Jacinta* in her *Sancho's* Arms ———

*Jacint.* And I my *Sancho* with *Jacinta's* Charms.

[Exeunt.





## ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, *the Street.**Enter Lopez.*

AS soon as it is Night, says my Master to me, tho' it cost me my Life, I'll enter *Leonora's* Lodgings ; therefore make haste, *Lopez*, prepare every thing necessary, three Pair of Pocket-Pistols, two wide-mouth'd Blunderbuffes, some six Ells of Sword-Blade, and a Couple of dark Lanthorns. When my Master said this to me ; Sir, said I to my Master, (that is, I wou'd have said it, if I had not been in such a Fright, I could say nothing, however I'll say it to him now, and shall probably have a quiet Hearing ; ) Look you, Sir, by dint of Reason I intend to confound you : You are resolv'd, you say, to get into *Leonora's* Lodgings, tho' the Devil stand in the Door-way ?——Yes, *Lopez*, that's my Resolution.——Very well ; and what do you intend to do when you are there ?——Why, what an injur'd Man shou'd do ; make her sensible of——Make her sensible of a Pudding ; don't you see she's a Jade ? She'll raise the House about your Ears, arm the whole Family, set the great Dog at you.——Were there Legions of Devils to repulse me, in such a Cause I could disperse them all.——Why then you have no Occasion for Help, Sir, you may leave me at home to lay the Cloth.——No ; thou art my antient Friend, my Fellow-Traveller, and to reward thy faithful Services, this Night thou shalt partake my Danger and my Glory.——Sir, I have got Glory enough under you already, to content any reasonable Servant for his Life.——Thy Modesty makes me willing to double my Bounty ; this Night may  
bring

bring eternal Honour to thee and thy Family.——  
 Eternal Honour, Sir, is too much in Conscience for a  
 Serving-Man; besides, Ambition has been many a great  
 Soul's Undoing.——I doubt thou art afraid, my *Lopez*,  
 thou shalt be arm'd with Back, with Breast, and Head-  
 piece.——They will encumber me in my Retreat.——  
 Retreat, my Hero! Thou never shalt retreat.——  
 Then by my troth I'll never go, Sir.——But here he  
 comes.

*Enter Lorenzo.*

*Lor.* Will it never be Night? Sure 'tis the longest Day  
 the Sun e'er travell'd.

*Lop.* Wou'd 'twere as long as those in *Greenland*, Sir,  
 that you might spin out your Life t'other half-year. I  
 don't like these nightly Projects; a Man can't see what  
 he does: We shall have some scurvy Mistake or other  
 happen; a Brace of Bullets blunder thro your Head in  
 the dark perhaps, and spoil all your Intrigue.

*Lor.* Away, you trembling Wretch, away.

*Lop.* Nay, Sir, what I say is purely for your Safety;  
 for as to my self——Uds-death, I no more value the  
 losing a Quart of Blood, than I do drinking a Quart of  
 Wine. Besides, my Veins are too full, my Physician  
 advis'd me but yesterday to let go twenty Ounces for  
 my Health. So you see, Sir, there's nothing of that in  
 the Case.

*Lor.* Then let me hear no other Objections; for till  
 I see *Leonora* I must lie upon the Rack, I cannot bear  
 her Repentment, and will pacify her this night, or not  
 live to see to-morrow.

*Lop.* Well, Sir, since you are so determin'd, I shan't  
 be impertinent with any farther Advice; but I think you  
 have laid your Design to——[*He coughs.*] (I have  
 got such a Cold to-day) to get in privately, have you  
 not?

*Lor.* Yes; and have taken care to be introduc'd as far  
 as her Chamber-Door, with all Secrecy.

*Lop.* [*He coughs.*]——This unlucky Cough, I had  
 rather have had a Fever at another time. Sir, I shou'd  
 be

be sorry to do you more harm than good upon this Occasion : If this Cough shou'd come upon me in the midst of the Action, [*Coughs*] and give the Alarm to the Family, I shou'd not forgive my self as long as I liv'd.

*Lor.* I have greater Ventures than that to take my chance for, and can't dispense with your Attendance, Sir.

*Lop.* This 'tis to be a good Servant, and make one's self necessary.

*Enter Toledo.*

*Tol.* Sir,——I am glad I have found you. I am a Man of Honour, you know, and do always profess losing my Life upon a handsome Occasion : Sir, I come to offer you my Service. I am inform'd from unquestionable hands, that *Don Carlos* is inrag'd against you to a dangerous degree ; and that old *Alvarez* has given positive Directions to break the Legs and Arms of your Servant *Lopez*.

*Lop.* Look you there now, I thought what 'twou'd come to ; what do they meddle with me for ? What have I to do in my Master's Amours ? The old Don's got out of his Senses, I think ; have I married his Daughter ?

*Lor.* Fear nothing, we'll take care o'thee.——Sir, I thank you for the Favour of your Intelligence, 'tis nothing however but what I expected, and am provided for.

*Tol.* Sir, I wou'd advise you to provide your self with good Friends, I desire the Honour to keep your back Hand my self.

*Lop.* 'Tis very kind indeed. Pray, Sir, have you never a Servant with you cou'd hold a Racket for me too ?

*Tol.* I have two Friends fit to head two Armies ; and yet——a word in your Ear, they shan't cost you above a Ducate a-piece.

*Lop.* Take 'em by all means, Sir, you were never offer'd a better Penniworth in your Life.

*Tol.*

*Tol.* Ah Sir,——little *Diego*——you have heard of him ; he'd have been worth a Legion upon this Occasion : You know, I suppose, how they have serv'd him,——They have hang'd him, but he made a noble Execution ; they clapp'd the Rack and the Priest to him at once, but cou'd neither get a Word of Confession, nor a Groan of Repentance ; he dy'd mighty well truly.

*Lor.* Such a Man is indeed much to be regretted : As for the rest of your Escorte, Captain, I thank you for 'em, but shall not use 'em.

*Tol.* I'm sorry for't, Sir, because I think you go in very great danger ; I'm much afraid your Rival won't give you fair Play.

*Lop.* If he does, I'll be hang'd ; he's a damn'd passionate Fellow, and cares not what Mischief he does.

*Lor.* I shall give him a very good Opportunity ; for I'll have no other Guards about me but you Sir. So come along.

*Lop.* Why, Sir, this is the Sin of Presumption ; setting Heav'n at defiance, making Jack-pudding of a Blunderbuss.

*Lor.* No more, but follow. Hold ! turn this way ; I see *Camillo* there. I wou'd avoid him, till I see what part he takes in this odd Affair of his Sister's. For I wou'd not have the Quarrel fix'd with him, if it be possible to avoid it. [Exit Lorenzo.

*Lop.* Sir——Captain *Toledo*, one word if you please, Sir ; I'm mighty sorry to see my Master won't accept of your friendly Offer : Look ye, I'm not very rich ; but as far as the Expence of a Dollar went, if you'd be so kind to take a little care of me, it shou'd be at your Service.

*Tol.* Let me see :——A Dollar you say ? But suppose I'm wounded ?

*Lop.* Why you shall be put to no extraordinary Charge upon that : I have been Prentice to a Barber, and will be your Surgeon my self.

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*Tol.* 'Tis too cheap in Conscience; but my Land-  
Estate is so ill paid this War-Time——

*Lop.* That a little Industry may be commendable;  
so say no more, that Matter's fix'd.

[*Exeunt Lopez and Tol.*

*Enter Camillo.*

How miserable a Perplexity have I brought my self  
into? Yer why do I complain? Since, with all the  
dreadful Torture I endure, I can't repent of one wild  
Step I've made. O Love! what Tempests can't thou  
raise, what Storms can't thou assuage? To all thy Cru-  
elties I am resign'd: Long Years thro Seas of Torment  
I'm content to roll, so thou wilt guide me to the hap-  
py Port of my *Lorenzo's* Arms, and bless me there with  
one calm Day at last.

*Enter Isabella.*

What News, dear *Isabella*? Methinks there's something  
cheerful in your Looks may give a trembling Lover  
Hopes. If you have Comfort for me, speak, for I in-  
deed have need of it.

*Isab.* Were your Wants yet still greater than they  
are, I bring a plentiful Supply.

*Cam.* O Heav'n! Is't possible?

*Isab.* New Mysteries are out, and if you can find  
Charms to wean *Lorenzo* from your Sister, no other  
Obstacle is in your way to all your Wish.

*Cam.* Kind Messenger from Heav'n, speak on.

*Isab.* Know then, that you are Daughter to *Alva-  
rez*.

*Cam.* How! Daughter to *Alvarez*?

*Isab.* You are: The Truth this moment's come to  
light; and till this moment he, altho your Father, was  
a Stranger to it; nay, did not even know you were a  
Woman. In short, the great Estate, which has occa-  
sion'd these uncommon Accidents, was left but on Con-  
dition of a Son; great Hopes of one there was, when  
you destroy'd 'em, and to your Parents came a most un-  
welcome Guest: To repair the Disappointment, you were  
exchang'd for that young *Camillo*, who few Months  
- after



after dy'd. Your Father then was absent, but your Mother quick in Contrivance, bold in Execution, during that Infant's Sickness, had resolv'd his Death shou'd not deprive her Family of those Advantages his Life had given it; so order'd things with such Dexterity, that once again there past a Change between you: of this (for Reasons yet unknown to me) she made a Secret to her Husband, and took such wise Precautions, that till this Hour 'twas so to all the World, except the Person from whom I now have heard it.

*Cam.* This News indeed affords a View of no unhappy Termination; yet there are Difficulties still may be of fatal Hindrance.

*Isab.* None, except that one I just now nam'd to you; for to remove the last, know I have already unfolded all both to *Alvarez* and *Don Felix*.

*Cam.* And how have they receiv'd it?

*Isab.* To your Wishes both. As for *Lorenzo*, he is yet a Stranger to all has past, and the two old Fathers desire he may some moments longer continue so. They have agreed to be a little merry with the Heats he is in, and engage you in a Family-Quarrel with him.

*Cam.* I doubt, *Isabella*, I shall act that Part but faintly.

*Isab.* No matter, you'll make amends for it in the Scene of Reconciliation.

*Cam.* Pray Heav'n it be my Lot to act it with him.

*Isab.* Here comes *Don Felix* to wish you Joy.

*Enter Don Felix.*

*Don Fel.* Come near, my Daughter, and with extended Arms of great Affection let me receive thee. [*Kisses her.*] Thou art a dainty Wench, good faith thou art, and 'tis a mettled Action thou hast done; if *Lorenzo* don't like thee the better for't, Cods my Life, he's a pitiful Fellow, and I shan't believe the bonny old Man had the getting of him.

*Cam.* I'm so encourag'd by your Forgiveness, Sir, methinks I have some flattering Hopes of his.

Don

Don Fel. Of his ! I'gad and he had best, I believe he'll meet with his Match if he don't. What do'st think of trying his Courage a little, by way of a Joke or so?

Isab. I was just telling her your Design, Sir.

Don Fel. Why I'm in a mighty witty way upon this whimsical Occasion ; but I see him coming. You must not appear yet ; go your way in to the rest of the People there, and I'll inform him what a Squabble he has work'd himself into here.

[*Exeunt Camillo and Isabella.*

*Enter Lorenzo and Lopez.*

Lop. Pray, Sir, don't be so obstinate now, don't affront Heav'n at this rate. I had a Vision last Night about this Business on purpose to forewarn you ; I dreamt of Goose-Eggs, a blunt Knife, and the Snuff of a Candle ; I'm sure there's Mischief towards.

Lor. You cowardly Rascal, hold your tongue.

Don Fel. Lorenzo, come hither, my Boy, I was just going to send for thee. The Honour of our antient Family lies in thy hands ; there is a Combat preparing, thou must fight, my Son.

Lop. Look you there now, did not I tell you ? O Dreams are wondrous things, I never knew that Snuff of a Candle fail yet.

Lor. Sir, I do not doubt but *Carlos* seeks my Life, I hope he'll do it fairly.

Lop. Fairly, do you hear, fairly ! Give me leave to tell you, Sir, Folks are not fit to be trusted with Lives, that don't know how to look better after 'em. Sir, you gave it him, I hope you'll make him take a little more care on't.

Don Fel. My Care shall be to make him do as a Man of Honour ought to do.

Lop. What, will you let him fight then ? Let your own Flesh and Blood fight ?

Don Fel. In a good Cause, as this is.

Lop. O *Monstrum Horrendum* ! Now I have that Humanity about me, that if a Man but talks to me of fighting, I shiver at the same on't.

Lor.

*Lor.* What you do on this Occasion, Sir, is worthy of you : And had I been wanting to you, in my due Regards before, this noble Action wou'd have stamp'd that Impression, which a grateful Son ought to have for so generous a Father.

*Lop.* Very generous truly ! gives him leave to be ran thro the Guts, for his Posterity to brag on a hundred Years hence. [*Aside.*

*Lor.* I think, Sir, as things now stand, it won't be right for me to wait for *Carlos's* Call ; I'll, if you please, prevent him.

*Lop.* Ay, pray Sir, do prevent him by all means ; 'tis better made up, as you say, a thousand times.

*Don Fel.* Hold your tongue, you impertinent Jack-napes, I will have him fight, and fight like a Fury too ; if he don't he'll be worsted, I can tell him that. For know, Son, your Antagonist is not the Person you name, it is an Enemy of twice his Force.

*Lop.* O dear, O dear, O dear, and will no body keep 'em asunder ?

*Lor.* No body shall keep us asunder, if once I know the Man I have to deal with.

*Don Fel.* Thy Man then is ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ *Camillo.*

*Lor.* *Camillo !*

*Don Fel.* 'Tis he ; he'll suffer nobody to decide this Quarrel but himself.

*Lop.* Then there are no Seconds, Sir.

*Don Fel.* None.

*Lop.* He's a brave Man.

*Don Fel.* No, he says no body's Blood shall be spilt on this Occasion, but theirs who have a Title to it.

*Lop.* I believe he'll scarce have a Law-Suit upon the Claim.

*Don Fel.* In short, he accuses thee of a shameful Falshood, in pretending his Sister *Leonora* was thy Wife ; and has upon it prevail'd with his Father, as thou hast done with thine, to let the Debate be ended by the Sword 'twixt him and thee.

*Lop.*

*Lop.* And pray, Sir, with Submission, one short Question if you please; what may the gentle *Leonora* say of this Business?

*Don Fel.* She approves of the Combat, and marries *Carlos*.

*Lop.* Why, God-a-mercy.

*Lor.* Is it possible? sure she's a Devil, not a Woman.

*Lop.* I—cod, Sir, a Devil and a Woman both, I think.

*Don Fel.* Well, thou sha't have Satisfaction of some of 'em. Here they all come.

*Enter Alvarez, Leonora, Carlos, Sancho, and Jacinta.*

*Alv.* Well, *Don Felix*, have you prepar'd your Son? for mine, he's ready to engage.

*Lor.* And so is his. My Wrongs prepare me for a thousand Combats. My Hand has hitherto been held, by the regard I've had to every thing of kin to *Leonora*; but since the monstrous Part she acts has driven her from my Heart, I call for Reparation from her Family.

*Alv.* You'll have it, Sir; *Camillo* will attend you instantly.

*Lop.* O lack! O lack! will no body do a little something to prevent Bloodshed? Why, Madam, have you no Pity, no Bowels? [*To Leonora.*] Stand and see one of your Husbands stoter'd before your Face? 'Tis an arrant Shame.

*Leo.* If Widowhood be my Fate, I must bear it as I can.

*Lop.* Why, did you ever hear the like!

*Lor.* Talk to her no more. Her monstrous Impudence is no otherwise to be reply'd to, than by a Dagger in her Brother's Heart.

*Leo.* Yonder he's coming to receive it. But have a care, brave Sir, he does not place it in another's.

*Lor.* It is not in his power. He has a rotten Cause upon his Sword, I'm sorry he is engag'd in't; but since he

he is, he must take his Fate. For you, my Bravo, expect me in your turn. [To Carlos.

*Car.* You'll find, *Camillo*, Sir, will set your Hand out.

*Lor.* A beardless Boy. You might have match'd me better, Sir: But Prudence is a Virtue.

*Don Fel.* Nay, Son, I wou'd not have thee despise thy Adversary neither; thou'lt find *Camillo* will put thee hardly to't.

*Lor.* I wish we were come to the Trial. Why does he not appear?

*Facin.* Now do I hate to hear People brag thus. Sir, with my Lady's leave, I'll hold a Ducate he disfarms you. [They laugh.

*Lor.* Why, what! — I think I'm sported with. Take heed, I warn you all; I am not to be trifled with.

*Enter Camillo and Isabella.*

*Leo.* You shan't, Sir; here's one will be in earnest with you.

*Lor.* He's welcome: Tho' I had rather have drawn my Sword against another. I'm sorry, *Camillo*, we shou'd meet on such bad Terms as these; yet more sorry your Sister shou'd be the wicked Cause on't: but since nothing will serve her but the Blood either of a Husband or Brother, she shall be glutted with't. Draw!

*Lop.* Ah Lard, ah Lard, ah Lard!

*Lor.* And yet, before I take this Instrument of Death into my fatal Hand, hear me, *Camillo*; hear, *Alvarez*; all! I imprecate the utmost Powers of Heav'n, to shower upon my Head the deadliest of its Wrath; I ask that all Hell's Torments may unite to round my Soul with one eternal Anguish, if wicked *Leonora* ben't my Wife.

*Omnes.* O Lord, O Lord, O Lord!

*Leo.* Why then, may all those Curses pass him by, and wrap me in their everlasting Pains, if ever once

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I had a fleeting Thought of making him my Husband.

*Lop.* O Lord, O Lord, O Lord!

*Leo.* Nay more; to strike him dumb at once, and shew what Men with honest Looks can practise, know he's married to another.

*Alv. and Fel.* How!

*Leo.* The Truth of this is known to some are here.

*Jac.* Nay, 'tis certainly so.

*Isab.* 'Tis to a Friend of mine.

*Car.* I know the Person.

*Lor.* 'Tis false, and thou art a Villain for thy Testimony.

*Cam.* Then let me speak; what they aver is true, and I my self was, in Disguise, a Witness of its doing.

*Lor.* Death and Confusion! He a Villain too! Have at thy Heart. [*He draws.*]

*Lop.* Ah!—I can't bear the Sight on't.

*Cam.* Put up that furious thing, there's no Business for't.

*Lor.* There's Business for a Dagger, Stripling; 'tis that should be thy Recompence.

*Cam.* Why then to shew thee naked to the World, and close thy Mouth for ever——I am my self thy Wife——

*Lor.* What does the Dog mean?

*Cam.* To fall upon the Earth, and sue for Mercy.

[*Kneels, and lets her Perriwig fall off.*]

*Lor.* A Woman!——

*Lop.* I—cod, and a pretty one too; you Waggs you.

*Lor.* I'm all Amazement. Rise, *Camillo* (if I am still to call you by that Name) and let me hear the Wonders you have for me.

*Isab.* That part her Modesty will ask from me: I'm to inform you then, that this Disguise hides other Mysteries besides a Woman; a large and fair Estate was cover'd by't, which with the Lady now will be resign'd

sign'd you. 'Tis true, in Justice it was yours before ; but 'tis the God of Love has done you Right. To him you owe this strange Discovery, thro him you are to know the true *Camillo's* dead, and that this fair Adventurer is Daughter to *Alvarez*.

*Lor.* Incredible ! But go on ; let me hear more.

*Don Fel.* She'll tell thee the rest her self, the next dark Night she meets thee in the Garden.

*Lor.* Ha !—— Was it *Camillo* then, that I——

*Ifab.* It was *Camillo* who there made you happy : And who has Virtue, Beauty, Wit and Love——enough to make you so ; while Life shall last you.

*Lor.* The Proof she gives me of her Love, deserves a large Acknowledgment indeed. Forgive me therefore, *Leonora*, if what I owe this Goodness and these Charms, I with my utmost Care, my Life, my Soul, endeavour to repay.

*Cam.* Is it then possible you can forgive me ?

*Lor.* Indeed I can ; few Crimes have such a Claim to Mercy ; but join with me then, dear *Camillo*, (for still I know you by no other Name) join with me to obtain your Father's Pardon : yours, *Leonora*, too, I must implore ; and yours, my Friend, for now we may be such. [To *Carlos*.] Of all I ask Forgiveness. And since there is so fair a Cause of all my wild Mistakes, I hope I by her Interest shall obtain it.

*Alv.* You have a Claim to mine, *Lorenzo*, I wish I had so strong a one to yours ; but if by future Services, (tho I lay down my Life amongst 'em) I may blot out of your Remembrance a Fault (I cannot name) I then shall leave the World in Peace.

*Lor.* In Peace then, Sir, enjoy it ; for from this very Hour, whate'er is past with me, is gone for ever. Your Daughter is too fair a Mediatrix to be refus'd his Pardon, to whom she owes the Charms she pleads with for it.

From

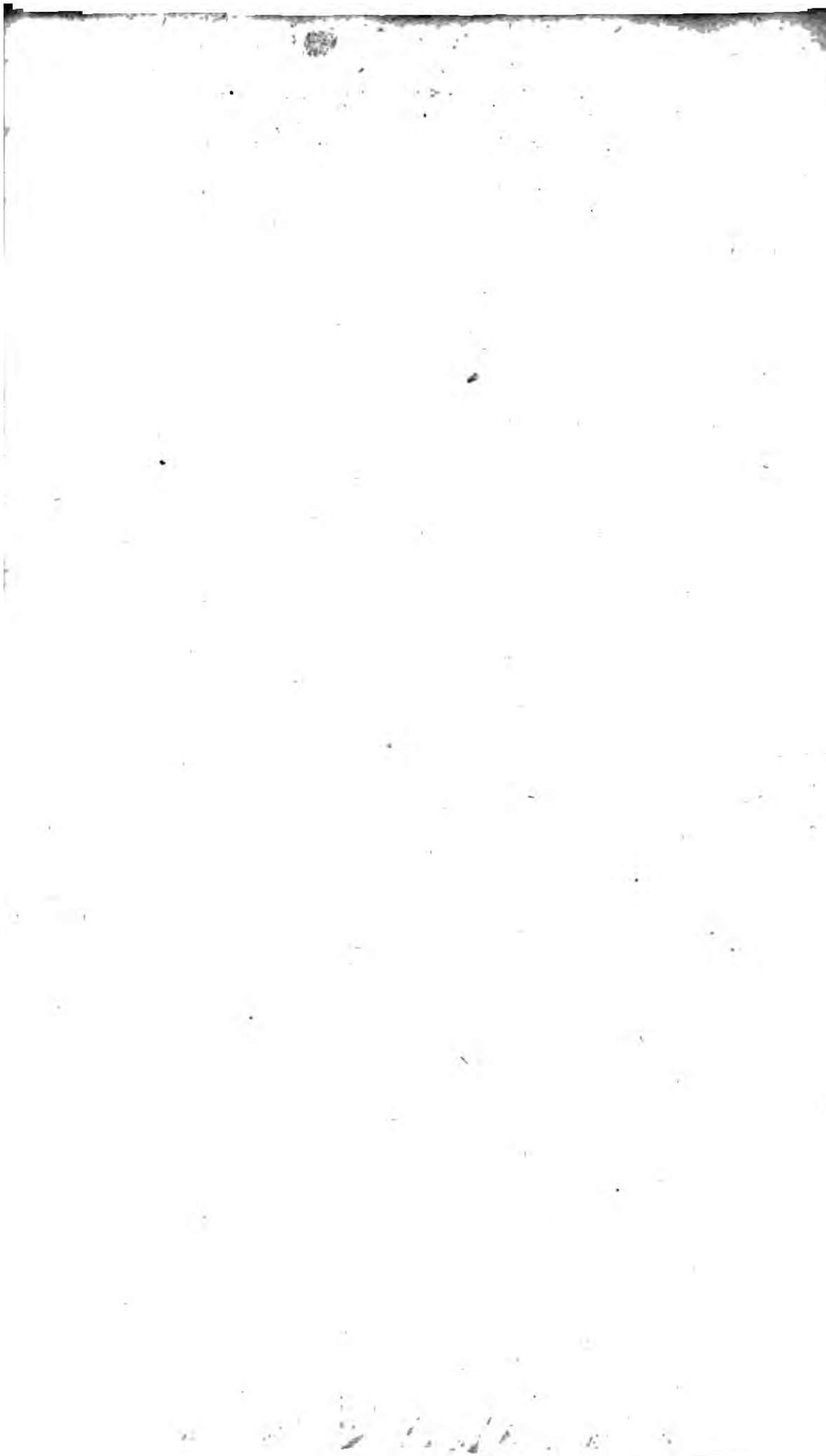
*From this good Day, then let all Discord cease ;  
Let those to come be Harmony and Peace ;  
Henceforth let all our diff'rent Interests join,  
Let Fathers, Lovers, Friends, let all combine,  
To make each other's Days as blest as she will mine.* }

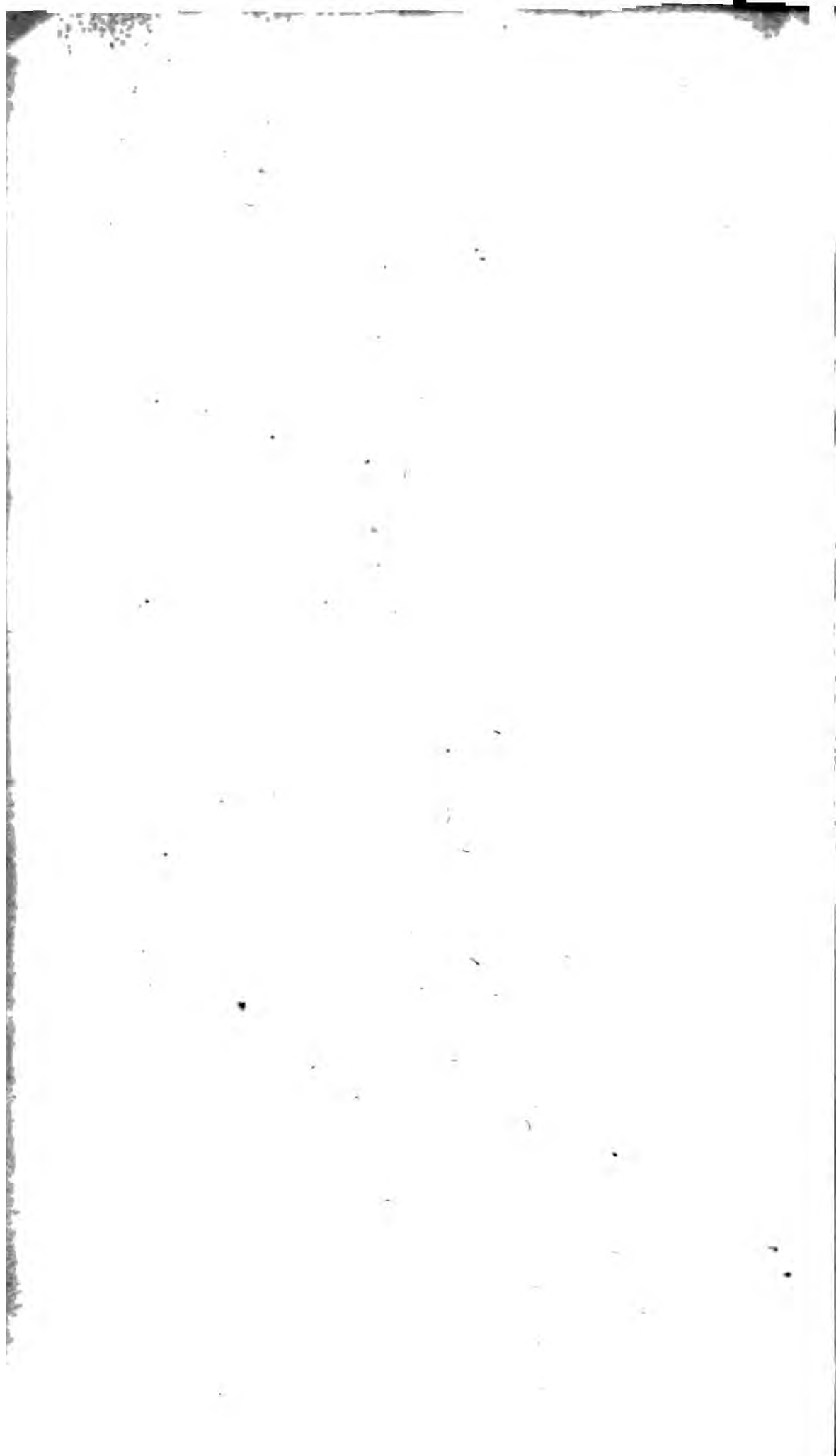
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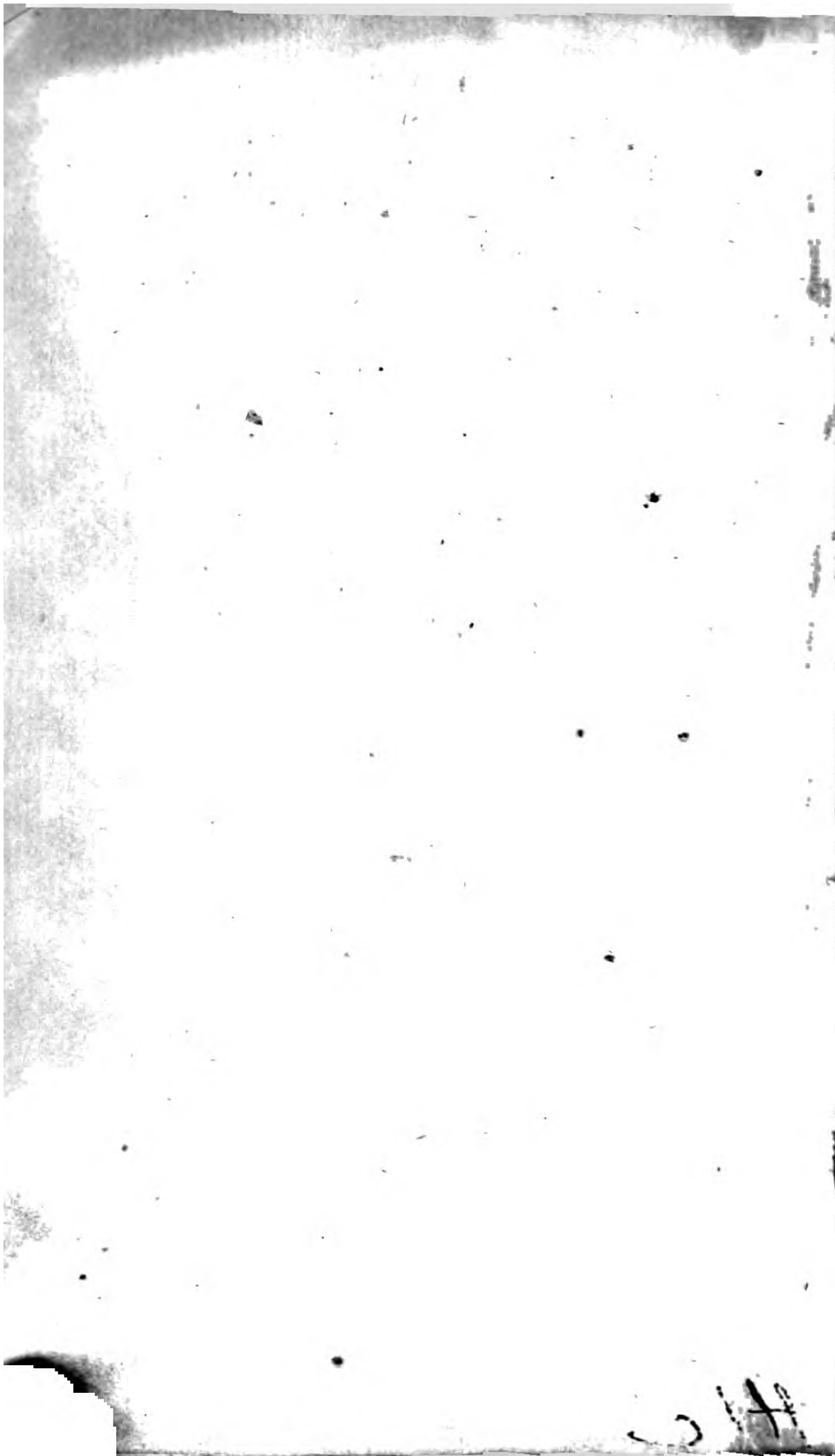


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